THE HYMNARY.

WITH TUNES.

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO:

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., N. Y., 91 Washington St., Chicago.

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THE HYMNARY,

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WITH TUNES,

A COLLECTION OF MUSIC FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY S. LASAR.

New York and Chicago:
BIGLOW & MAIN, Successors to WM. B. BRADBURY.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

A few words of introduction seem necessary. The Editor of "The Hymnary" has been happy to find among Christian workers a growing sentiment in favor of a higher standard of hymns and tunes in our Sunday Schools. Very many leading clergymen and laymen have often expressed the most earnest wish that the grand hymns of such writers as Watts, Wesley, Heber, Doddridge, Montgomery and others, clothed in music suited to the dignity of the subject, might be found, with their purifying and elevating influence, in the Sunday School. In the preparation of this work, which has cost much time and laborious research during the past two years, it has been the aim to meet the want thus indicated by presenting hymns and tunes thoughtfully selected from the productions of the best writers and composers, both ancient and modern.

The Christian will find the hymns rich in thought and all aglow with the spirit of true devotion, while the musician will be charmed by the graceful melodies and beautiful harmonies which never lose their dignity, and become more interesting with every repetition. Should any of the music at first seem too difficult in harmony (the *melodies* are easily learned by children), a little careful study will make all clear. The "Amen" should always be used when the hymn is of the nature of a prayer, and is almost equally appropriate in praise. Good judgment will introduce it when needed, although in some cases where its use is desirable it has been omitted for want of space. The introduction of the German Chorals, it is believed, will add an abiding interest to the work. To those who have not time for a thorough examination of the Hymnary, the Editor would suggest a trial of some of the following pieces as samples: pages 7, 8, 9, 18, 20, 30, 32, 41, 45, 50, 51, 56, 72, 110, 114, 127, 130, 138, 139, 140, 143, 150, 152, 154, 155, 156, 165.

Special obligations are gratefully acknowledged to the publishers of "Cantica Sacra" for permission to use the hymns and tunes thus credited; also to the Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Jr., Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, John H. Cornell, L. B. Downes, the late Dr. Lowell Mason, Geo. James Webb, Dr. Wm. Mason, Wm. F. Sherwin, Hubert P. Main, Henry Camp and others, for valuable compositions, kindly suggestions and judicious counsel.

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S. L.

THE HYMNARY, with Tunes.

PRAISE THE KING.

Bishop FRANCIS LYTE, 1858. Partly MICHAEL HAYDN.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven, To His feet thy tribute bring; Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fathers in distress; Praise Him, still the same as ev- er,

Ev - er- more His prais- es sing; Hal- le- lu- jah! hal-le- lu- jah! Praise the ev - er - last-ing King.
Slow to chide, and swift to bless; Hal- le- lu- jah! hal-le- lu- jah! Glorious in His faithfulness. *Amen.*

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him,
Gathered in from every race.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Praise with us the God of grace.—*Amen.*

PRAISE THE LORD.

H. F. LYTE, 1834.

From "Cantica Sacra," by special permission.

1. Praise the Lord, His glo - ries show, Saints with - in his courts be - low, An - gels round His throne a - bove, All that see and share His love! Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah!
2. Earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth, Tell His won - ders, sing His worth; Age to age, and shore to shore, Praise Him, praise Him ev - er - more! Hal - le - lu - jah, &c.
3. Praise the Lord, His mer - cies trace; Praise His prov - i - dence and grace— All that He for man hath done, All He sends us through His Son; Hal - le - lu - jah, &c.
4. Strings and voi - ces, hands and hearts, In the con - cert bear your parts: All that breathe, your Lord a - dore; Praise Him, praise Him ev - er - more! Hal - le - lu - jah, &c.

Chorus.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men!

HALLELUJAH!

Re-translated by Rev. Dr. HENRY ALFORD. J. BARNBY, 1869. Founded on an Ancient Melody.

1. Let us all in ..... | con - cert sing Hal - le - lu - jah! Let the people.....
2. Sing, ye choirs a - - | bove the skies, Hal - le - lu - jah! Harp, ye blessed....

echo - ing ring, Praising the E - - | ter - nal King, Hal - le - lu - jah!
com - pa - nies, Through the fields of | Pa - ra - dise, Hal - le - lu - jah!

3 Sound, ye glittering | stars of light, Hallelujah!
Clouds in course, and | birds in flight,
Thunders deep, and | lightnings bright, Hallelujah!

4 Floods and billows, | snow and shower, Hallelujah!
Skies that glow, and | storms that lower,
Frost and sunbeam, | tree and flower, Hallelujah!

5 Beasts of earth, make | answer deep, Hallelujah!
Shout forth every | mountain steep,
And ye vales be- | -neath that sleep, Hallelujah!

6 Cry, thou ocean, | jubilant, Hallelujah!
Every isle and | continent,
Echo onward | resonant, Hallelujah!

7 Let the sons of | men upraise, Hallelujah!
Joining with ex- | -ultant lays,
In the great Cre- | -ator's praise, Hallelujah!

8 This the strain the | Father loves, Hallelujah!
As its chorus | round Him moves,
This, which Christ Him- | -self approves, Hallelujah!

9 Therefore, brethren, | sing with joy, Hallelujah!
Ever in your | glad employ,
Answer, every | maid and boy, Hallelujah!

10 Now by all be | honor done, Hallelujah!
To the Father | and the Son,
And the Spirit, | Three in One. Hallelujah!

CALL TO PRAISE.

Rev. GEO. HERBERT, 1632. E. G. MONK, 1867.

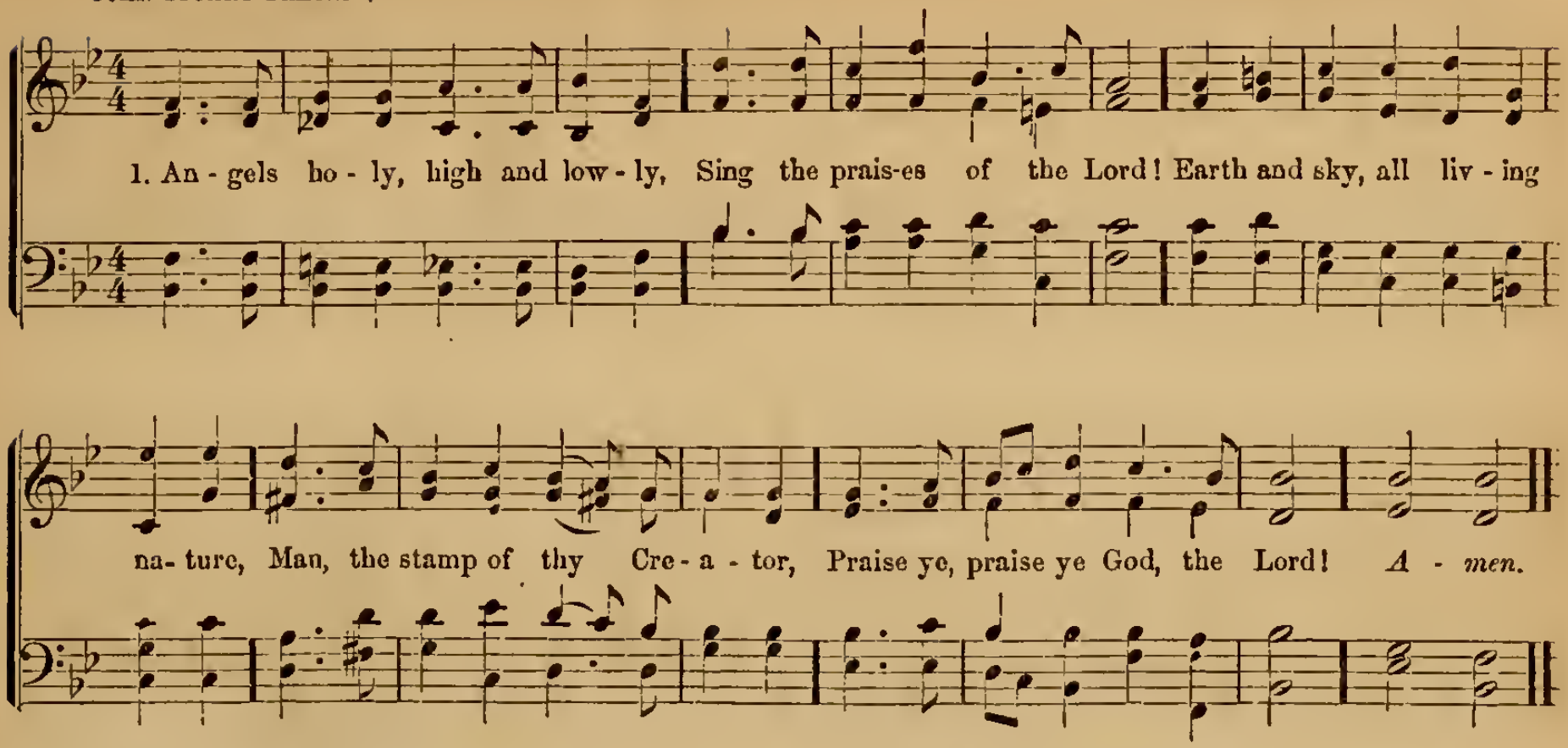
1. Let all the world in ev - ery cor - ner sing My God and King!
2. Let all the world in ev - ery cor - ner sing My God and King!

The heavens are not too high; His praise may thith- er fly; The earth is not too low;
The Church with psalms must shout, No door can keep them out; But, o - ver all, my heart

His praises there may grow. Let all the world in ev - ery cor- ner sing My God and King!
Must bear the long-est part. Let all the world in ev - ery cor- ner sing My God and King!

PRAISE YE GOD, THE LORD.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE. Rev. Sir FRED. A. GORE OUSELEY.



2 Sun and moon, bright night and moonlight;
Starry temples, azure-floored;
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness
Sons of God, that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye God, the Lord!

3 Ocean hoary, tell His glory;
Cliffs, where trembling seas have roared;
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye God, the Lord!

4 Rolling river praise Him ever,
From the mountains' deep vein poured;
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye God, the Lord!

5 Praise Him ever, bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord! Amen.

SONGS OF PRAISE THE ANGELS SANG.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1863. E. J. HOPKINS, Organist of the Temple Church, London, England.

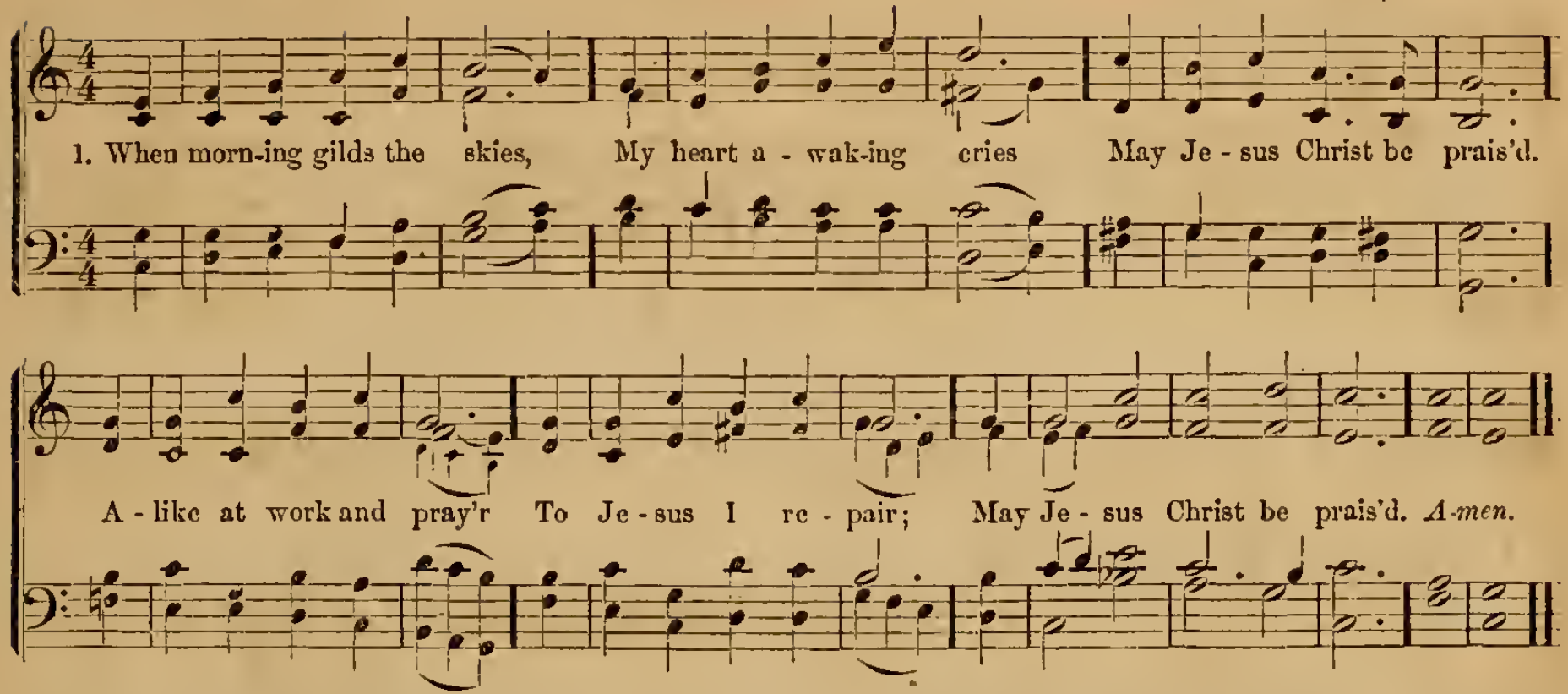
1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heaven with hal - le - lu - jahs rang, When Je - ho - vah's work be- gun, When God spake and it was done. Songs of praise a- woke the morn When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise a - rose when He Cap- tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.

2. Heaven and earth must pass a - way, Songs of praise shall crown that day; God will make new heaven and earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth. And can man a - lone be dumb Till that glorious king-dom come? No! the Church de - lights to raise Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

3. Saints be - low, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re - joice; Learn - ing here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove. Hymns of glo - ry, songs of praise, Fa- ther, un - to Thee we raise; Je - sus, glo - ry un - to Thee, With the Spir - it, ev - er be. *A - men.*

MAY JESUS CHRIST BE PRAIS'D.

Rev. E. CASWALL. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.



2 Whenc'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd:
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd.

3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd:
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd.

4 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say
May Jesus Christ be prais'd:
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd.

5 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
Let Jesus Christ be prais'd:
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd. Amen.

THE ENDLESS HALLELUJAH!

Rev. J. ELLERTON. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1867.

f *cres.* *ff*

1. Sing Hallelujah forth in..... du-teous praise, O citizens of heaven, and ..... sweetly raise An
2. Ye next, who stand before th'E- ter - nal Light, In hymning choirs re-echo..... to the Height An
3. The Holy City shall take..... up your strain, And with glad songs resounding wake a - gain An
4. In blissful antiphons ye ..... thus re - joice To render to the Lord with.... thankful voice An

mf

end - less Hal - le - lu - jah.
end - less Hal - le - lu - jah.
end - less Hal - le - lu - jah.
end - less Hal - le - lu - jah.

5. Ye who have gained at length your..... palms in bliss,
6. There, in one grand acclaim, for - - - ev - er ring

cres.

Victorious one, your chant shall..... still be this, An end - less Hal - le - lu - - jah.
The strains which tell the honor..... of your King, An end - less Hal - le - lu - - jah.

p *cres.* *mf*

7. This is the rest for weary | ones brought back; | This is the food and drink which | none shall lack,—An

end - less Hal - le - lu - - jah. | 8. While Thee, by whom were all things | made, we praise
9. Almighty Christ, to Thee our..... | voic - es sing

ff *Org.*

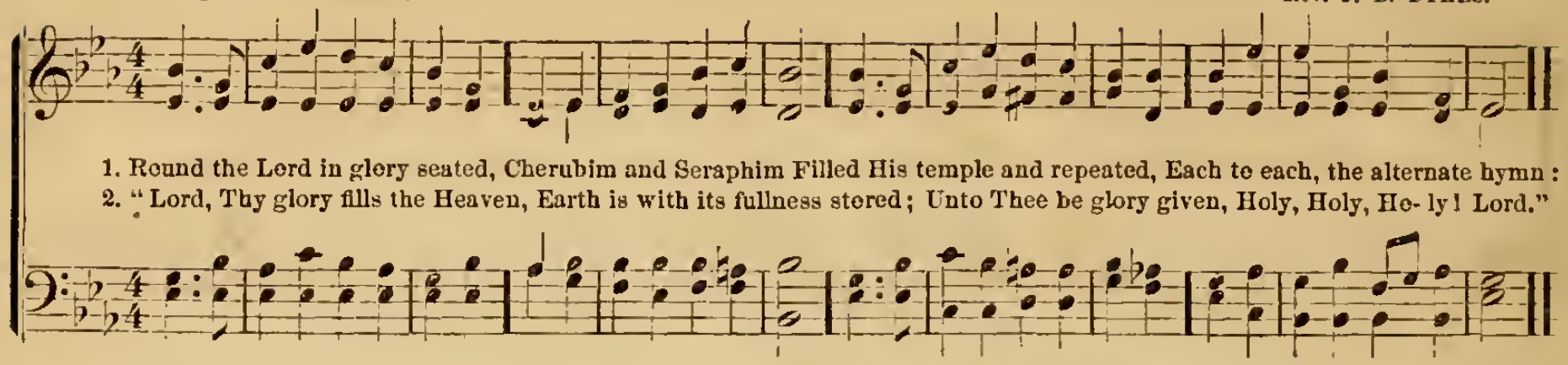
rall.

Forever, and tell out in | sweet- est lays, An end - less Hal - le - lu - jah.
Glory forevermore; to | Thee we bring, An end - less Hal - le - lu - jah. A - men.

N. B.—The performance of this Chant is capable of various modifications, e. g., the whole may be sung in Unison, or only the 8th and 9th verses (the rest being sung in harmony); or again, the 5th and 6th verses may be sung by Trebles only.—J. B.

ROUND THE LORD IN GLORY SEATED.

Bishop RICHARD MANT, 1837. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1. Round the Lord in glory seated, Cherubim and Seraphim Filled His temple and repeated, Each to each, the alternate hymn:
2. "Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven, Earth is with its fullness stored; Unto Thee be glory given, Holy, Holy, Ho- ly! Lord."

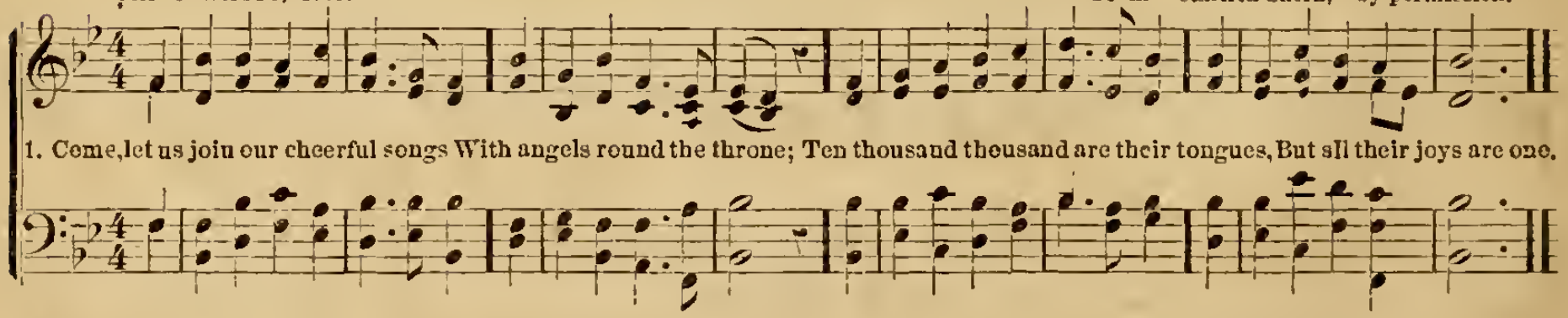
3 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy! Holy! Holy!" singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!"

4 With His seraph-train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

5 "Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven,
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord!"

WORTHY THE LAMB.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.



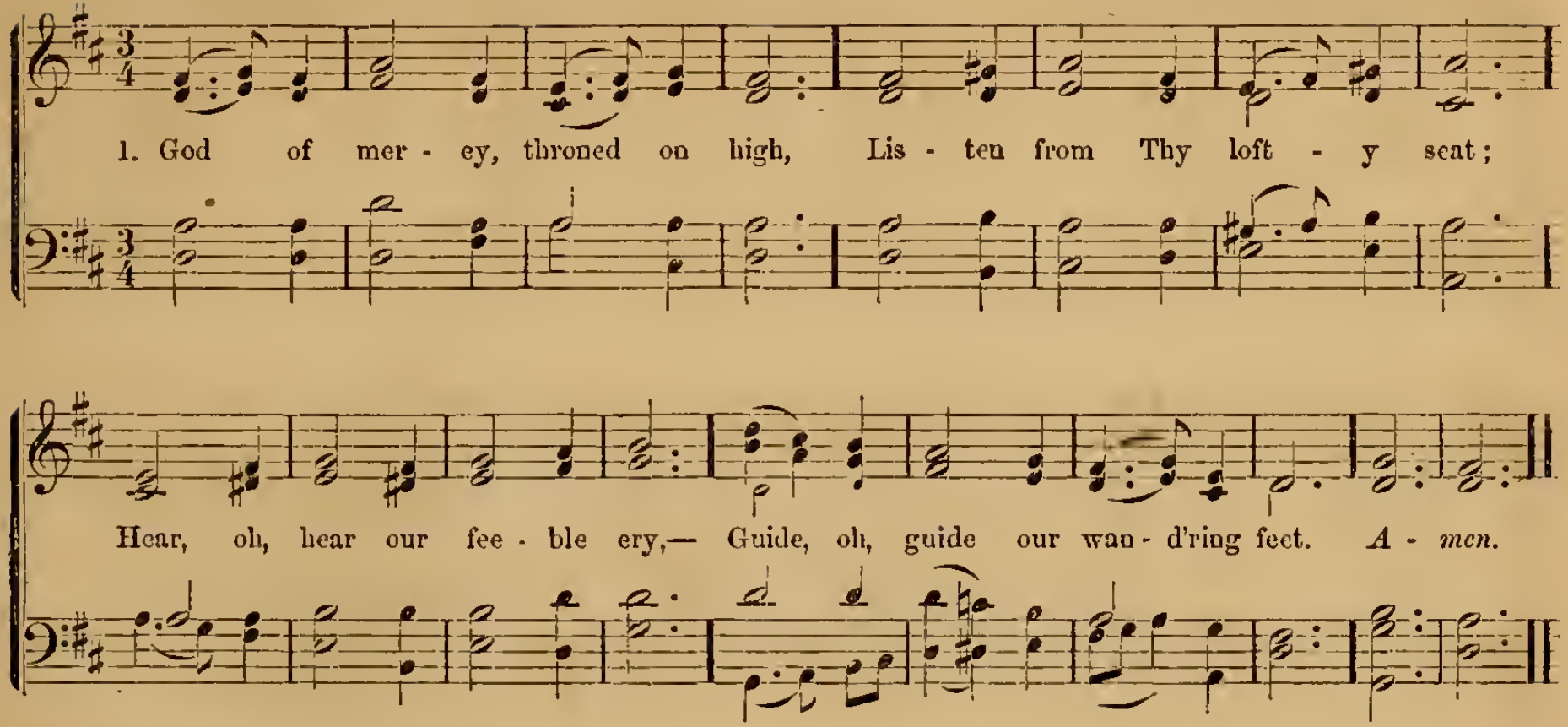
1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

E. BICKERSTETH'S Psalmody, 1833. From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.



2 Young and erring travelers we,
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3 Jesus, Lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy Blood divine
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine.

4 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and Love on every soul;
Hope, till time shall be no more,—
Love, while endless ages roll. Amen.

DOXOLOGY.

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

COME, MY SOUL, THY SUIT PREPARE.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779. HENRY BAKER, Mus. Bac. Oxon., 1868.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre- pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer; He Him- self has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay.
2. Thou art com - ing to a King, Large pe - ti - tions with thee bring; For His grace and power are such None can ev - er ask too much.
3. With my bur - den I be - gin:— Lord! re - move this load of sin; Let Thy blood, for sin - ners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.

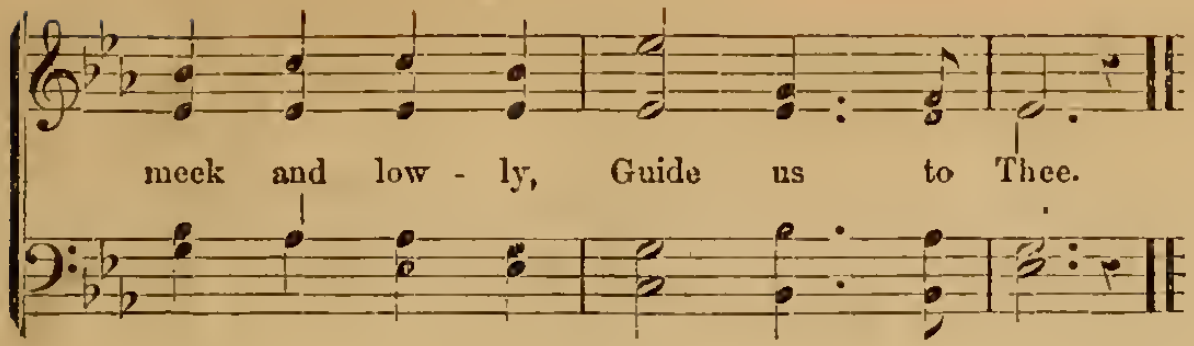
4 Lord! I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy sovereign right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

GUIDE US TO THEE.

W. F. SHERWIN, by permission.

1. Fa - ther, Thou art great and ho - ly, Hear us when we bend the knee; Make us hum- ble,

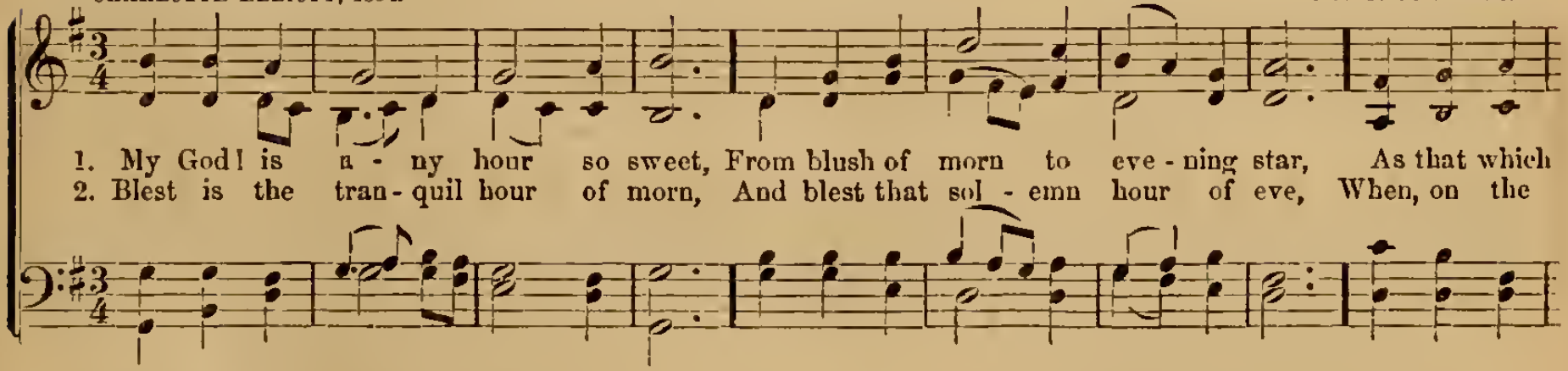


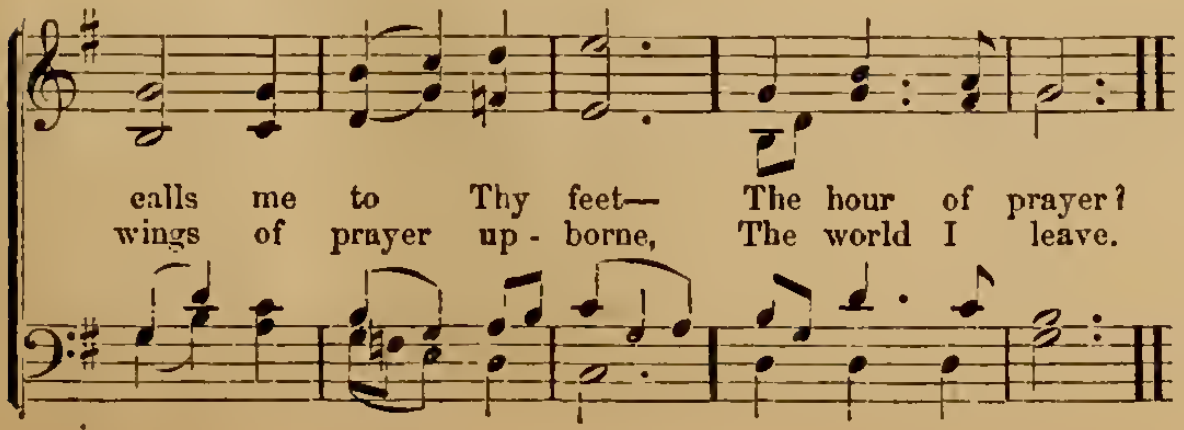
2 Saints and angels fall before Thee,
Where the soul is ever free;
Humbly still we would adore Thee,
Guide us to Thee.

3 By Thy love and pow'r defended,
May we ever faithful be,
And when life's short day is ended,
Guide us to Thee.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1854. Rev. J. B. DYKES.





3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

SAVIOUR, WHO DIED FOR ME.

Miss M. J. MASON. WM. F. SHERWIN. by permission.

1. Saviour, who died for me, I give my-self to Thee; Thy love, so full—so free, Claims all my powers.

Be this my pur-pose high, To serve Thee till I die, Whether my path shall lie 'Mid thorns and flowers.

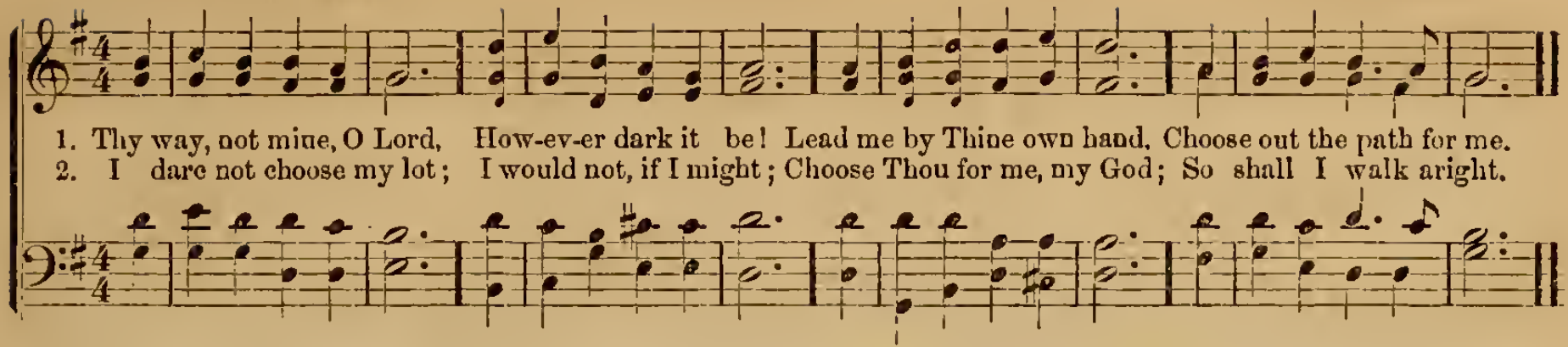
2 But, Lord, the flesh is weak;
Thy gracious aid I seek,
For Thou the word must speak,
That makes me strong.
Then let me hear Thy voice,
Thou art my only choice;
Oh, bid my heart rejoice,
Be Thou my song.

3 May it be joy to me
To follow only Thee;—
Thy faithful servant be
Thine to the end.
For Thee, I'll do and dare;
For Thee, the cross I'll bear,
To Thee direct my prayer,
On Thee depend.

4 Saviour, with me abide;
Be ever near my side,
Support, defend and guide.
I look to Thee.
I lay my hand in Thine,
And fleeting joys resign,
If I may call Thee mine
Eternally.

THY WAY, O LORD.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1856. Rev. H. L. JENNER.



1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev-er dark it be! Lead me by Thine own hand, Choose out the path for me.
2. I dare not choose my lot; I would not, if I might; Choose Thou for me, my God; So shall I walk aright.

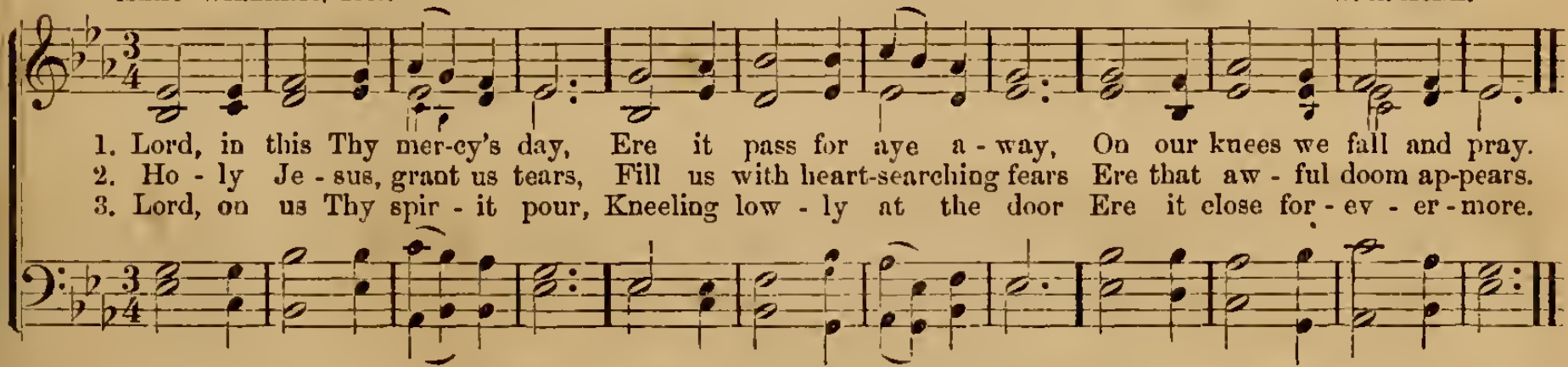
3 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

4 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

5 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

LORD, IN THIS THY MERCY'S DAY.

ISAAC WILLIAMS, 1840. W. H. MONK.



1. Lord, in this Thy mer-cy's day, Ere it pass for aye a-way, On our knees we fall and pray.
2. Ho-ly Je-sus, grant us tears, Fill us with heart-searching fears Ere that aw-ful doom ap-pears.
3. Lord, on us Thy spir-it pour, Kneeling low-ly at the door Ere it close for-ev-er-more.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place
Lest we lose this day of grace—
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

THE MERCY SEAT.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. WM. F. SHERWIN, 1872.

1. Approach, my soul, the mer - cy seat, Where Je- sus an - swers prayer; There hum-bly fall be-
2. Bowed down be-neath a load of sin, By Sa - tan sore - ly prest, By war with- out and

fore His feet, For none can per - ish there, Thy prom- ise is my on - ly plea, With
fears with-in, I come to Thee for rest. Be Thou my shield and hid - ing place, That,

this I ven - ture nigh; Thou call - est bur - dened souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
sheltered near Thy side, I may my fierce ac - cus - er face, And tell him Thou hast died.

GOD IS LOVE.

Sir JOHN BOWRING, 1825. From "Cantica Sacra," by permission. German Melody.

1. God is love; His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss He wakes, and woe He light- ens; God is wis - dom, God is love.
2. Change and change are bu - sy ev - er; Man de- cays, and a - ges move; But His mer- cy wan - eth nev - er; God is wis - dom, God is love.

3.
E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove,
From the gloom His brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4.
He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

JESUS, MEEK AND GENTLE.

Rev. GEO. RUNDELL PRYNNE, 1856. G. A. HARDACRE, 1867.

1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high, Pitying, lov - ing Sav- iour, Hear Thy children's cry.
2. Give us ho- ly free - dom, Fill our hearts with love; Draw us, Holy Je - sus! To the realms a-bove.
3. Lead us on our jour - ney, Be Thy-self the Way Through terrestial dark-ness To ce- les- tial day.
4. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high, Pitying, lov - ing Sav- iour, Hear Thy children's cry.

THE NAME OF OUR SALVATION.

Trans. by Rev. J. MASON NEALE. *15th Century.*

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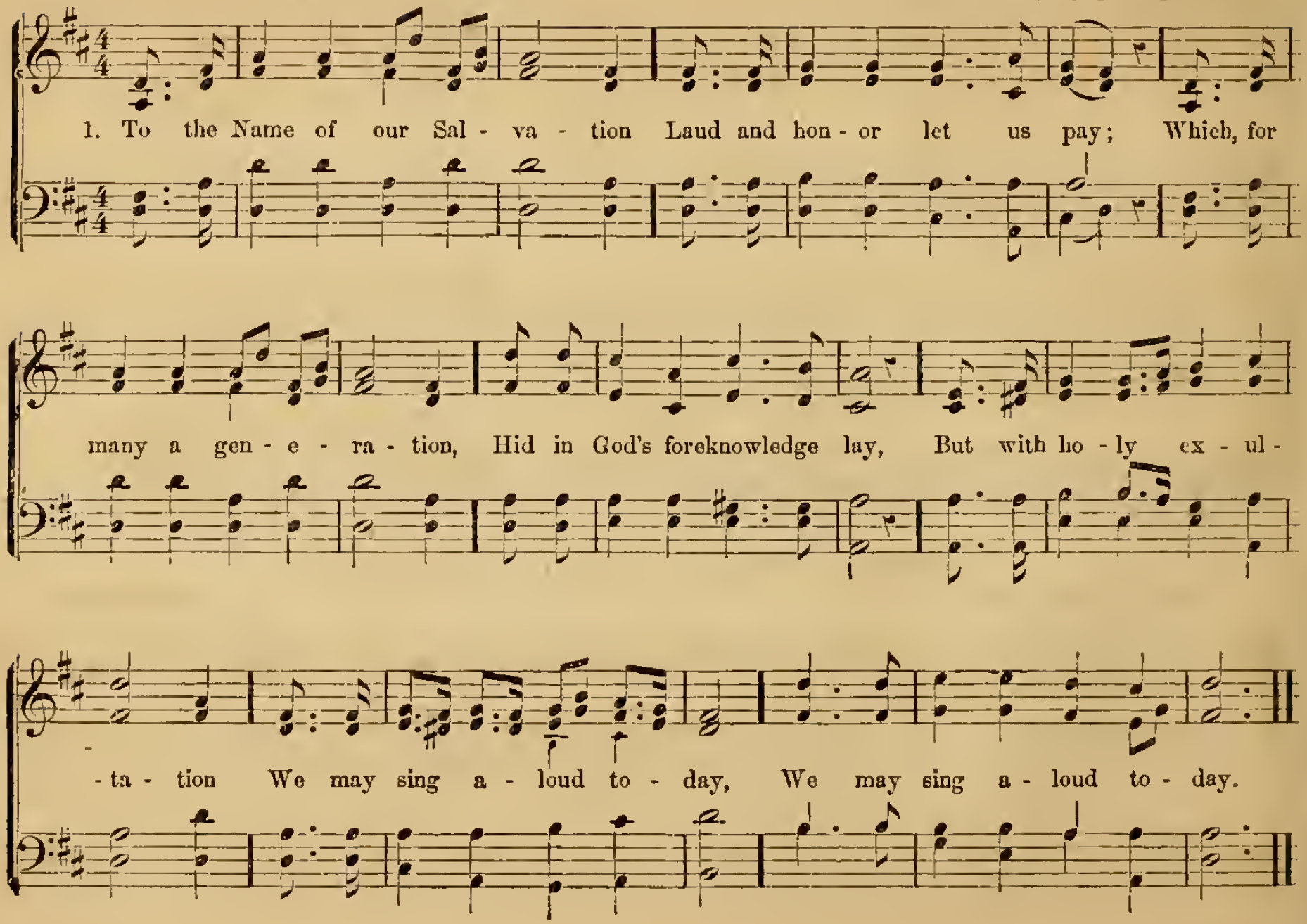


2 Jesus is the Name we treasure;
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

3 Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name;
In this Name whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

4 Therefore we, in love revering,
Holy Jesus! Thee implore
So to write Thy Name endearing
In our hearts forevermore,
That, at length in Heaven appearing,
We with angels may adore.

O SON OF GOD.

Bishop A. C. COXE, 1840. Arr. from BEETHOVEN.

1. How beauteous were the marks di - vine, That in Thy meek - ness used to shine,
2. Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright, So pure, so made to live in light,—

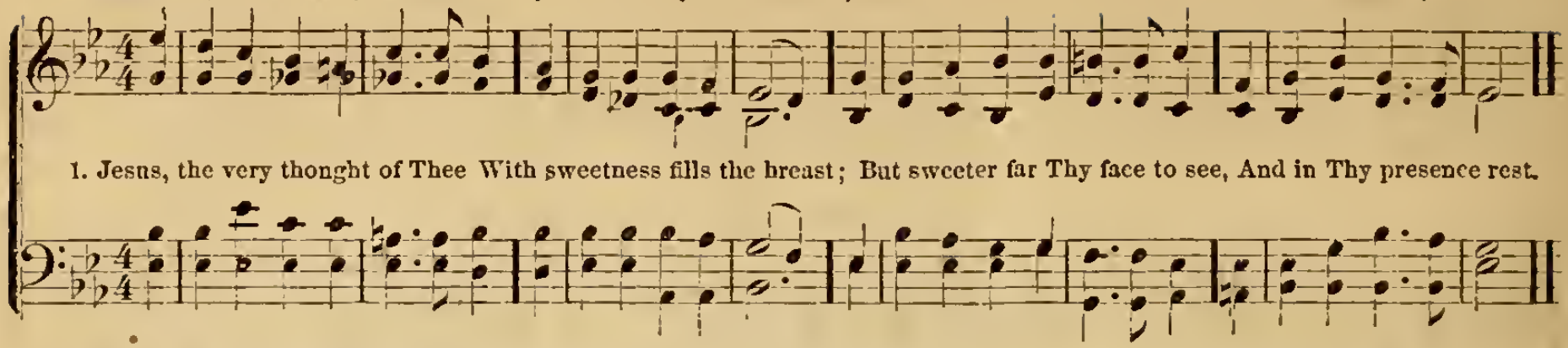
That lit Thy lone - ly path - way, trod In won - drous love, O Son of God!
Oh, who like Thee did ev - er go So pa - tient thro' a world of woe?

3 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free
Was pang and scoff and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

4 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

JESUS' NAME.

BERNARD, of Clairvaux, Twelfth Century. Transl. by E. CASWALL, 1849. J. BARNBY, 1861.



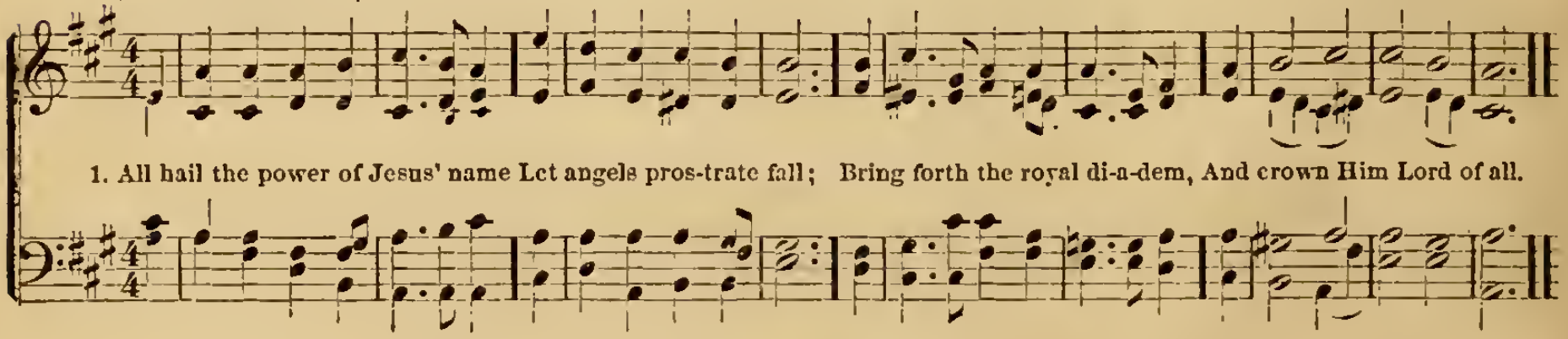
2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

EDWARD PERRONET, 1780. Rev. J. B. DYKES.

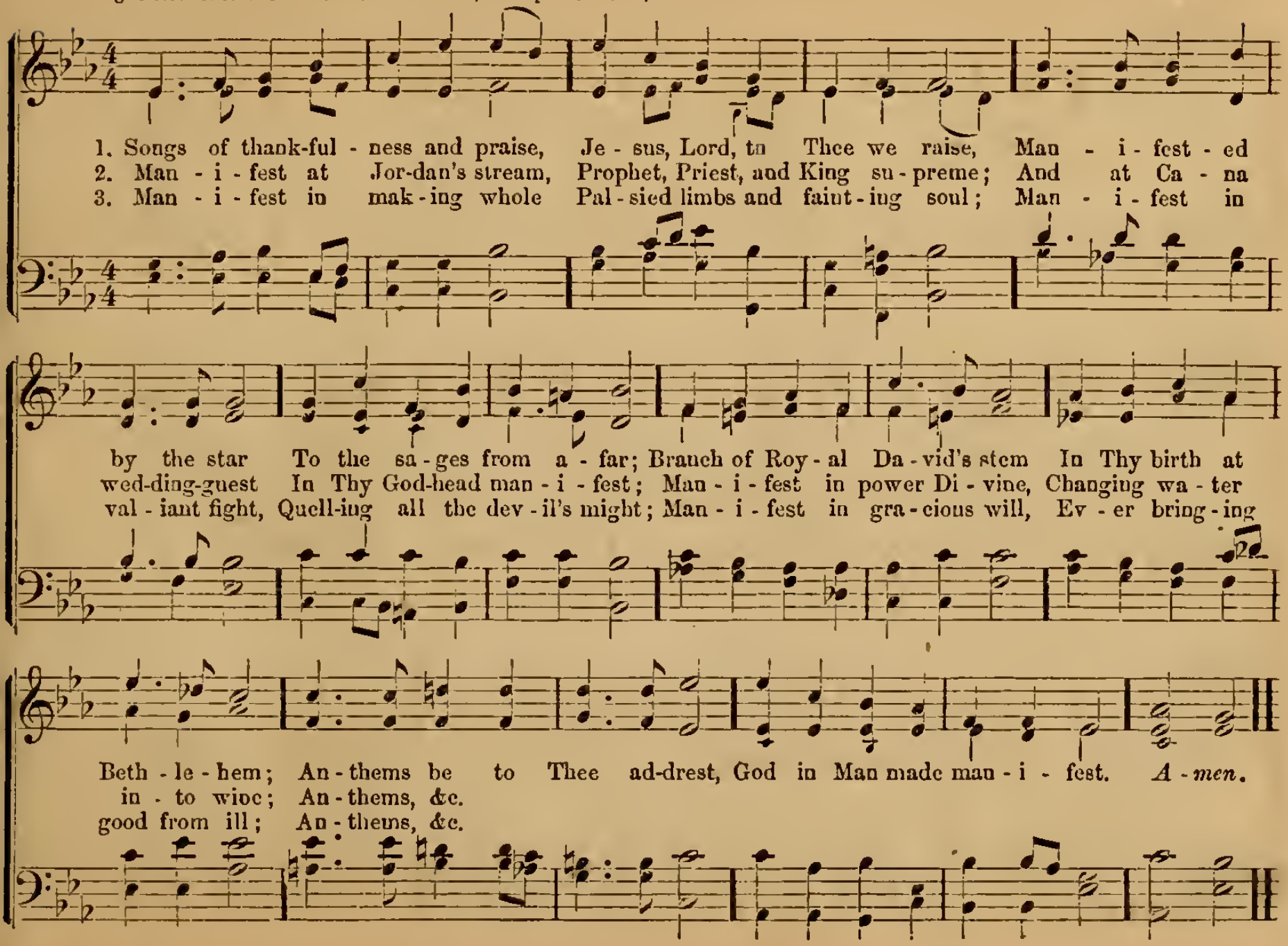


2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Right Rev. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, Bishop of Lincoln, 1862. H. S. IRONS.



CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS.

Rev. MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848. Dr. G. J. ELVEY.

1. Crown Him with ma- ny crowns, The Lamb up- on His Throne; Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
2. Crown Him the Lord of love: Be - hold His hands and side, Rich wounds yet vis-i - ble a - bove
3. Crown Him the Lord of peace: Whose power a scepter sways From pole to pole, that wars may cease,

All mu- sic but its own: A- wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee, And hail Him
In beau-ty glo - ri - fied: No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight, But downward
And all be prayer and praise: His reign shall know no end, And round His pierced feet Fair flowers of

as thy match-less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
bends his burn - ing eye At mys - te - ries so great.
Par - a - dise ex - tend Their fra - grance ev - er sweet.

4.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1857. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot- less Lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load; I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.

2. I rest my soul on Je - sus, This wea - ry soul of mine; His right hand me em- bra - ces, I on his breast re - cline: I love the name of Je - sus, Im- man - uel, Christ, the Lord; Like fra- grance, on the breez - es, His name a - broad is poured.

3. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild; I long to be like Je - sus, The Fa - ther's ho - ly child: I long to be with Je - sus, A- mid the heavenly throng, To sing with saints His prais - es, To learn the an - gels' song.

THINE ARM, O LORD!

Rev. Prof. E. H. PLUMPTRE, 1867. From "Cantica Sacra," by permission—re-arranged for this work.

1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old, Was strong to heal and save; It triumphed o'er dis-
2. And lo, Thy touch bro't life and health, Gave speech, and strength, and sight; And youth renewed and
3. Be Thou our great De - liv - erer still, Thou Lord of life and death; Re- store and quick- en,

- ease and death, Oer dark - ness and the grave; To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The
fren - zy calmed, Owned Thee, the Lord of Light; And now, O Lord, be near to bless, Al -
soothe and bless With Thine al - might - y breath; To hands that work and eyes that see Give

pal - sied and the lame, The le - per with his taint - ed life, The sick with fe - vered frame.
- might - y as of yore, In crowd- ed street, by rest - less couch, As by Gennesareth's shore.
wis - dom's heavenly lore, That whole and sick, and weak and strong, May praise Thee ev - er - more.

Rev. THOMAS KELLY, 1806. R. P. STEWART, 1868.

1. Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove;
2. King of glo - ry! reign for - ev - er— Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown;
3. Sav - iour! hast - en Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, oh, bring the glo - rious day

Je - sus reigns, and heaven re - joic - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
Noth - ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;—
When, the aw - ful sum - mons hear - ing, Heaven and earth shall pass a - way:

See, He sits on yon - der throne,— Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Des - tined to be - hold Thy face.
Then, with gold - den harps, we'll sing,— "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

THE CHILD JESUS.

Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1867. Dr. GAUNTLETT.

1. { Once in roy - al Da - vid's Cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed, }
{ Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by, In a man - ger for His bed: } Ma - ry was that mother

mild, Je - sus Christ that lit - tle Child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

* 3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor, and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

* 4 For He is our childhood's Pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew:
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

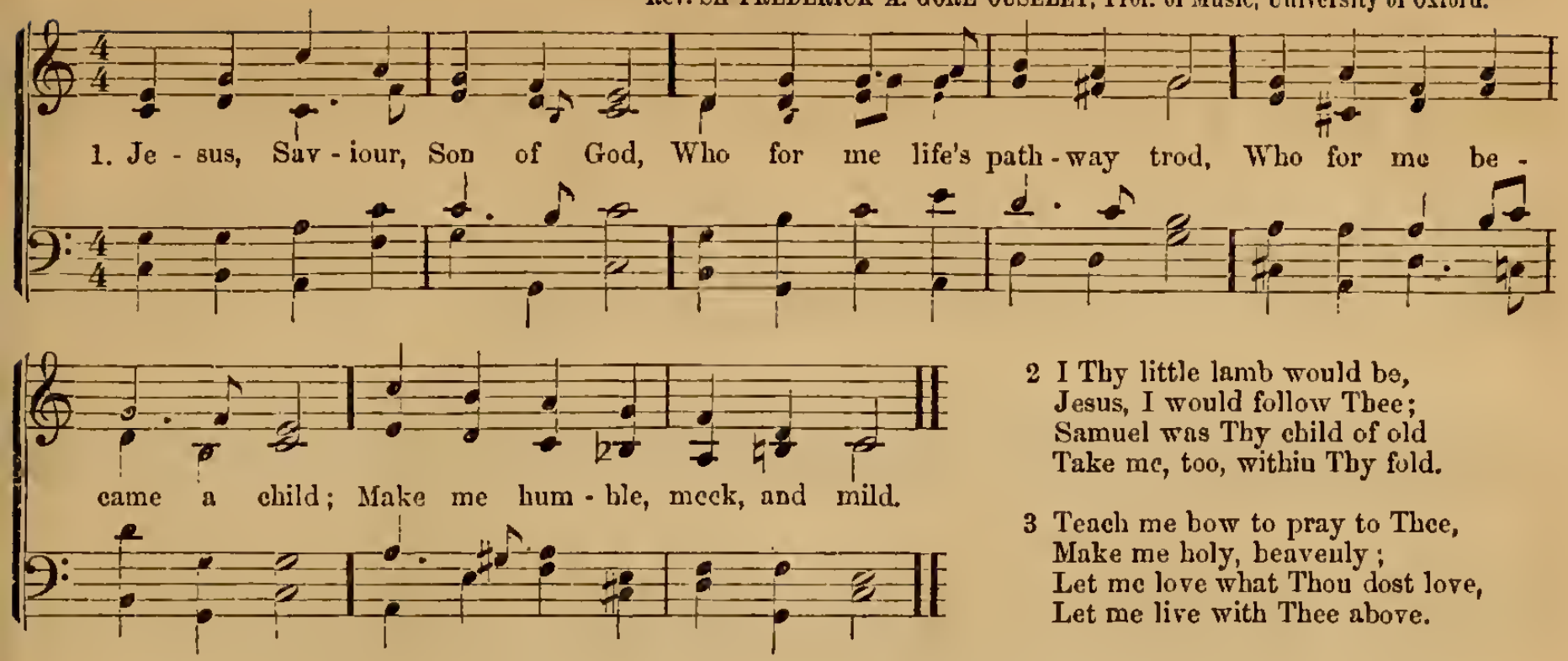
5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

* These verses may be omitted.

JESUS, SAVIOUR, SON OF GOD.

Rev. Sir FREDERICK A. GORE OUSELEY, Prof. of Music, University of Oxford.

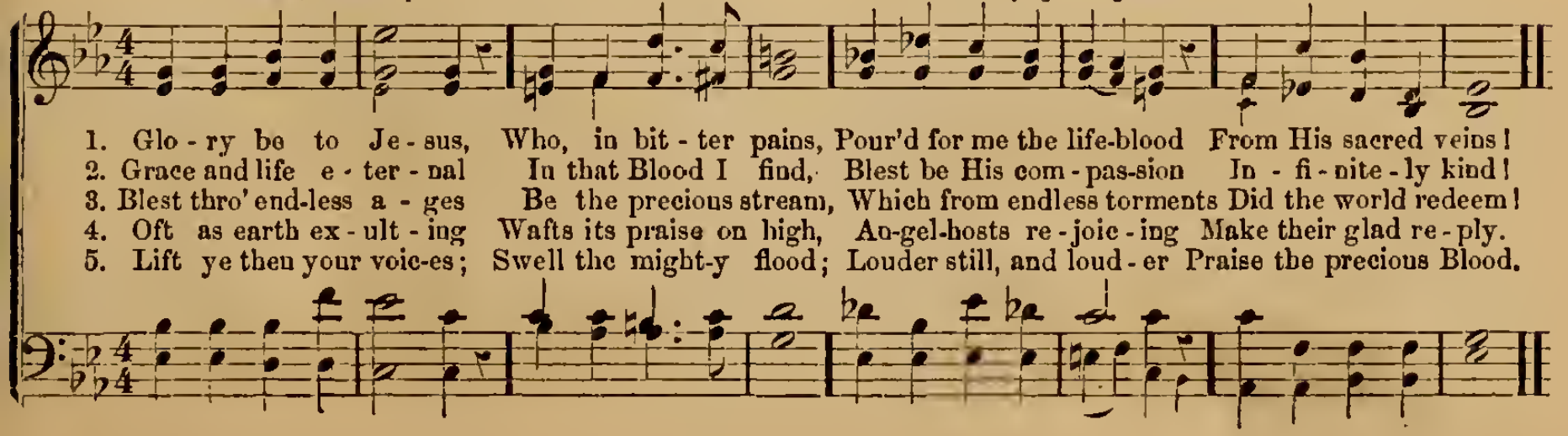


2 I Thy little lamb would be,
Jesus, I would follow Thee;
Samuel was Thy child of old
Take me, too, within Thy fold.

3 Teach me how to pray to Thee,
Make me holy, heavenly;
Let me love what Thou dost love,
Let me live with Thee above.

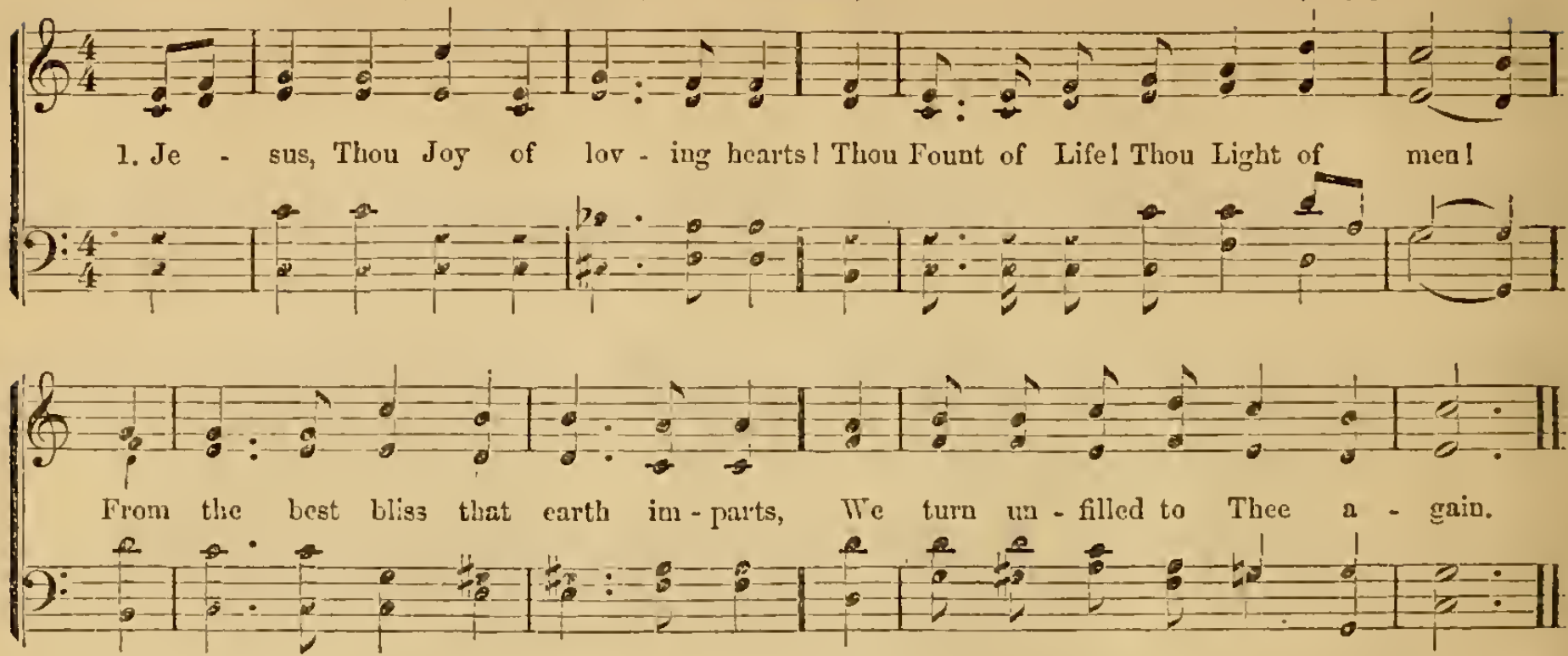
GLORY BE TO JESUS.

From the Italian, Trans. by Rev. EDWARD CASWALL. By special permission from "Cantica Sacra"



JESUS, THOU JOY.

St. BERNARD, of Clairvaux, 1120. Translated by Rev. R. PALMER, 1834. From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.



2.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in All!

3.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still!
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill!

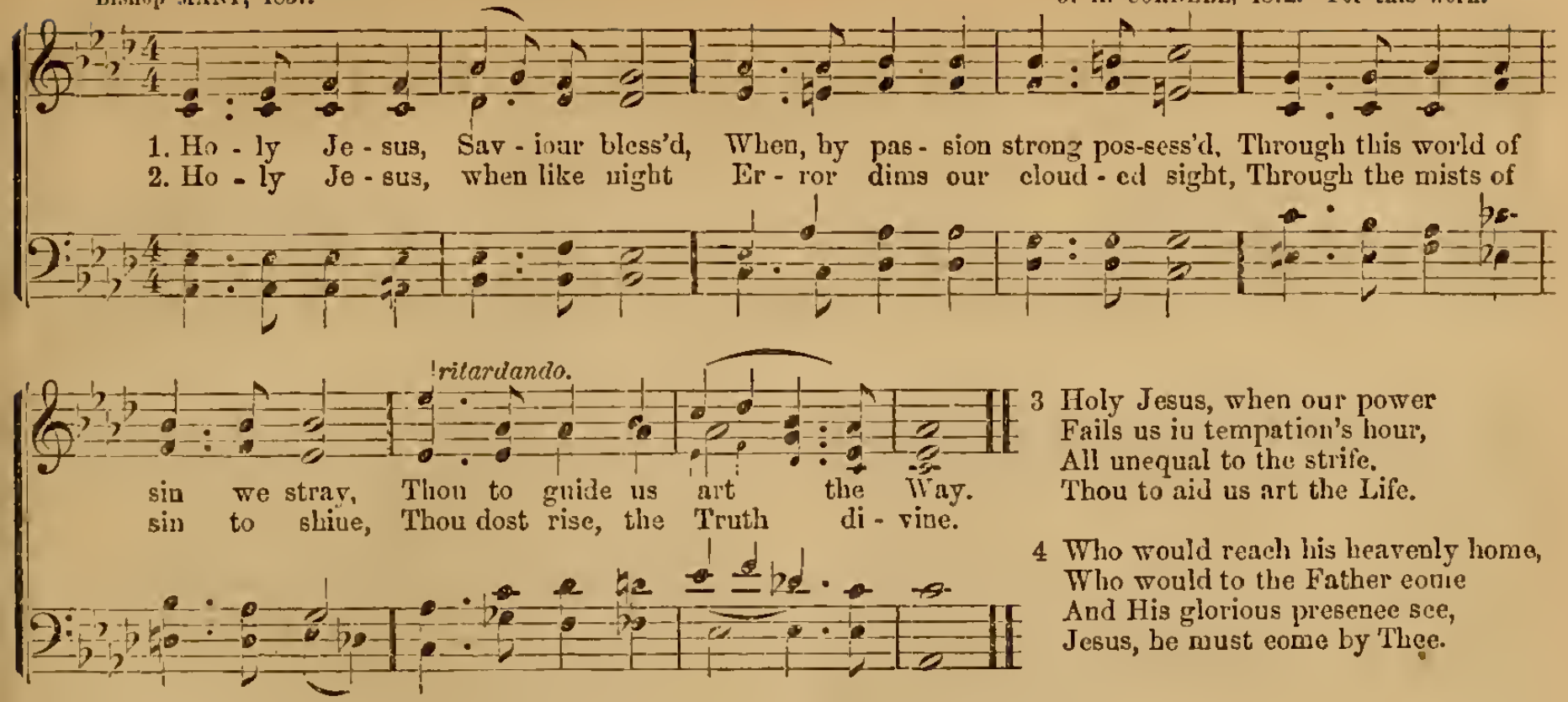
4.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see;
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright!
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

Bishop MANT, 1837. J. H. CORNELL, 1872. For this work.

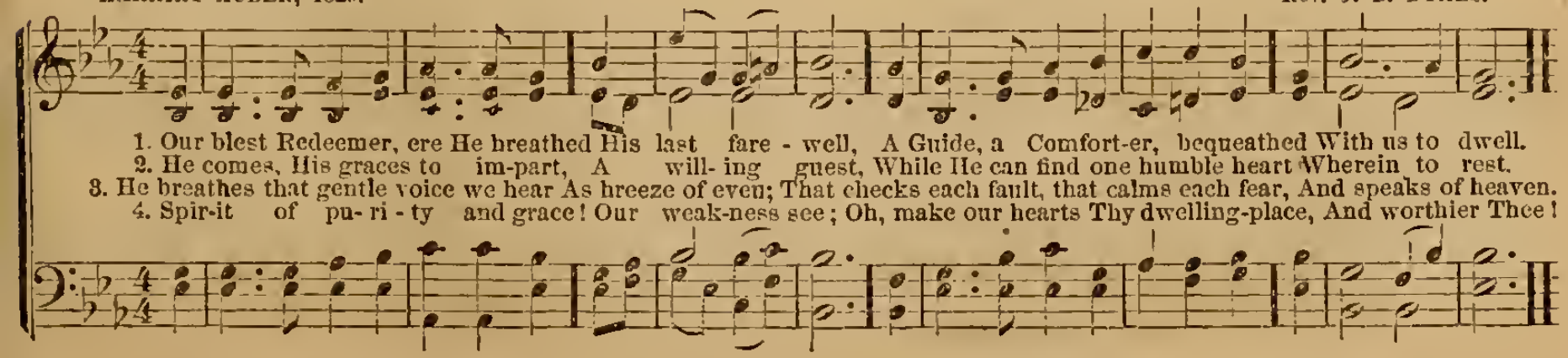


3 Holy Jesus, when our power
Fails us in tempation's hour,
All unequal to the strife,
Thou to aid us art the Life.

4 Who would reach his heavenly home,
Who would to the Father come
And His glorious presence see,
Jesus, he must come by Thee.

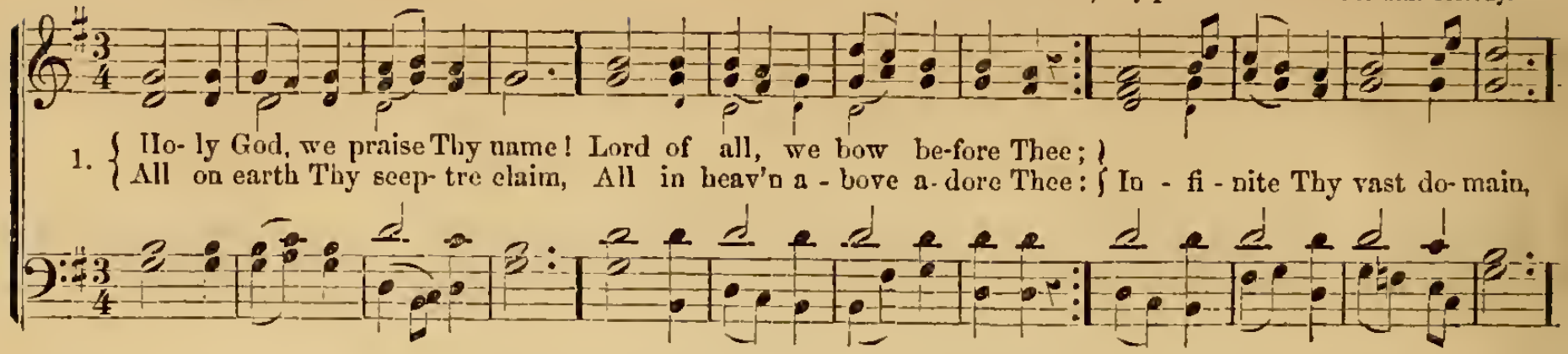
OUR BLEST REDEEMER.

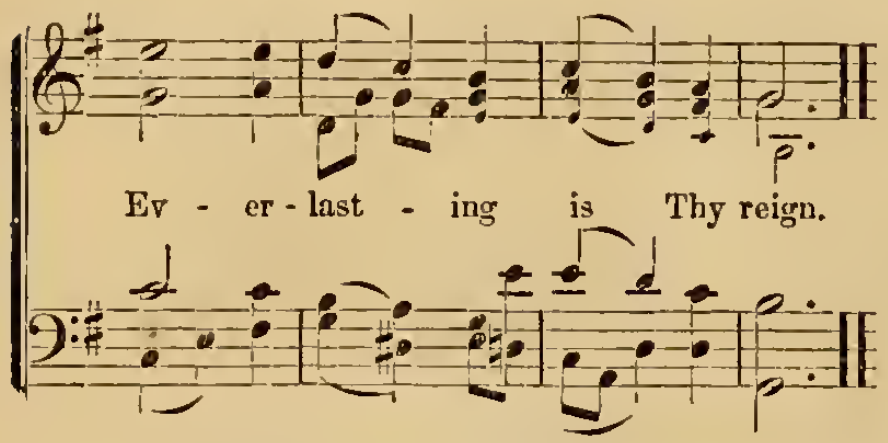
HARRIET AUBER, 1829. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



TE DEUM LAUDAMUS. Paraphrase.

Rev. C. WALWORTH. From "Cantica Sacra," by permission—old German Melody.





2 Hark! the loud celestial hymn,
Angel-choirs above are raising
Cherubim and Seraphim
In unceasing chorus praising,
Fill the heavens with sweet accord:
Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!

3 Lo! the Apostolic train
Join Thy sacred Name to hallow!
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And the white-robed Martyrs follow;
And from morn till set of sun,
Through the Church the song goes on.

4 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, three we name Thee,
While in essence, only One,
Undivided God, we claim Thee;
And, adoring, bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.

5 Thou art King of Glory, Christ!
Son of God, yet born of Mary,
For us sinners sacrificed,
And to death a tributary:
First to break the bars of death,
Thou hast opened Heaven to faith.

6 From Thy high, celestial home,
Judge of all, again returning,
We believe that Thou shalt come,
On the dreadful Doom's-day morning,
When Thy voice shall shake the earth,
And the startled dead come forth.

7 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded:
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded.
Lo! I put my trust in Thee,
Never, Lord, abandon me.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779. JOHN HULLAH, 1867.

1. Sometimes a light sur - pris - es The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord, who ris - es
2. In ho - ly con - tem- pla - tion We sweetly then pur - sue The theme of God's sal - va - tion,
3. It can bring with it noth - ing But He will bear us through; Who gives the lil - ies cloth - ing

With heal- ing in His wings: When com- forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain
And find it ev - er new: Set free from pres-ent sor - row, We cheer- ful - ly can say,
Will clothe His peo - ple too; Be- neath the spreading heav - ens, No creature but is fed;

A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it aft - er rain.
Let the un-known to - mor - row Bring with it what it may.
And He who feeds the ra - vens Will give His chil-dren bread.

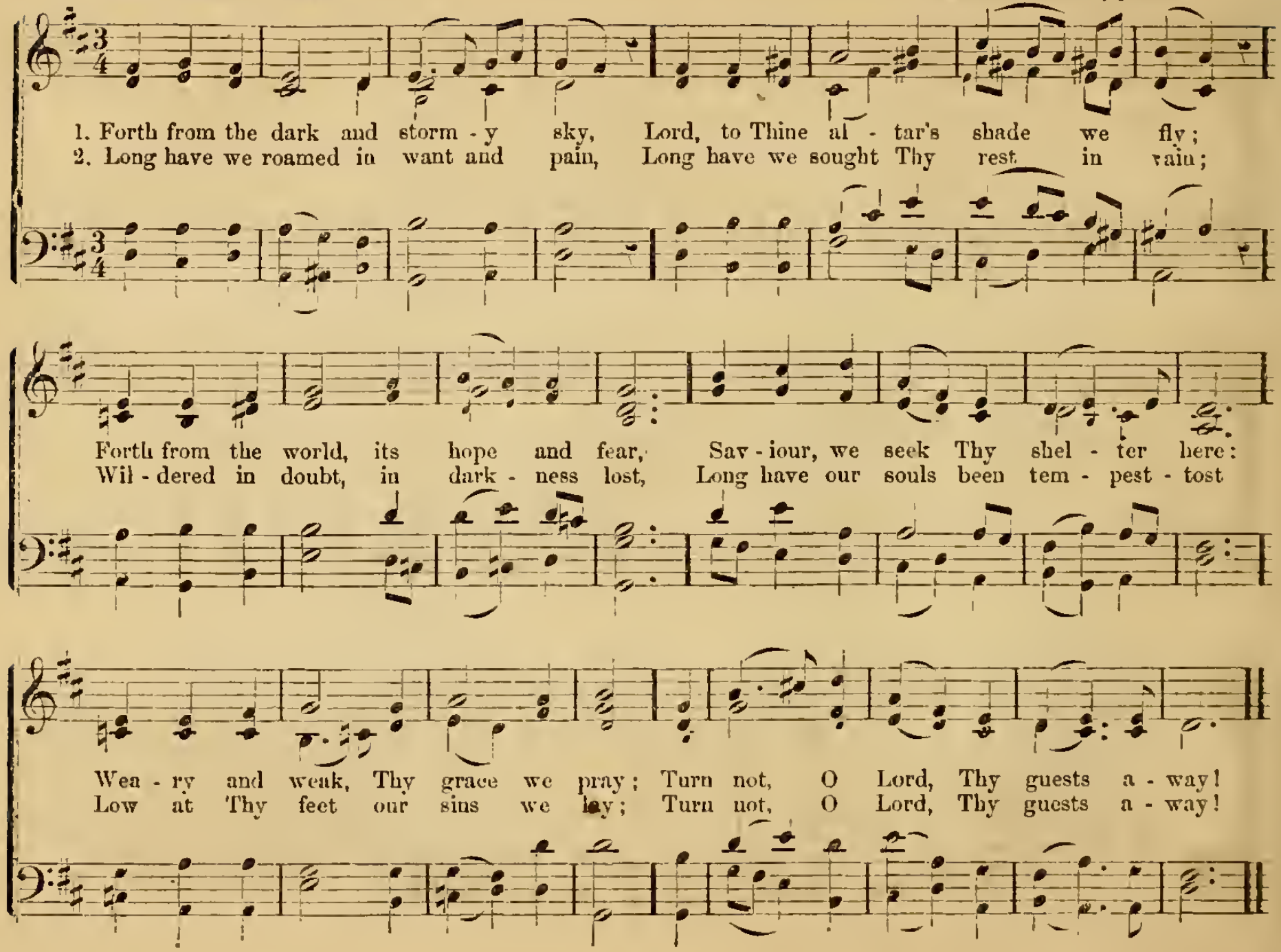
4.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in Him confiding
I cannot but rejoice.

TURN NOT, O LORD, THY GUESTS AWAY.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1827.

From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.



TO THEE I CRY.

Bishop H. F. LYTE, 1834. Dr. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.

1. Lord God of my sal - va - tion, To Thee, to Thee I cry; O let my sup - pli - ca - tion Ar - rest Thine ear on high. Dis - tress - es round me thick - en, My life draws nigh the grave: De - scend, O Lord, to quick - en, De - scend my soul to save.

2. Thy wrath lies hard up - on me, Thy bil - lows o'er me roll; My friends all seem to shun me, And foes be - set my soul. Where'er on earth I turn me, No com - fort - er is near; Wilt Thou too, Fa - ther, spurn me? Wilt Thou re - fuse to hear?

3. No! ban - ished and heart - bro - ken, My soul still clings to Thee; Thy prom - ise Thou hast spo - ken Shall still my ref - uge be. So pre - sent ills and ter - rors May fu - ture joy in - crease: And scourge me from my er - rors To du - ty, hope, and peace. *A - men.*

SAVIOUR, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

Rev. GODFREY THRING, 1866. Prof. HERBERT OAKLEY.

1. Sav-iour, Blessed Sav-iour, Listen while we sing, Hearts and voices rais-ing Praises to our King;

ritard.

All we have we of - fer; All we hope to be, Bod- y, soul, and spir- it, All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil, or care is known;
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

5 Higher still, and higher,
Soars the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting
Hastening to its goal;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS, 1848. Adapted by JOHN GOSS from HANDEL.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee, Ev'n tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me!
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness comes o-ver me, My rest a stone,

Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

3 There let my way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

DAY BY DAY.

Arr. from GOTTSCHALK.

1. Day by day the man - na fell; Oh, to learn this les - son well! Still by con - stant
2. "Day by day," the prom- ise reads, Dai - ly strength for dai - ly needs; Cast fore- bod - ing

mer - cy fed, Give us, Lord, our dai - ly bread.
fears a - way, Take the man - na of to - day.

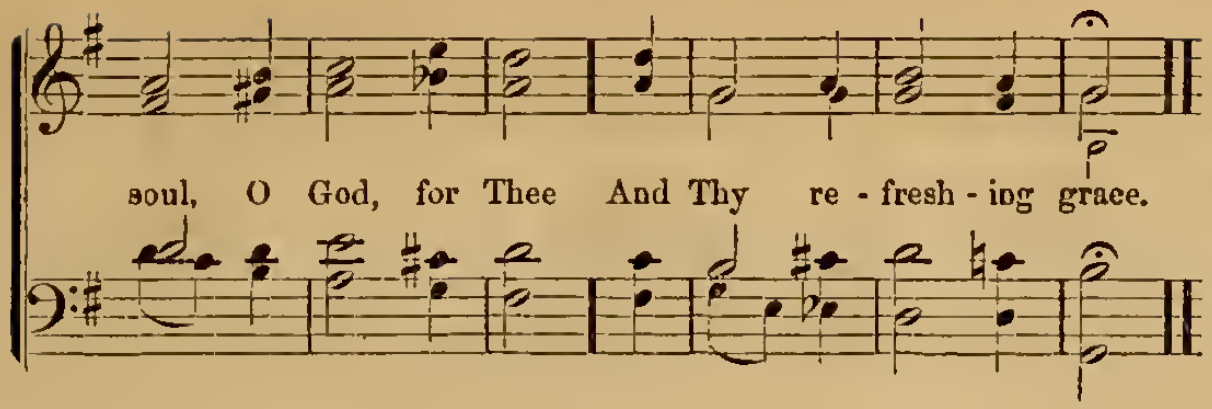
3 Lord, our times are in Thy hand;
All our sanguine hopes have plann'd
To Thy wisdom we resign,
And would mould our wills to Thine.

4 Thou our daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee we live;
So shall added years fulfil
Not our own, our Father's will.

AS PANTS THE HART.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696. Dr. LOUIS SPOHR, died 1859.

1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams When heat - ed in the chase, So pants my

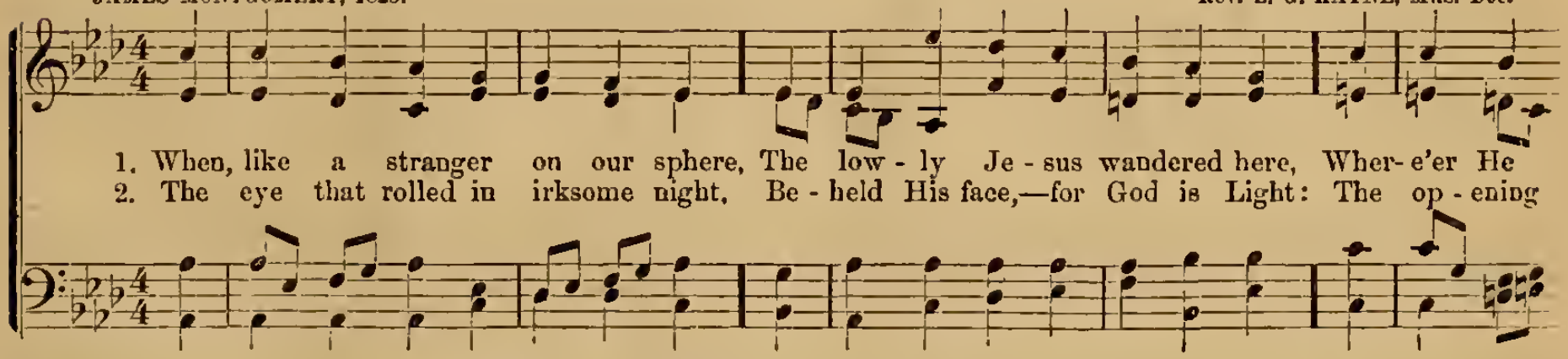


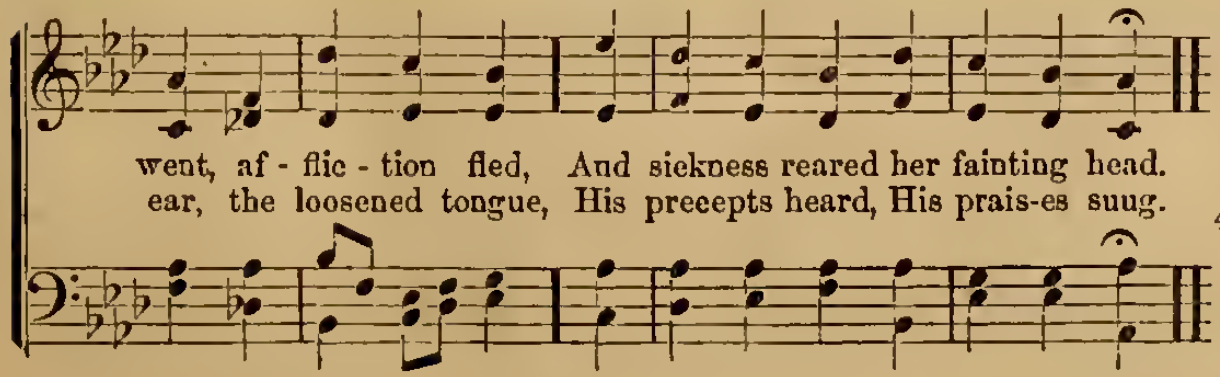
2 For Thee my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal Spring.

THE LOWLY JESUS.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825. Rev. L. G. HAYNE, Mus. Doc.





3 With bounding steps the halt and lame,
To hail their great Deliverer came;
O'er the cold grave He bowed His head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

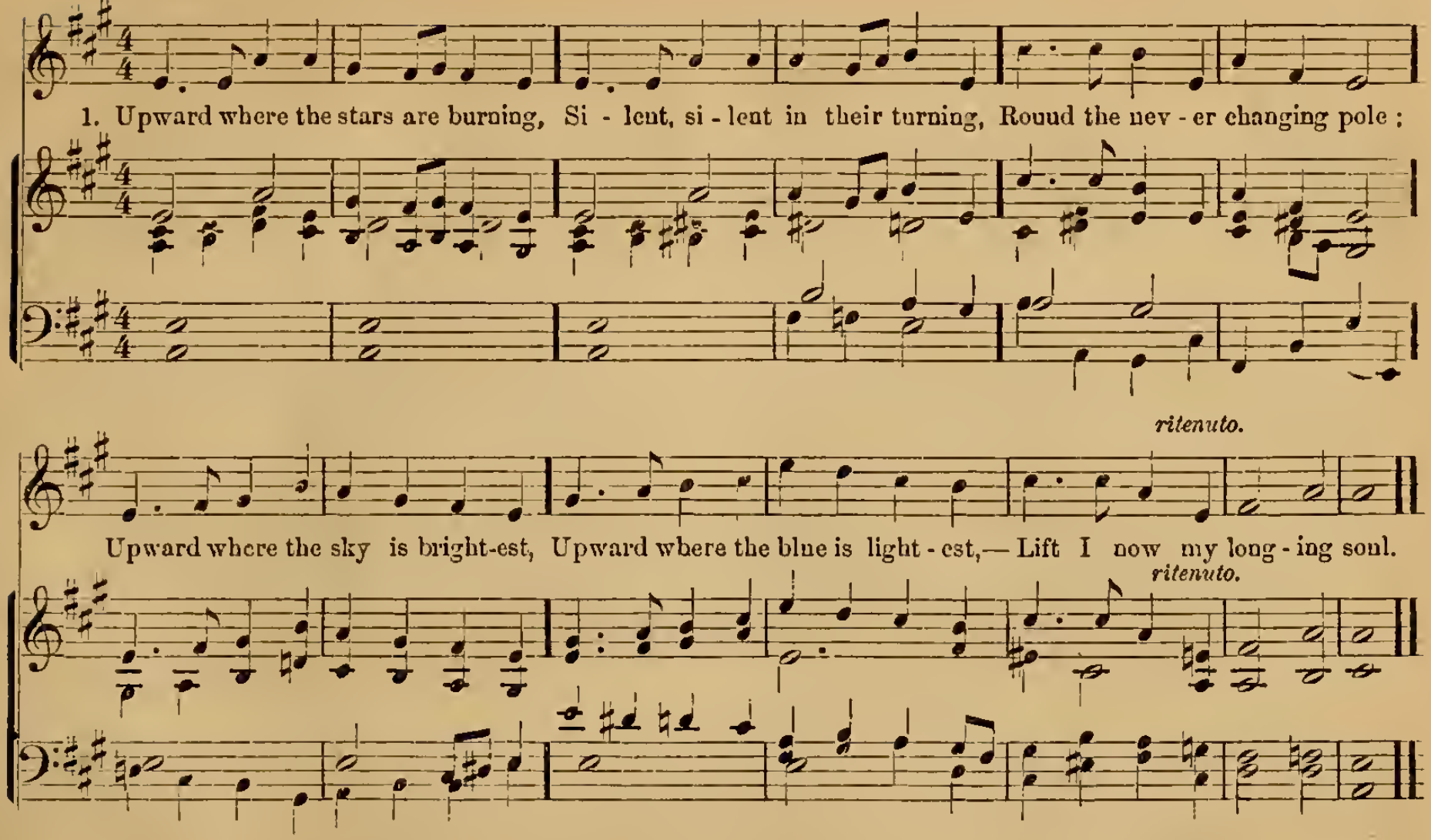
4 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumph'd, we would tread;
To all, with willing hands, dispense
The gifts of our benevolence.

LEAD THOU ME ON.

Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D., 1833. Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, Kind- ly Light, a- mid th' en-cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see..... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now.... Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish day, and spite of fears,.... Pride ruled my will: re - mem- ber not past years!
3. So long Thy Power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till.... The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile.... Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



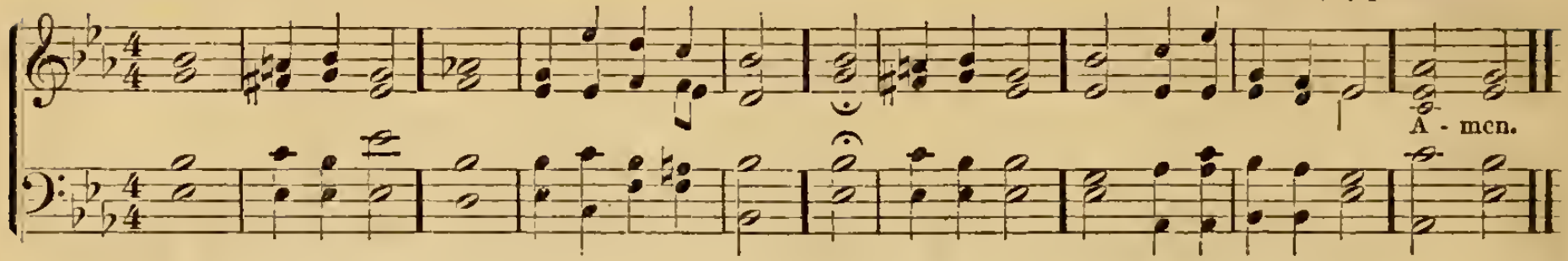
2.
Far beyond that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy—
I would find my mansion there.

3.
Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted :
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him,
With His name the palace rings.

4.
Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heav'nly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessed feet.
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His Throne we meet.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

PHŒBE CARY, 1854. L. T. DOWNES, by permission.



1 One sweetly | solemn thought
Comes | to me o'er and | o'er;
I am nearer | home to-day
Than I · ever · have | been before.

2 Nearer my | Father's house,
Where the | many mansions | be;
Nearer the | great white throne
Nearer the | crystal sea;

3 Nearer the | bound of life,
Where we | lay our burdens | down;
Nearer | leaving · the cross,
Nearer · gain- — | -ing the crown.

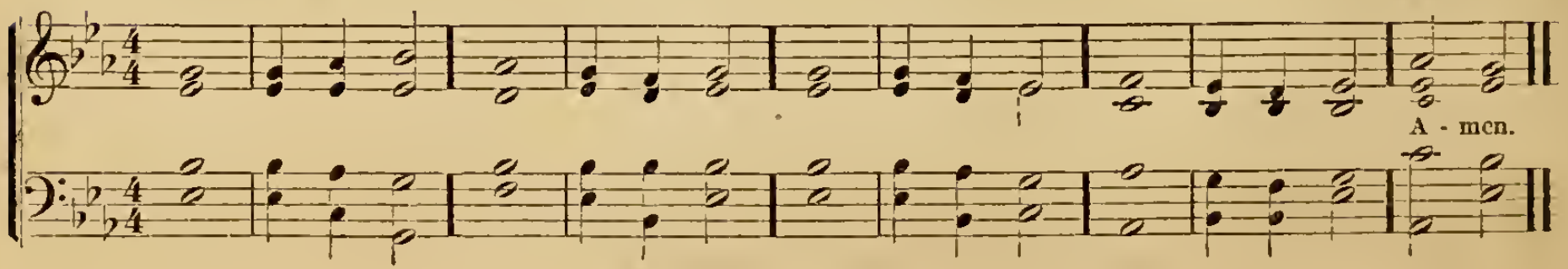
4 But lying | darkly · between,
Winding | down — · through the | night,
Is the silent, | unknown stream,
That leads at · last — | to the light.

5 Oh, if my | mortal feet
Have | almost gained the | brink;
If it be I am | nearer home
Even to- · -day — | than I think:

6 Father, | perfect · my trust,
Let my | spirit feel in | death
That her feet are | firmly set
On the · rock · of a | living faith. Amen.

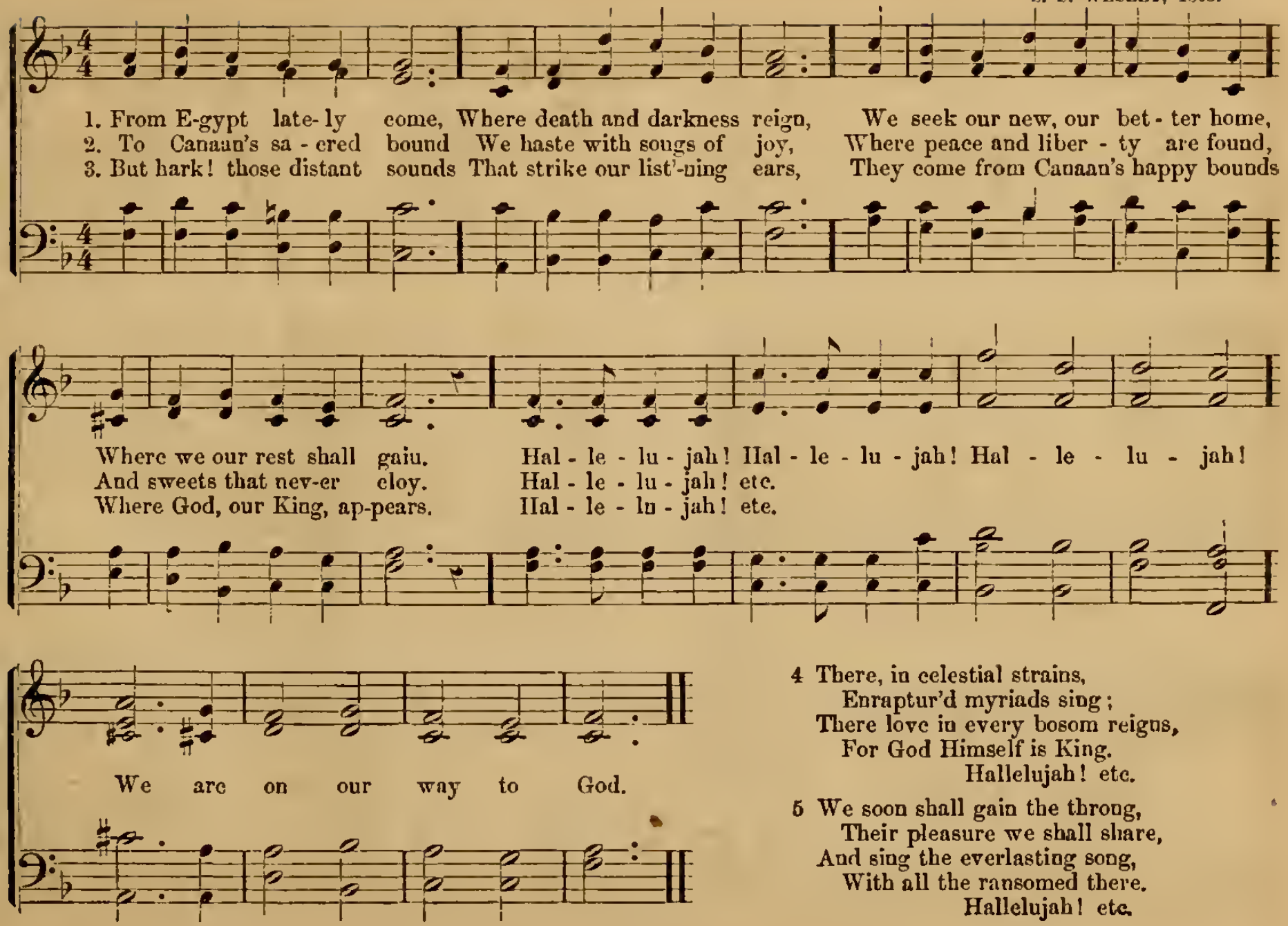
Or this.

A. H. D. TROYTE.



Note. *This chant requires slight deviations in the dividing.*

S. S. WESLEY, 1863.



4 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptur'd myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
Hallelujah! etc.

5 We soon shall gain the throng,
Their pleasure we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.
Hallelujah! etc.

THY WILL BE DONE.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836. Rev. Sir FREDERICK A. G. OUSELEY, Bart.

1. My God, my Fa- ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done.
2. What though in lone-ly grief I sigh For friends beloved, no lon - ger nigh, Sub - mis-sive still would I re - ply, Thy will be done.
3. Let but my faint-ing heart be blest With Thy sweet Spir-it for its guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest: Thy will be done.

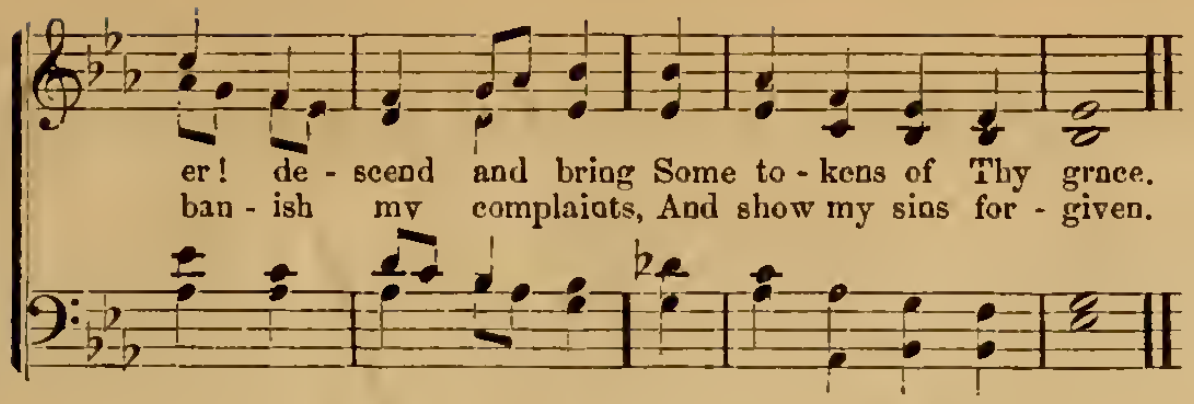
4 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All now that makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

5 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

WHY SHOULD THE CHILDREN OF A KING.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Why should the chil- dren of a King Go mourn-ing all their days? Great Comfort-
2. Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints, And seal the heirs of heaven? When wilt Thou

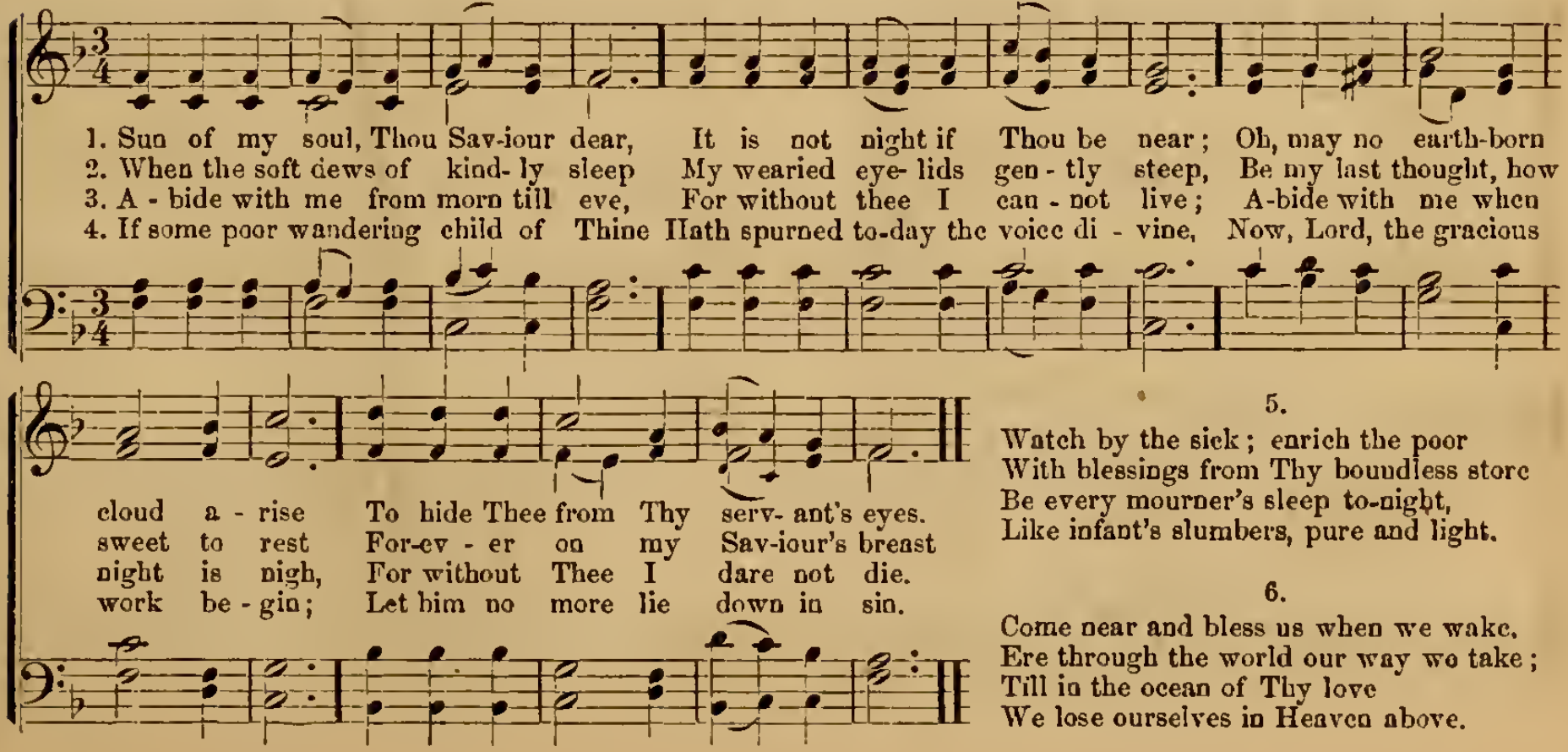


3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove!
Will safe convey me home.

SUN OF MY SOUL.

Bishop J. KEBLE, 1827. German. Arranged by W. H. MONK.



5.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

LEAD ME, O LORD!

ANNA LÆTITIA WARING, 1856. Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Fa - ther! I know that all my life Is por- tioned out for me; The chang- es
2. I ask Thee for a thoughtful love, Through constant watching wise, To meet the
3. I ask Thee for the dai - ly strength To none that ask de - nied, A mind to

that will sure- ly come I do not fear to see: I ask Thee for a pre-sent mind,
glad with joy - ful smiles, To wipe the weeping eyes; A heart at leis- ure from it - self
blend with out- ward life, While keeping at Thy side; Con - tent to fill a lit - tle space,

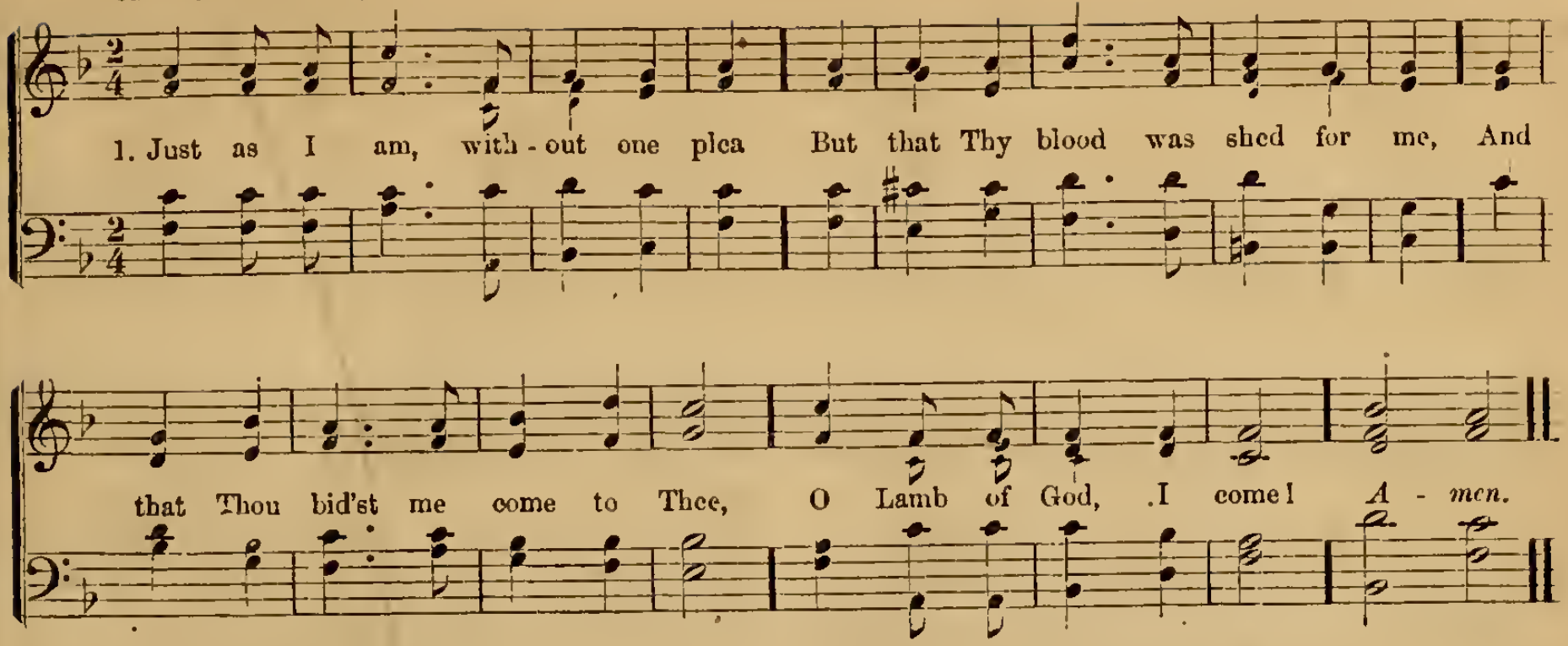
In - tent on pleas - ing Thee.
To soothe and sym - pa - thize. *A - men.*
If Thou be glo - ri - fied.

4.

And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
And careful less to serve Thee much
Than please Thee perfectly. Amen.

JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836. EDWARD J. HOPKINS, London.



2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose Blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down);
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

LOVE DIVINE.

C. WESLEY, 1746. WM. F. SHERWIN, 1868.

1. O Love di - vine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my will - ing heart
2. God on - ly knows the love of God; Oh, that it now were shed a - broad
3. Oh, that I could for ev - er sit With Ma - ry at the Mas - ter's feet!

All tak - en up by Thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
In this poor sto - ny heart; For love I sigh, for love I pine
Be this my hap - py choice; My on - ly care, de - light, and bliss,

The great - ness of re - deem - ing love,— The love of Christ to me.
This on - ly por - tion, Lord, be mine; Be mine this het - ter part.
My joy, my heav'n and earth be this To hear the Bride - groom's voice.

I LOVE THEE.

C. C. COX.

From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.

1. I love Thee, O Thou God of mine, Be-cause Thou first hast lov - ed me;
And all my lib - er - ty re - sign, That I may will - ing fol - low Thee.

2.

Nothing that memory can suggest,
But doth with Thy effulgence blend;
The mind's extremest range, at best,
Thy greatness fails to comprehend.

3.

Nothing, O Lord, will I desire,
Not sanctioned by Thy holy will;
All things are Thine that I acquire,
All I bestow, Thy bounty still.

4.

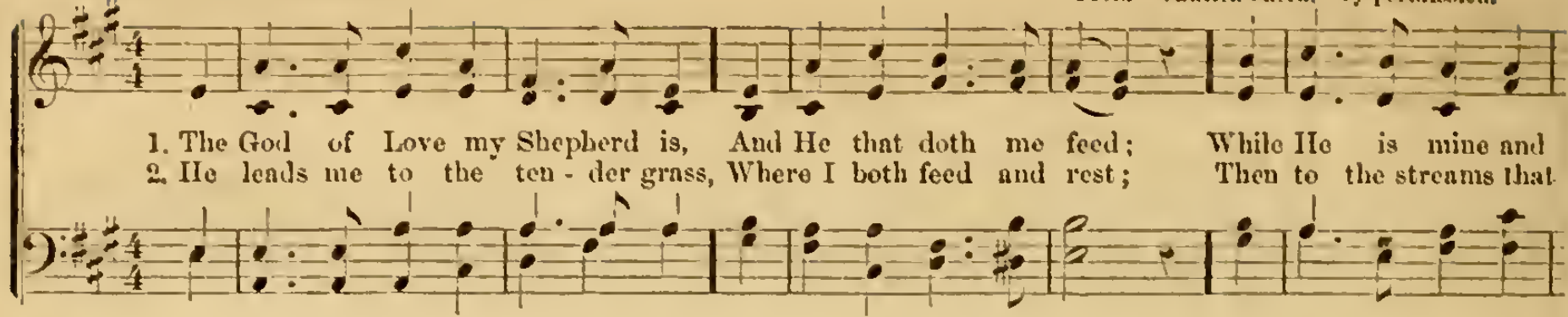
Take from me all Thy gifts reveal;
Resume whatever pleaseth Thee;
Direct me as Thou wilt, I feel
In every act Thou lovest me.

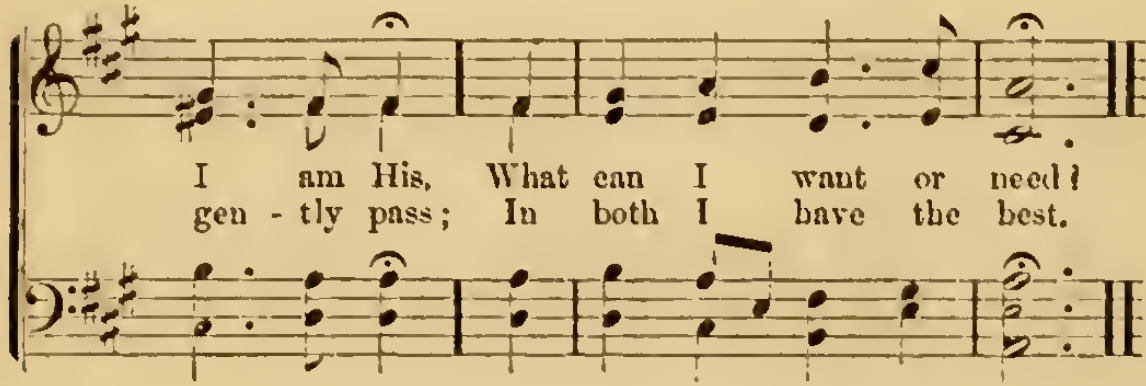
5.

Oh, grant me but Thy love divine,
My love for Thee will reign supreme;
Grant this, and all things else are mine,
Without it life is but a dream.

THE GOD OF LOVE.

Rev. GEORGE HERBERT. From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.



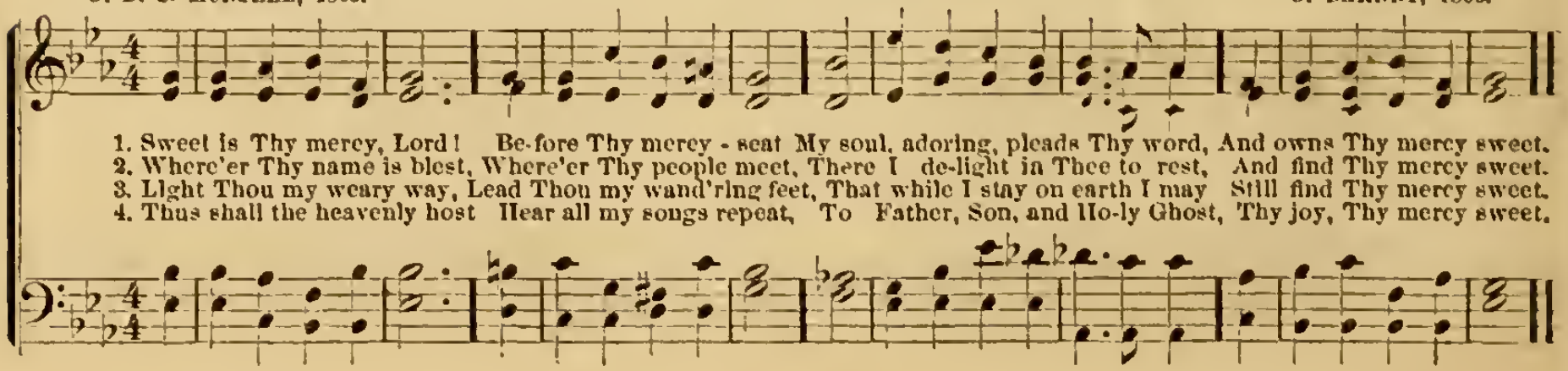


3 Yea, in death's shady, black abode,
Well may I walk, nor fear;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
To guide, Thy staff to bear.

4 Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days;
And, as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

SWEET IS THY MERCY, LORD.

J. B. S. MONSELL, 1865. J. BARNBY, 1866.



GOD, MY SALVATION.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822. Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS, B.A.

1. God is my strong sal - va - tion; What foe have I to fear? In dark - ness and temp-
2. Place on the Lord re - li - ance; My soul! with cou - rage wait; His truth be thine af -

ta - tion, My Light, my Help is near: Though hosts en - camp a - round me, Firm
fi - ance When faint and des - o - late; His might thy heart shall strength - en, His

to the fight I stand; What ter - ror can con - found me With God at my right hand?
love thy joy in - crease; Mer - cy thy days shall length - en; The Lord will give thee peace.

WE MARCH TO VICTORY.

Rev. GEO. MOULTRIE, 1867. J. BARNBY, 1869.

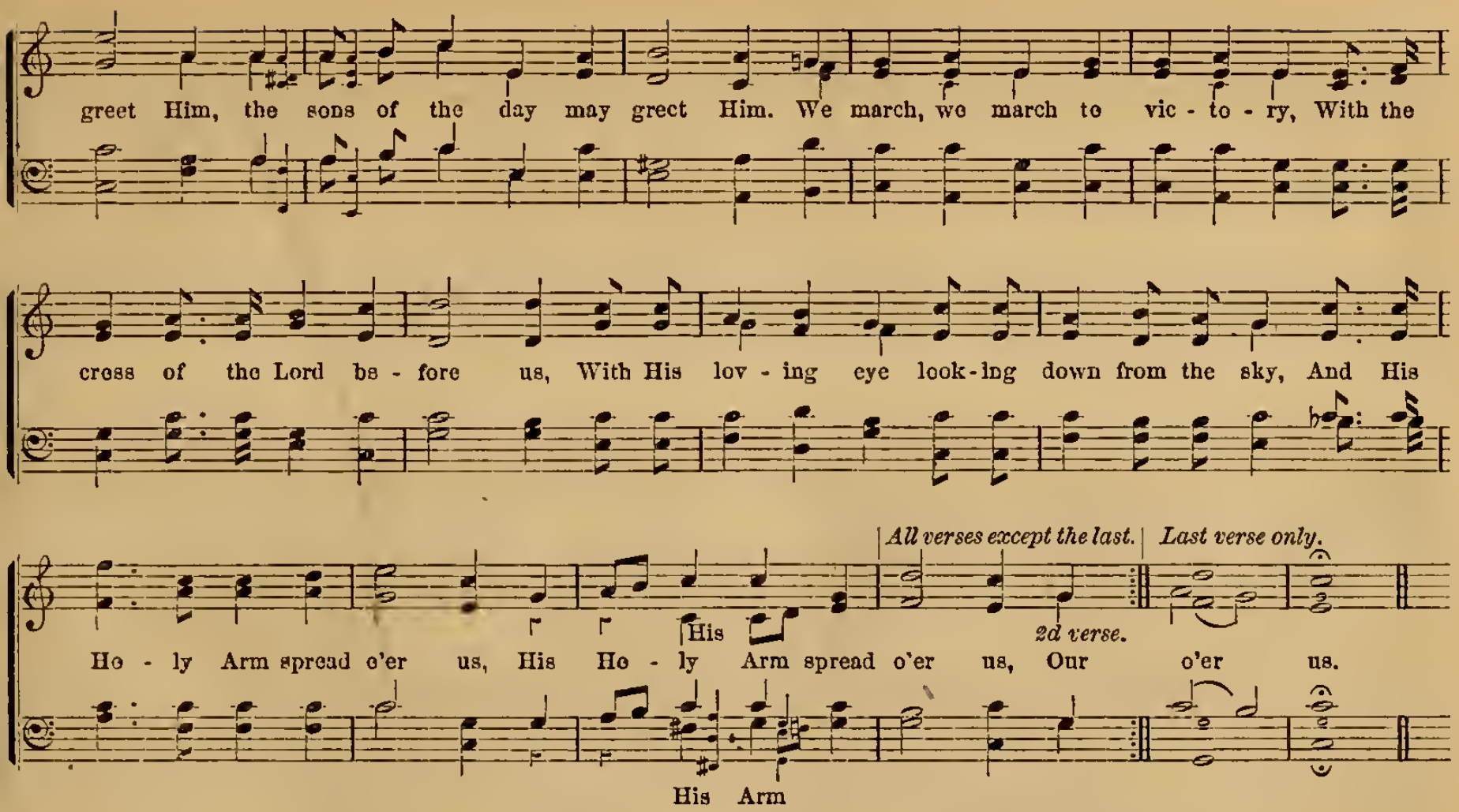
1. We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the Cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His

lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us, His

His
Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us. We come in the might of the Lord of Light, With ar - mor bright to

His Arm

meet Him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night, That the sons of the day may



2 Our Sword is the Spirit of God on High,
Our helmet His salvation;
Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword—the Incarnation.
We march, we march, &c.

3 We tread in the might of the Lord of Hosts,
And we fear not man nor devil:
For our Captain Himself guards well our coasts,
To defend His Church from evil.
We march, we march, &c.

4 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, &c.

5 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With his eye of love looking down from above,
And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march, &c.

REJOICE, BELIEVERS!

LAURENTI, 1690. Trans. by Miss JANE BORTHWICK. H. SMART.

1. Re-joice, re-joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap-pear; The shades of eve are thick'ning, And
2. See that your lamps are burn-ing, Re - plen-ish them with oil; Look now for your sal - va - tion The
3. O wise and ho - ly vir - gins, Now raise your voices higher, Till, in your ju - bi - la - tions, Ye

dark - er night is near; The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh: Up!
end of sin and toil. The wateh-ers on the mount - ains Proclaim the Bridegroom near, Go,
meet the an - gel - choir. The mar-riage-feast is wait - ing, The gates wide o - pen stand; Up,

pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At midnight comes the cry.
meet Him, as He com - eth, With hal - le - lu - jahs clear.
up, ye heirs of glo - ry! The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee.

LET OUR CHOIR NEW ANTHEMS RAISE.

Rev. JOHN M. NEALE, D.D. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.

1. Let our choir new an - thems raise; Wake the song of glad - ness; God Him-self to joy and praise Turns the mar - tyr's sad - ness: Bright the day that won their crown, Op - ened heaven's bright por-tal, As they laid the mor- tal down To put on th'im - mor - tal.

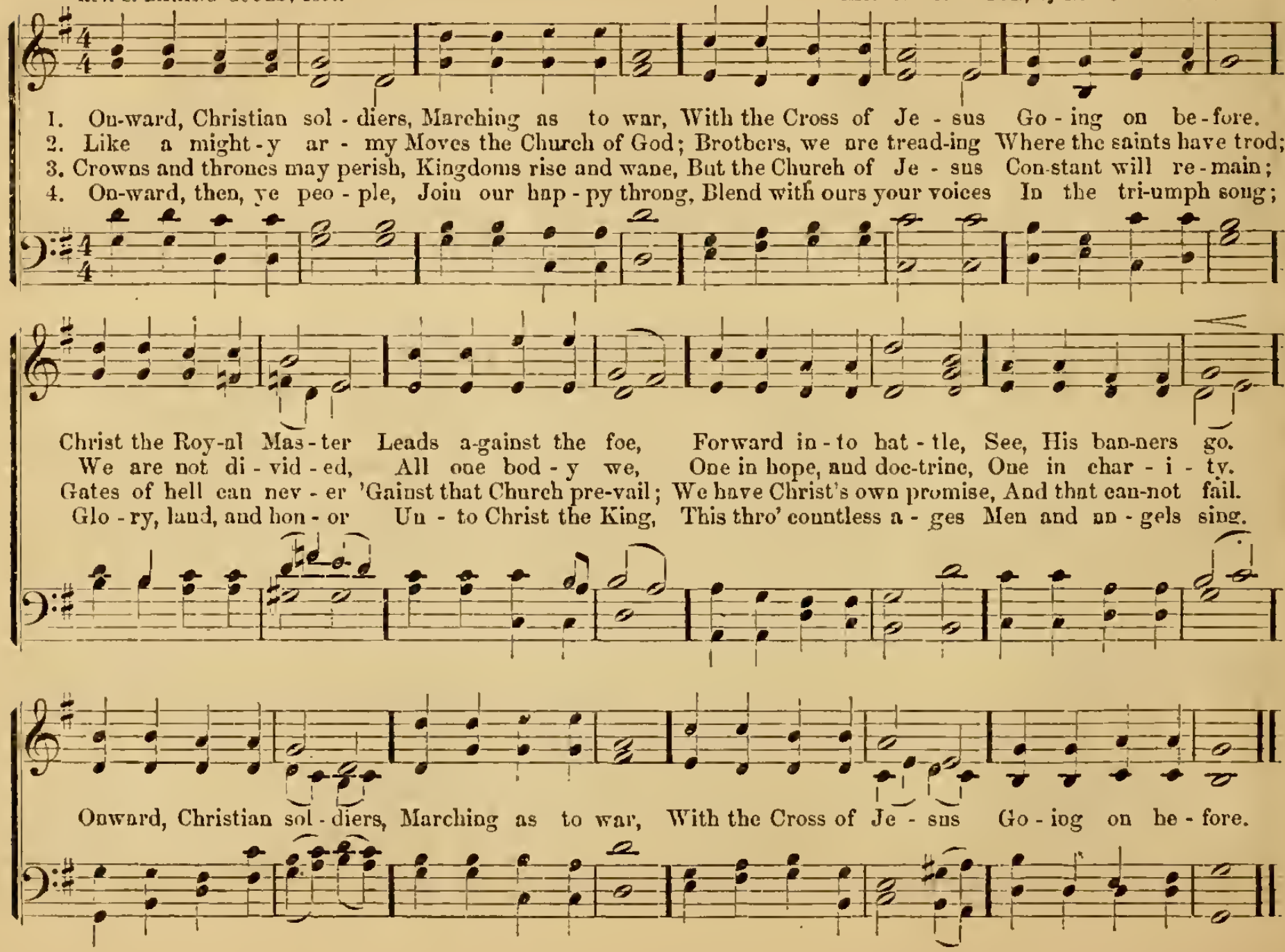
2. Nev - er flinched they from the flame, From the tor - ture nev - er; Vain the foe - man's sharp-est aim, Sa - tan's best en - deav - or: For by faith they saw the land Decked in all its glo - ry, Where tri - um-phant now they stand With the vic- tor's sto - ry.

3. Up and fol - low, Christian men! Press thro' toil and sor - row; Spurn the night of fear, and then, Oh, the glo - rious mor - row! Who will vent-ure on the strife? Blest who first be - gin it; Who will grasp the Land of Life? War-riors, up and win it! A - men.

ritenuto.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Rev. S. BARING GOULD, 1860. Arr. from J. HAYDN, by Rev. J. B. DYKES.



SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE.

C. WESLEY, 1749. E. G. MONK. 1867.

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And gird your ar - mor on, Strong in the
2. Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His might - y power; Who in the

strength which God sup - plies Through His e - ter - nal Son.
strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or. *A - men.*

3.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4.

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

5.

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6.

Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home. Amen.

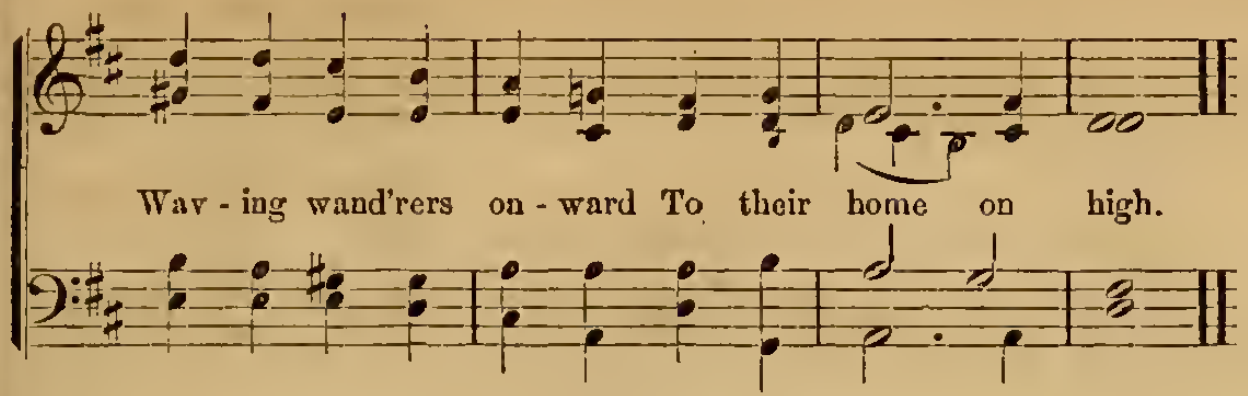
BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.

T. J. POTTER. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1866.

1. Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Waving wand'rers onward To their
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, Here with hearts re - joic- ing, See Thy
3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go, Lead us on vic - to-rious, O - ver

home on high; Journ'ying o'er a des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray, And with hearts u -
chil - dren meet; Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray, Keep us, might- y
ev - 'ry foe: Bid Thine an- gels shield us When the storm-clouds lower, Par- don Thou and

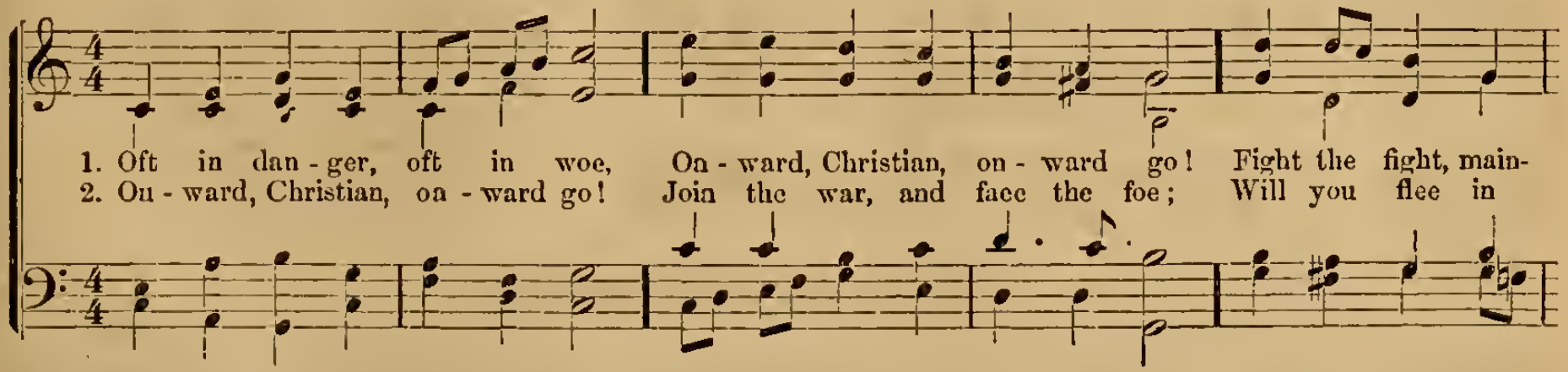
nit - ed, Take our heaven - ward way.... Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Point- ing to the sky,
Saviour, In the nar - row way.... Brightly gleams, &c.
save us In the last dread hour ... Brightly gleams, &c.

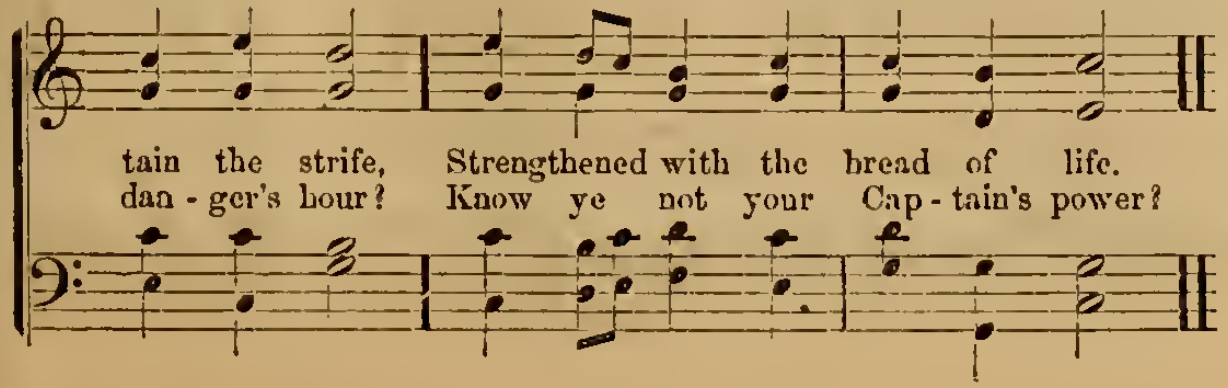


4 Then with Saints and Angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams, &c.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1804. Arr. by JOHN B. WILKES.





3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Viet'ry soon shall tune your song.

4 Onward, then, to battle move!
More than conq'rors you shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

WHEN ALL THY MERCIES.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1856.

1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God! My ris - ing soul sur - veys, Trans-port- ed with the
2. Ten thousand thousand pre-cious gifts My dai - ly thanks em - ploy; Nor is the least a

view, I'm lost, In won - der, love, and praise.
cheer-ful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy.

3 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll proclaim,
And after death, in distant worlds,
Resume the glorious theme.

4 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

EVENING SACRIFICE.

Translated from the Latin by E. CASWALL. H. S. IRONS.

1. The sun is sinking fast, The day - light dies; Let love a - wake, and pay Her eve-ning sac - ri - fice.
2. As Christ up-on the cross His Head in- clined, And to His Father's hands His part-ing Soul resigned—

3.

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live.

4.

Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

5.

One sacred Trinity!
One Lord Divine!
May I be ever His,
And He forever mine.

AWAKE, MY SOUL.

Attributed to Bishop Ken, 1700; also to ISAAC WATTS, 1674—1748. F. H. BARTHELEMON, died 1788.

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
2. Re - deem thy mis - spent mo- ments past, And live this day as if the last;
3. Let all thy con - verse be sin - cere, Thy con- science as the noon - day clear;
4. Wake, and lift up thy - self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear thy part,

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
Thy tal - ents to im - prove take care; For the great day thy - self pre - pare.
For God's all - see - ing eye sur - veys Thy se - cret thoughts, thy works and ways.
Who all night long un - wea - ried sing High glo - ry to th'e - ter - nal King!

CHRIST, WHOSE GLORY FILLS THE SKIES.

C. WESLEY,* 1740. German Choral by JOHANN ROSENMUELLER, 1655. Arr. by JOHN GOSS.

1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light, Sun of Right-eous - ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night; Day-spring from on high, be near, Day - star in my heart ap - pear.
2. Dark and cheer - less is the morn, Un - ac - com - pa - nied by Thee; Joy - less is the day's re - turn, Till Thy mer - cy's beams I see; Till they in - ward light im - part, Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3.

Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day!

* *Erroneously sometimes attributed to* AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

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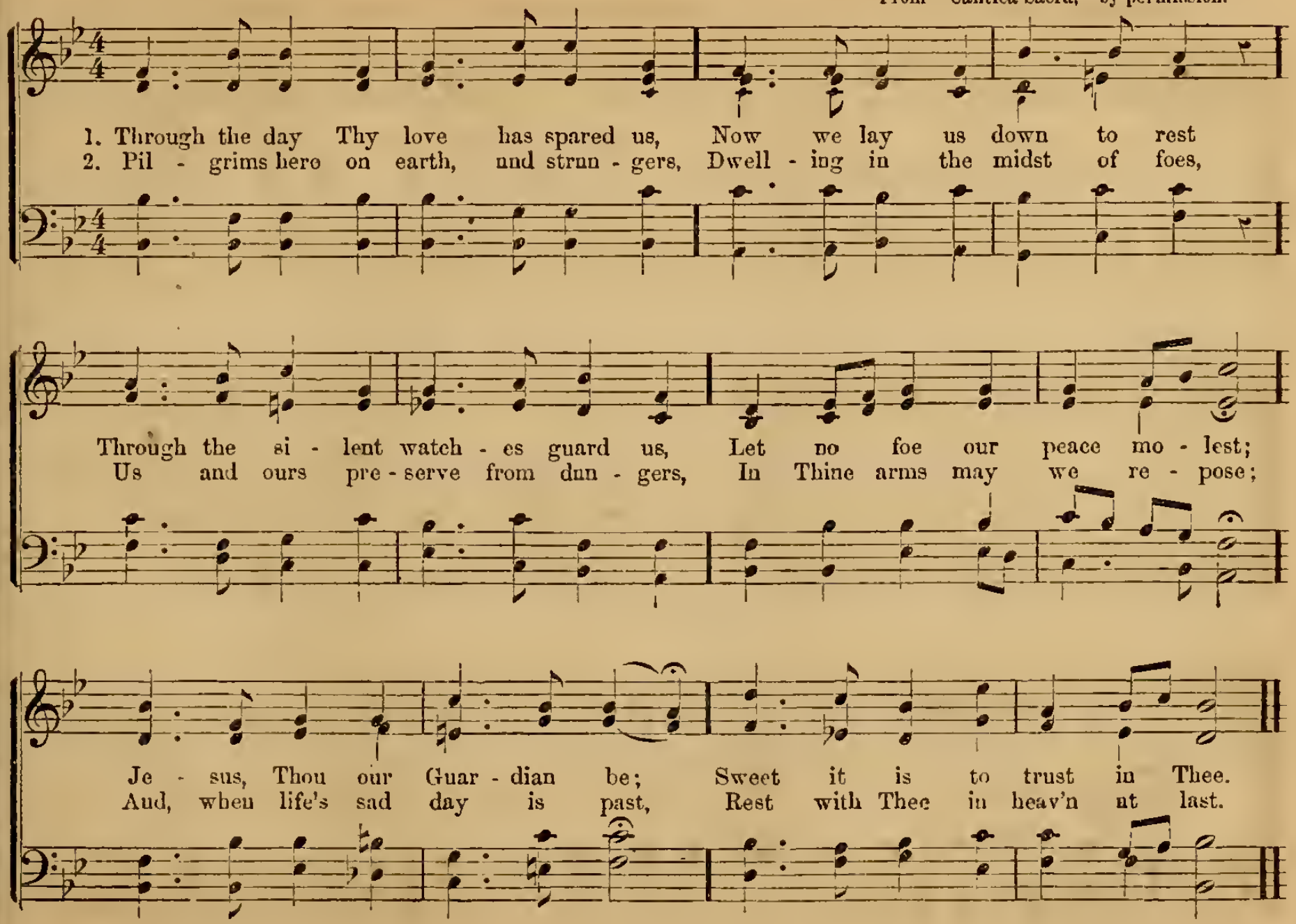
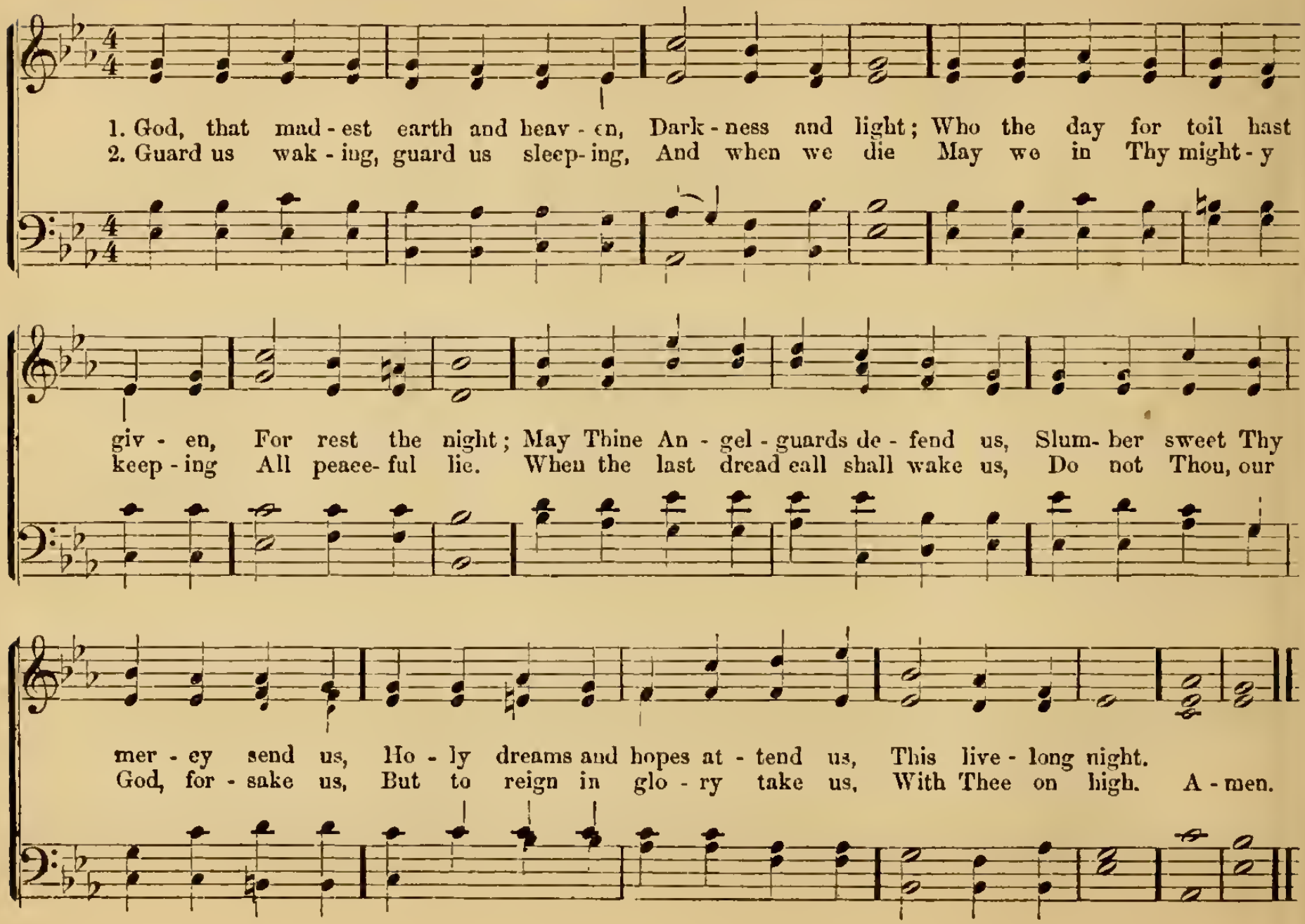


GOD THAT MADEST EARTH AND HEAVEN.

1st verse by Bishop REGINALD HEBER. 2d verse by Bishop RICHARD WHATELY. EDWARD J. HOPKINS, London, England.



ERE I SLEEP, FOR EVERY FAVOR.

JOHN CENNICK, 1741. Rev. J. JOWETT, 1823.

1. Ere I sleep, for ev - ery fa - vor This day shewed By my God, I will bless my Sav - iour.
2. Leave me not, but ev - er love me; Let Thy peace Be my bliss, Till Thou hence re - move me.
3. Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tower, Safe-ly keep While I sleep, Me with all Thy pow - er.
4. So, whene'er in death I slum-ber, Let me rise With the wise, Count-ed in their num - ber.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

Rev. S. BARING GOULD. J. BARNBY, 1868.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the eve-ning Steal across the sky.
2. Je- sus, give the wea- ry Calm and sweet re- pose, With Thy tend'rest blessing May our eyelids close.

3.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee,
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea

4.

Through the long night-watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy Holy Eyes.

THE DAY IS PAST AND OVER.

St. ANATOLIUS, A. D. 450.—Trans. by Rev. J. MASON NEALE. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1869.

1. The day is past and o - ver; We lift our hearts to Thee, And pray Thee now that sin - less
Thee, And pray.....

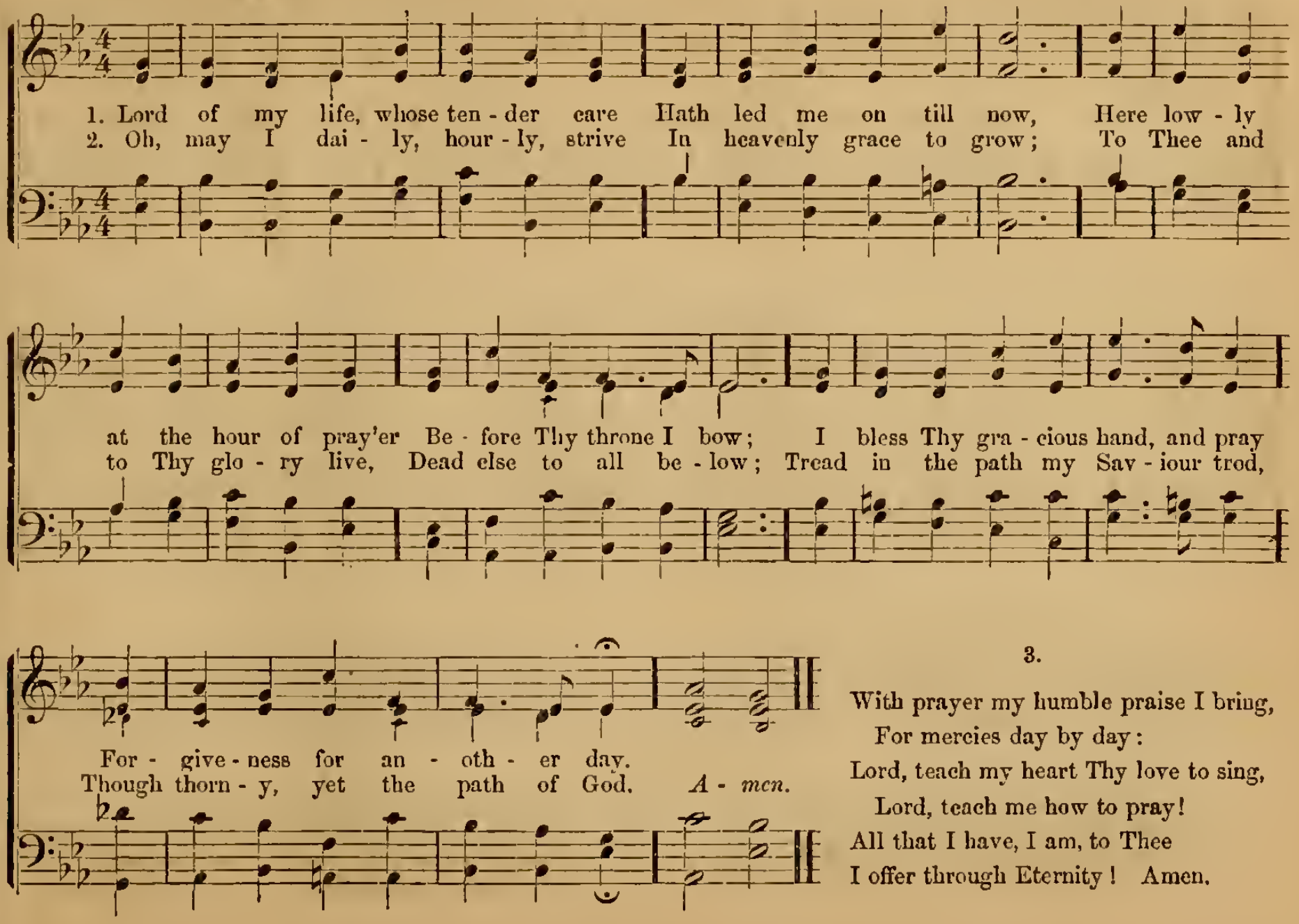
be: O Je- sus, keep us in Thy sight,
The hours of night may be: O Je - sus, keep us in Thy sight, And save us thro' the com - ing night.

2 The joys of day are over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
We ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of night may be:
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And save us through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
We raise our hymn to Thee,
And ask, that free from danger
The hours of night may be:
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.

4 Be Thou our souls' Defender,
Good Lord, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go:
Thou, ever wakeful, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

Sir ROUNDELL PALMER'S "Book of Praise," 1858. E. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng.

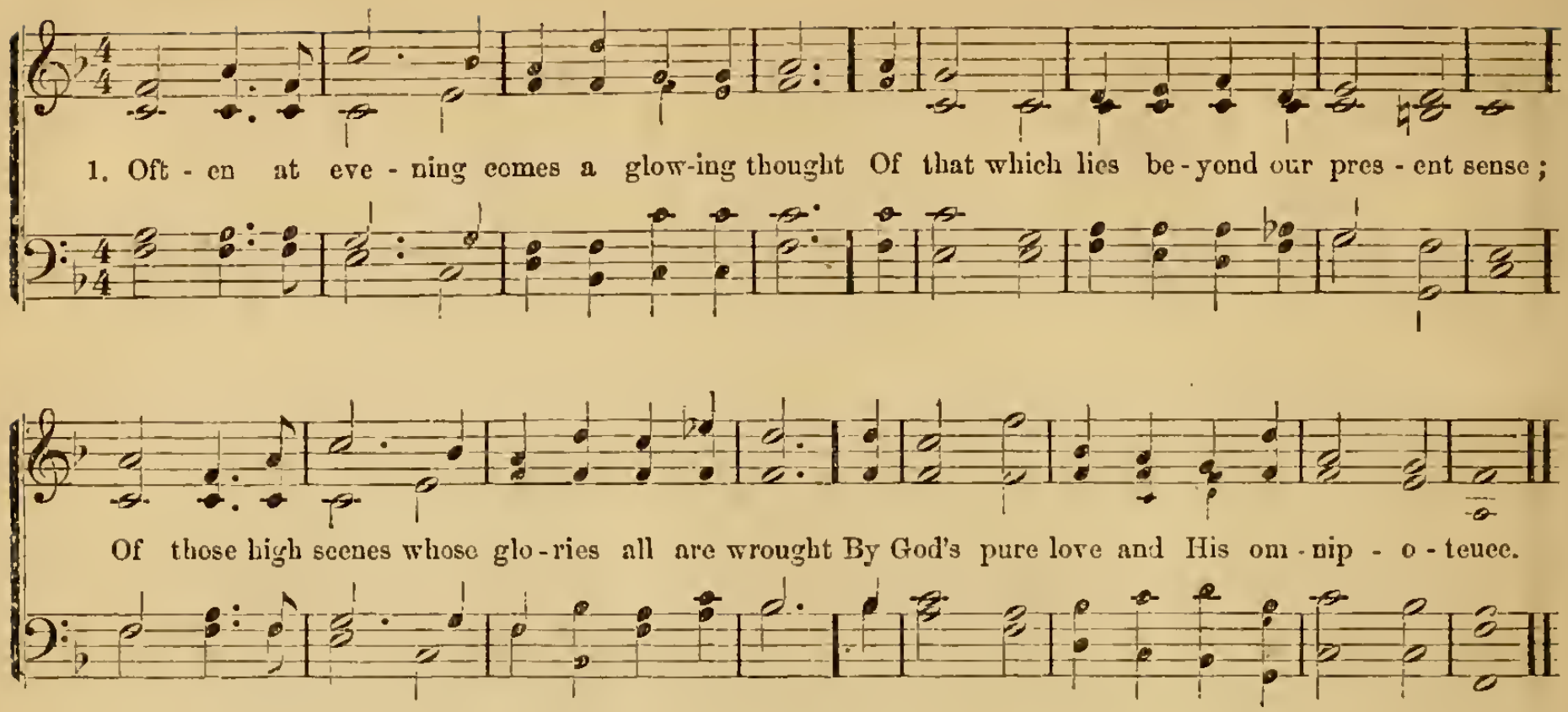


3.

With prayer my humble praise I bring,
For mercies day by day:
Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,
Lord, teach me how to pray!
All that I have, I am, to Thee
I offer through Eternity! Amen.

OFTEN AT EVENING.

W. E. G. EVANS, May 28, 1871. For this Work.



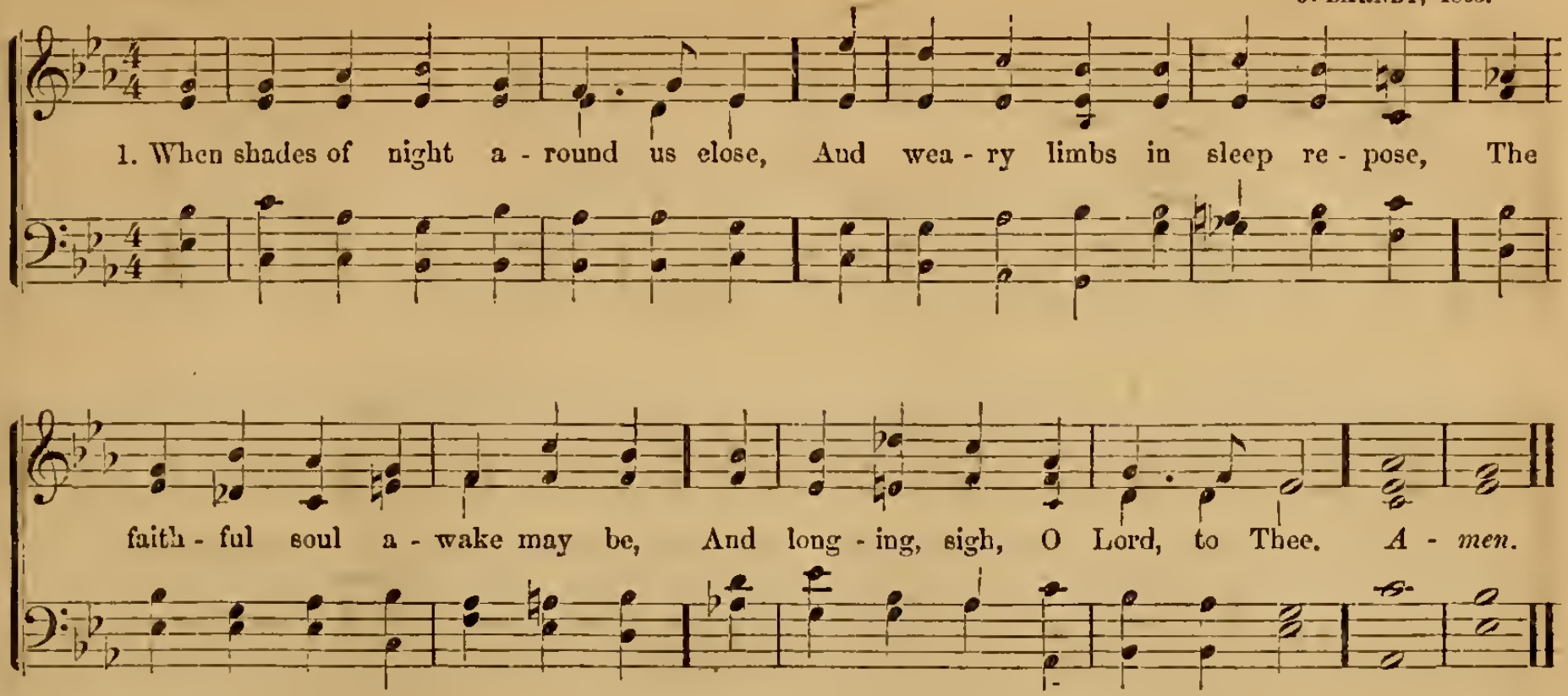
2.
The golden bars that shine behind the sun,
The glorious seas that seem beneath him poured,
The splendid hues, all melting into one,—
These look thy outworks, palace of the Lord!

3.
Yet not, not here, O city of our God!
Do we thy ageless glories truly see,
As when the souls, submissive 'neath the rod,
Or white in pureness, testify of thee!

4.
A holy charity still tells us more,
Of thy real beauty, bright, serene and high,
Where love and faith walk on the emblazoned floor,
And perfect joy doth sing unceasingly.

5.
O Son of God! exalted on Thy throne,
By whom our pardon, light, and peace are given,
Impart the grace that comes from Thee alone,
And make us feel, that we may see Thy heaven.

J. BARNBY, 1865.



2.

Thou true Desire of nations, hear;
Thou Word of God, Thou Saviour dear;
In pity heed our humble cries,
And bid at length the fallen rise.

3.

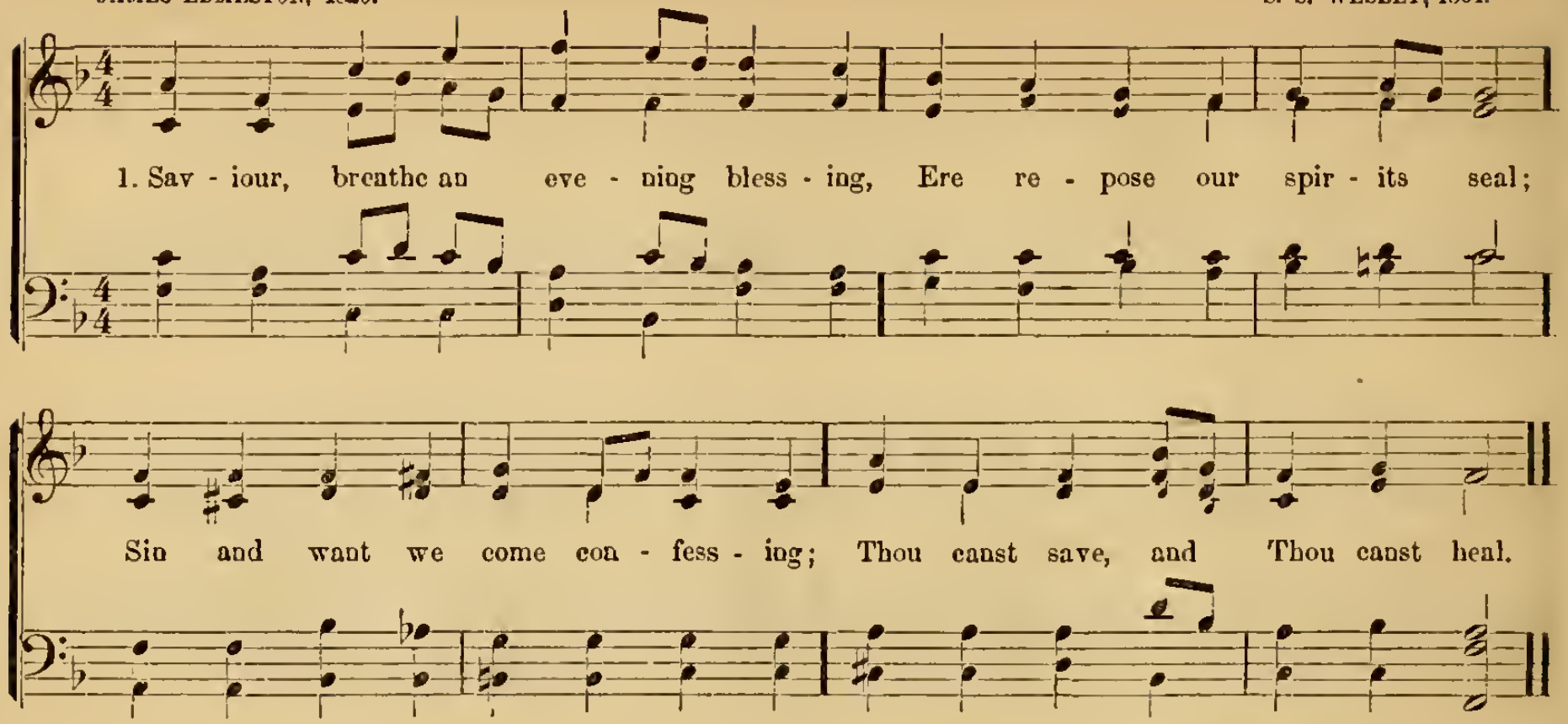
O come, Redeemer, come and free
Thine own from guilt and misery;
The gates of heaven again unfold,
Which Adam's sin had closed of old.

Doxology.

All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose Advent doth Thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

70 SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1820. S. S. WESLEY, 1864.



2.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watcheth where Thy people be.

4.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

IN THY NAME ASSEMBLING.

THOMAS KELLY, 1815. EDW. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng., 1863.

1. In Thy name, O Lord, as - sem- bling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near: Teach us
2. While our days on earth are lengthened, May we give them, Lord, to Thee; Cheered by

to re - joice with trem- bling: Speak, and let Thy serv - ants hear; Hear with meek- ness—
hope, and dai - ly strengthened, May we run, nor wea - ry be, Till Thy glo - ry

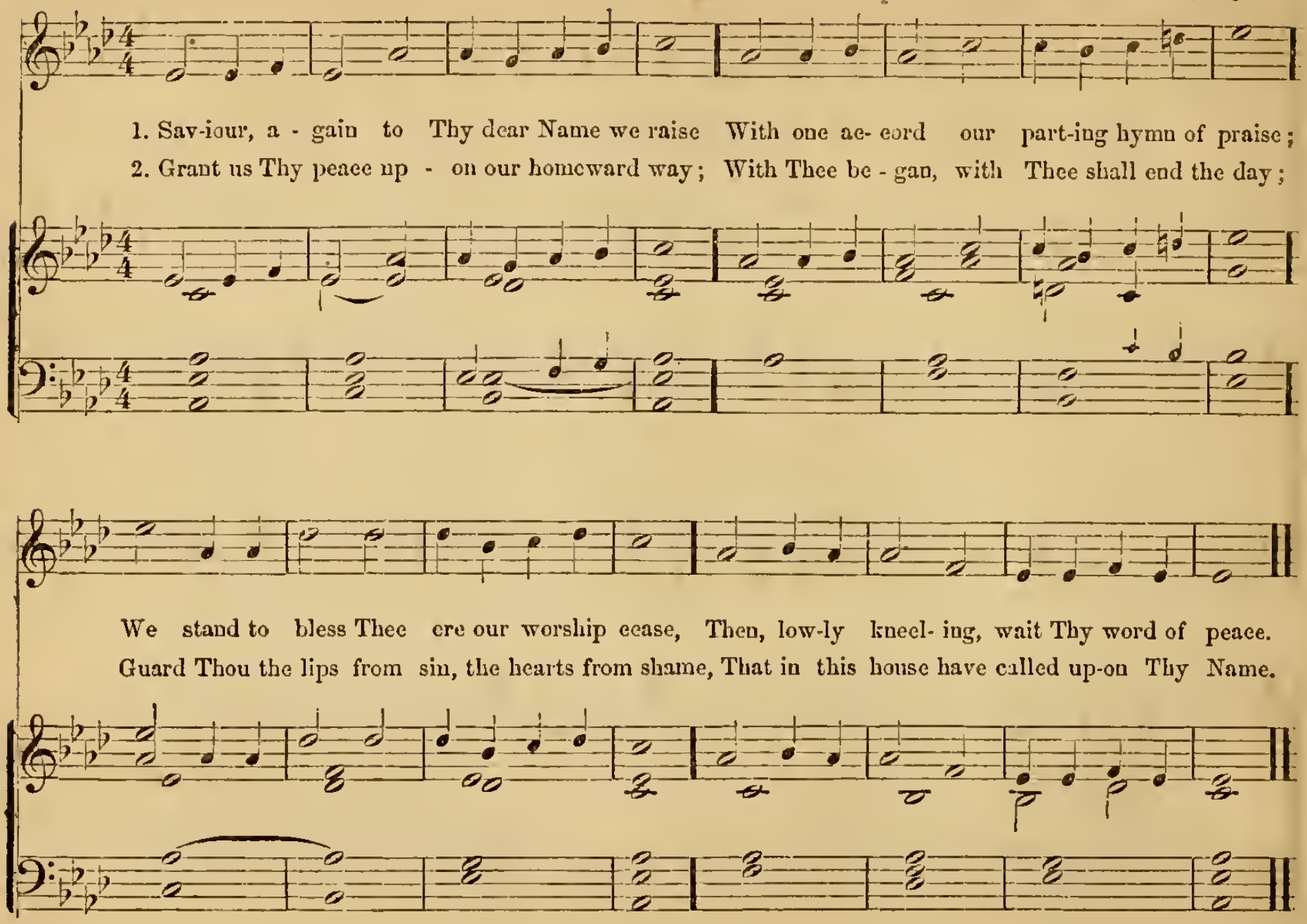
Hear Thy word with god - ly fear.
With-out cloud in heaven we see. *A - men.*

3.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment,
Full and pure forevermore. Amen.

SAVIOUR, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON. E. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng.



3.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

CLOSING HYMN. (Sicily.)

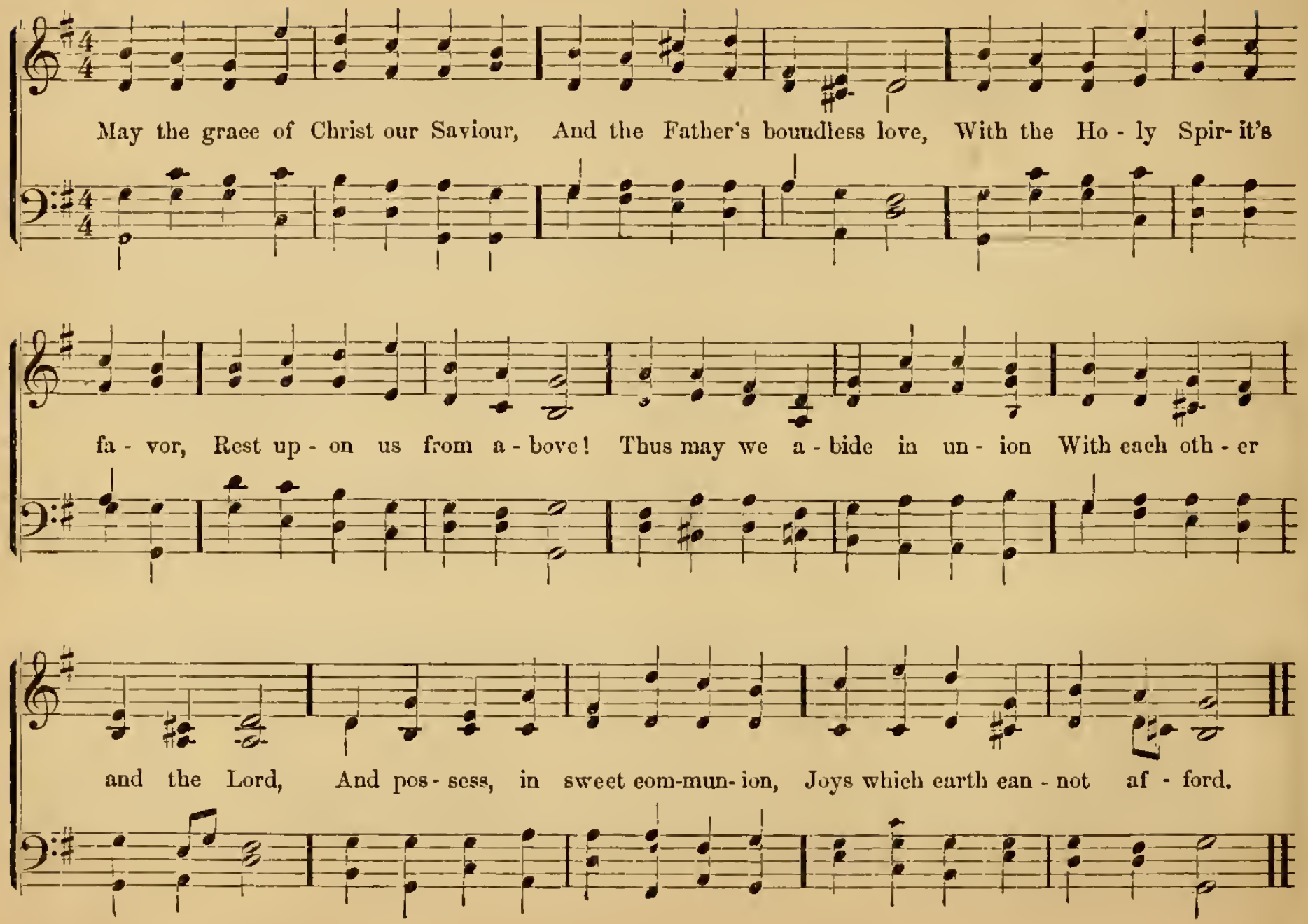
Old Latin Hymn, "O Sanctissima." Arranged by JAMES TURLE.

O most mer- ci - ful! O most boun-ti - ful! God the Fa - ther Al - might - y!

By the Re - deem- er's Sweet in - ter - ces - sion, Hear us, help us, when we cry!

MAY THE GRACE OF CHRIST.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1826.



PRATT'S Collection. Rev. J. S. SIDEBOTHAM, New College, Oxford.

1. When shall the voice of sing - ing Flow joy - ful - ly a - long? When hill and val - ey, ring - ing With one tri - umph - ant song, Pro - claim the con - test end - ed, And Him who once was slain, A - gain to earth de - scend - ed, In right - eous - ness to reign.

2. Then from the crag - gy mount - ains The sa - cred shout shall fly, And sha - dy vales and fount - ains Shall ech - o the re - ply: High tower and low - ly dwell - ing Shall send the cho - rus round, All Hal - le - lu - jahs swell - ing In one e - ter - nal sound.

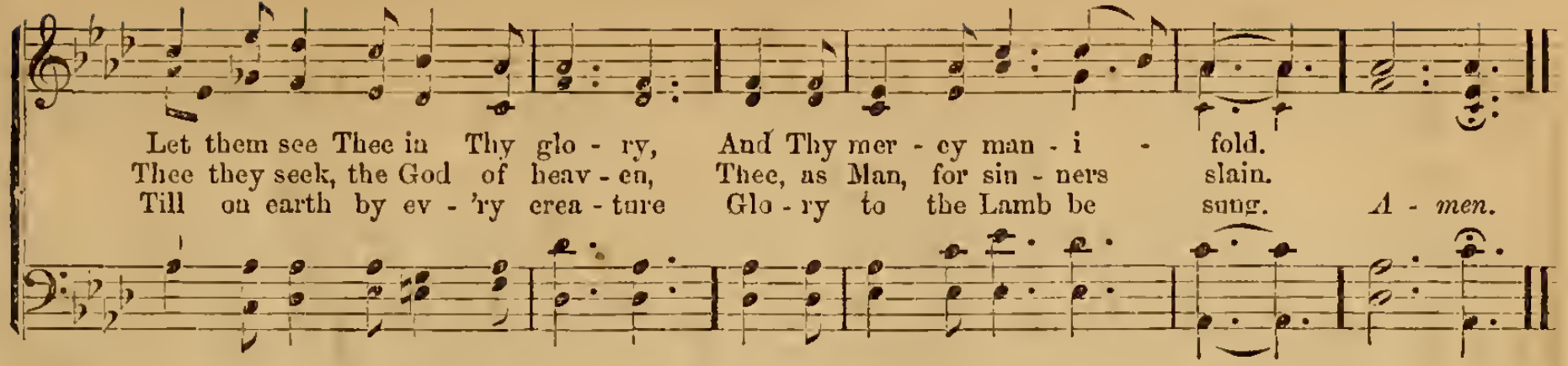
SAVIOUR, SPRINKLE MANY NATIONS.

Bishop ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1840. From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.

1. Sav - iour, sprin - kle man - y na - tions; Fruit - ful let Thy sor - rows be;
2. Far and wide, though all un - know - ing, Pants for Thee each mor - tal breast:
3. Sav - iour, lo! the isles are wait - ing, Stretch'd the hand, and strain'd the sight,

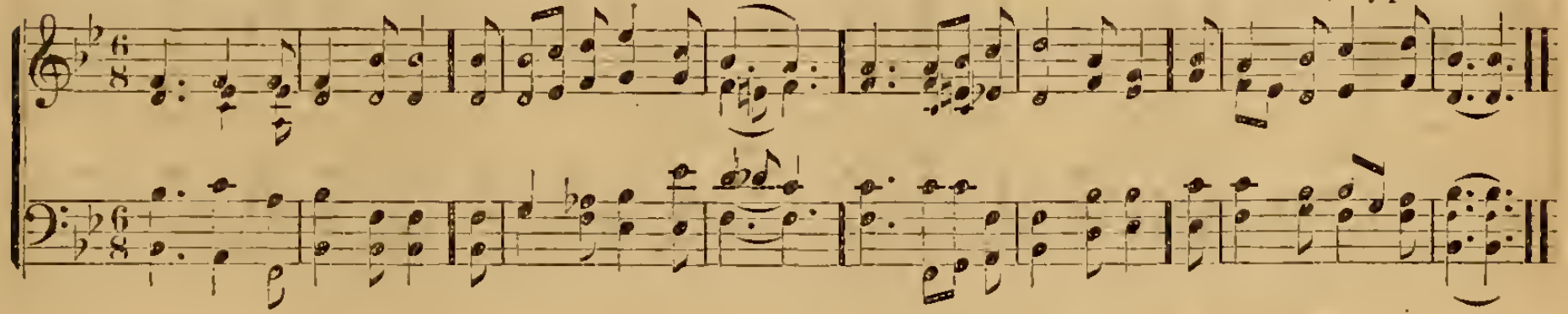
By Thy pains and con - so - la - tions Draw the gen - tiles un - to Thee;
Hu - man tears for Thee are flow - ing, Hu - man hearts in Thee would rest;
For Thy Spi - it new cre - a - ting Love's pure flame and wis - dom's light:

Of Thy cross the won - drous sto - ry, Be it to the na - tions told;....
Thirst-ing, as for dews of e - ven, As the new-mown grass for rain,....
Give the word, and of the preach - er Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,..



THY KINGDOM COME.

Rev. LEWIS HENSLEY. From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.



1.
THY kingdom come, O God,
Thy rule, O Christ, begin;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

2.
Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3.
When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

4.
We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

5.
Men scorn Thy sacred Name,
And wolves devour thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

6.
O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet;
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

HARK! THE SONG.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819. F. WEBER, Organist of the German Chapel Royal, St. James Palace.

1. Hark! the song of Ju - bi - lee— Loud as might-y thun- ders roar,
Or the full - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore: } Hal - le - lu - jah!

2. Hal - le - lu - jah! hark, the sound From earth's cen - ter to the skies
Wakes a - bove, be - neath, a - round, All cre - a - tion's har - mo - nies! } See Je - ho - vah's

for the Lord God Om - nip - o - tent doth reign; Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word
ban - ner, furled, Sheathed his sword, He speaks, 'tis done, And the king- doms of this world

Eeh - o round the earth and main.
Are the King- dom of His Son. *A - men.*

3.

He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away.
Then the end: beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all! Amen.

Chiefly by CHAS. WESLEY, 1758. A Melody of the last Century, arranged by E. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng.

1. Lo! He comes in clouds de - scend - ing, Once for fav- ored sin - ners slain;
Thou-sand thou - sand saints at - tend - ing, Swell the tri- umph of His train:

2. Ev - ery eye shall now be - hold Him Robed in dread-ful maj - es - ty:
They who set at naught and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,

Hal - - le - lu - jah! Hal - - le - lu - jah! Hal - - le - lu - jah! Christ ap - -
Deep - ly wail- ing, Deep - ly wail - ing, Deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the - -

pears on earth a - gain.
true Mes - si - ah see. *A - men.*

3.

Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal Throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! Amen.

GOOD KING WENCESLAS.

From the Latin, collected by Rev. J. MASON NEALE, M.A. Arranged by Rev. T. HELMORE, M.A.

1. Good King Wen-ees - las look'd out, On the Feast of Ste - phen; When the snow lay round a - bout,
Deep, and crisp, and e - ven: Brightly shone the moon that night, Tho' the frost was cru - el,
When a poor man came in sight, Gath-'ring win - ter fu - - el.

2. "Hith - er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell - ing, Yon - der peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwell-ing?" "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the mount - ain;
Right a-gainst the for - est fence, By Saint Ag-nes' fount - ain."

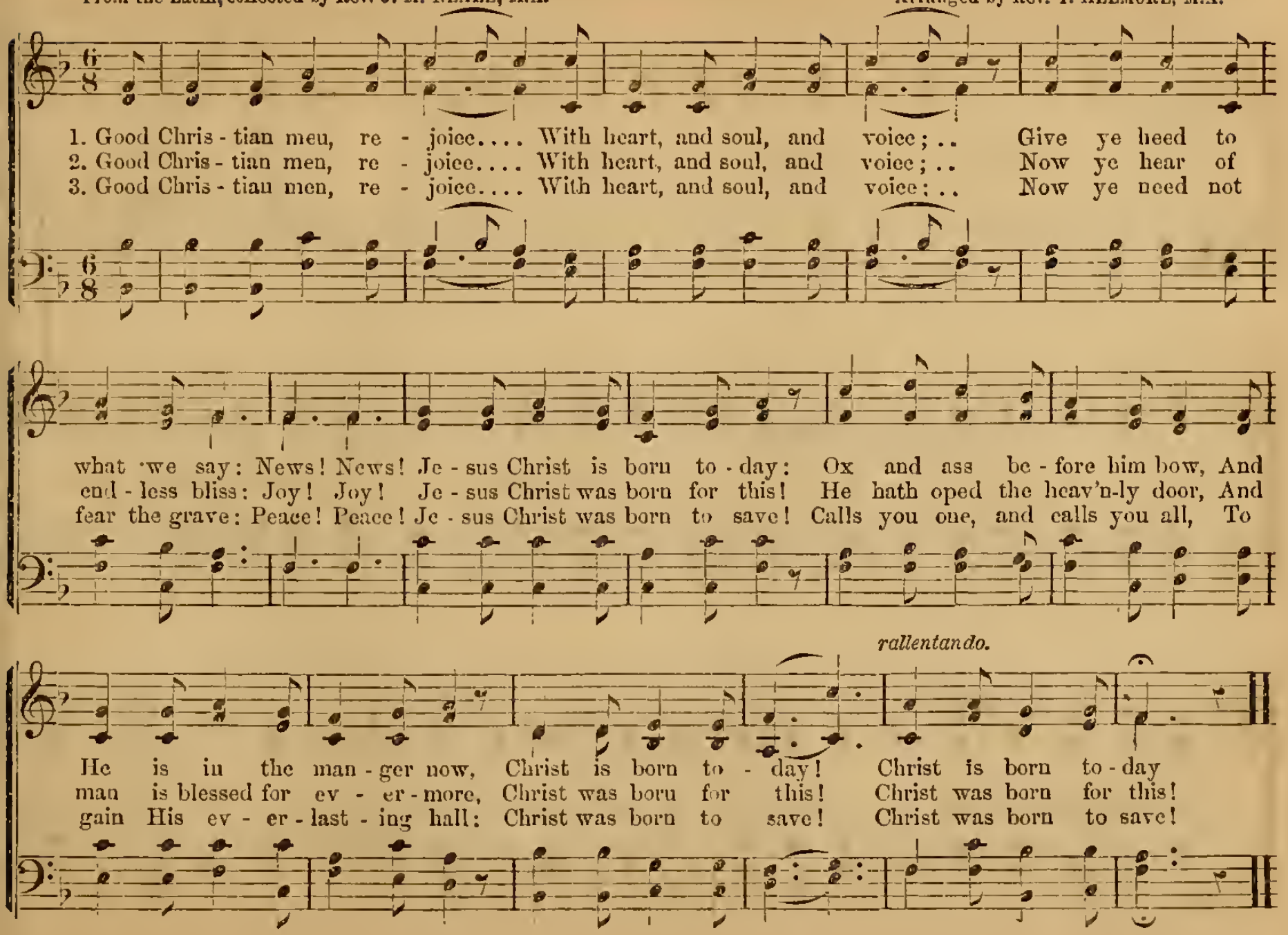
3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine-logs hith - er: Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thith - er." Page and mon-arch forth they went, Forth they went to - geth - er:
Through the rude winds wild la-ment And the bit - ter wea - ther.

4.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart I know not how;
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN, REJOICE.

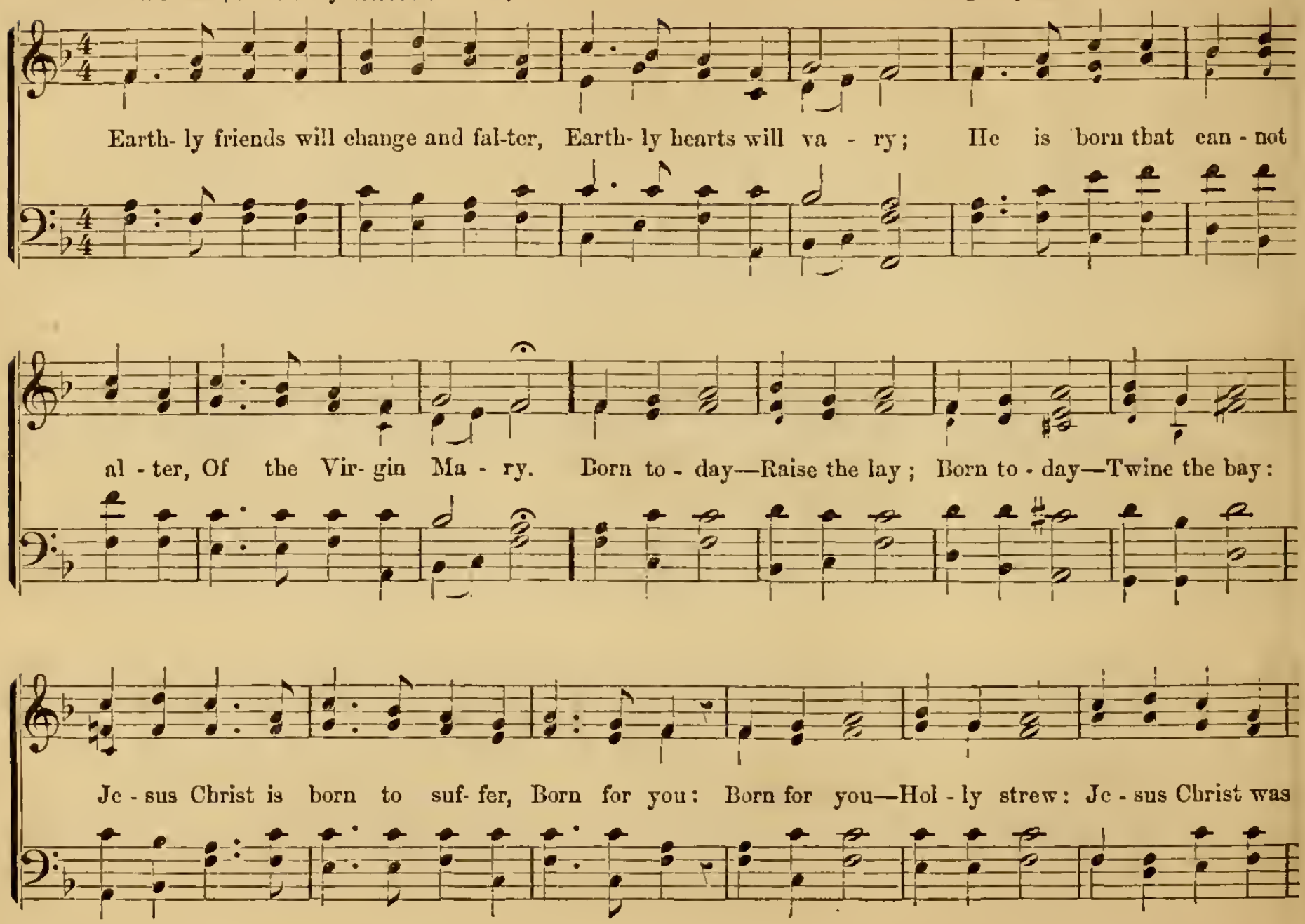
From the Latin, collected by Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. Arranged by Rev. T. HELMORE, M.A.



BORN TO-DAY!

From the Latin, collected by Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A.

Arranged by Rev. T. HELMORE, M.A.



born to con- quer, Born to save: Born to save,— Lau-rel wave: Je - sus Christ was born to

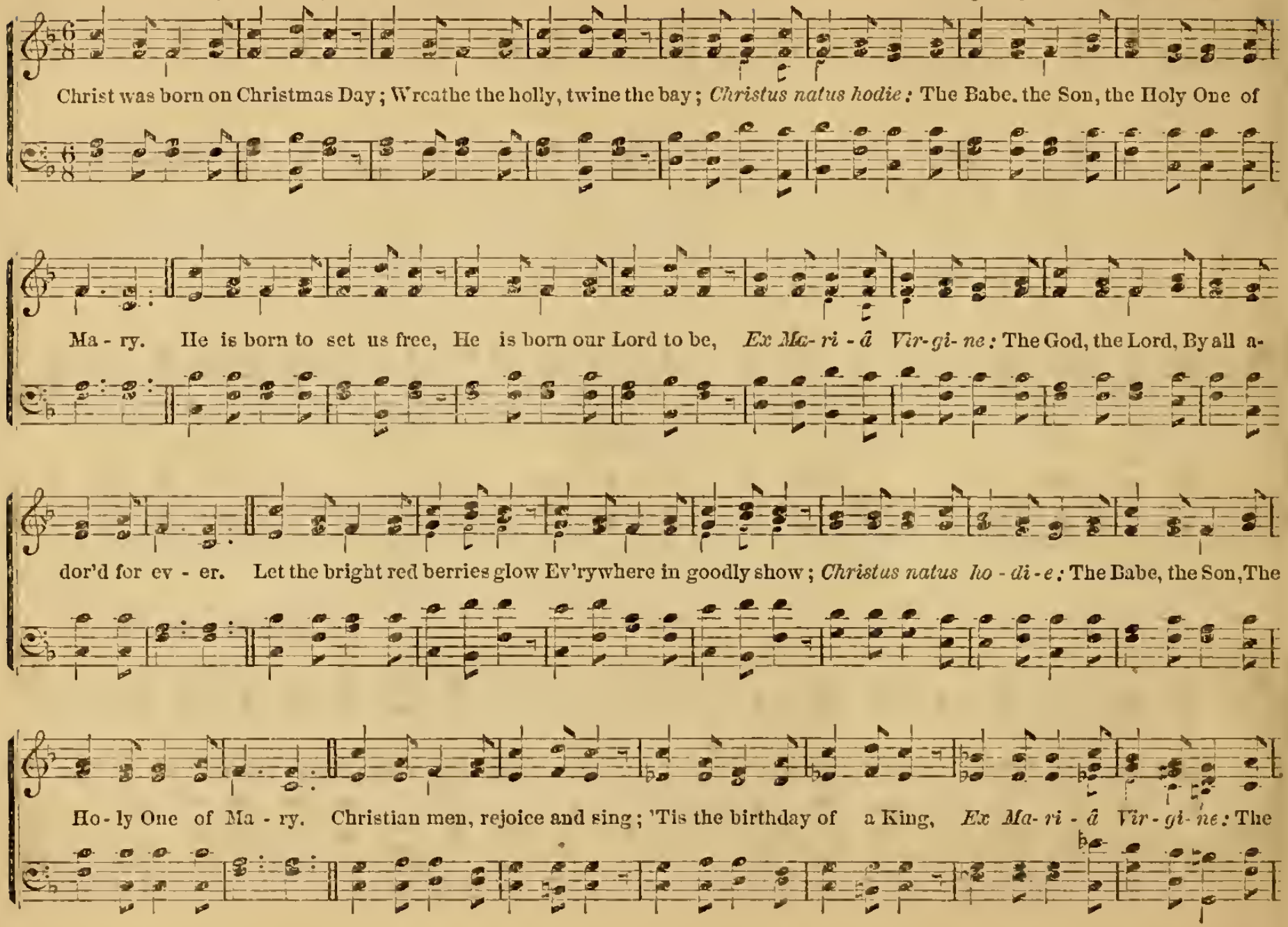
gov - ern, Born a King: Born a King:—Bay-wreaths bring: Je - sus Christ was born of Ma - ry,

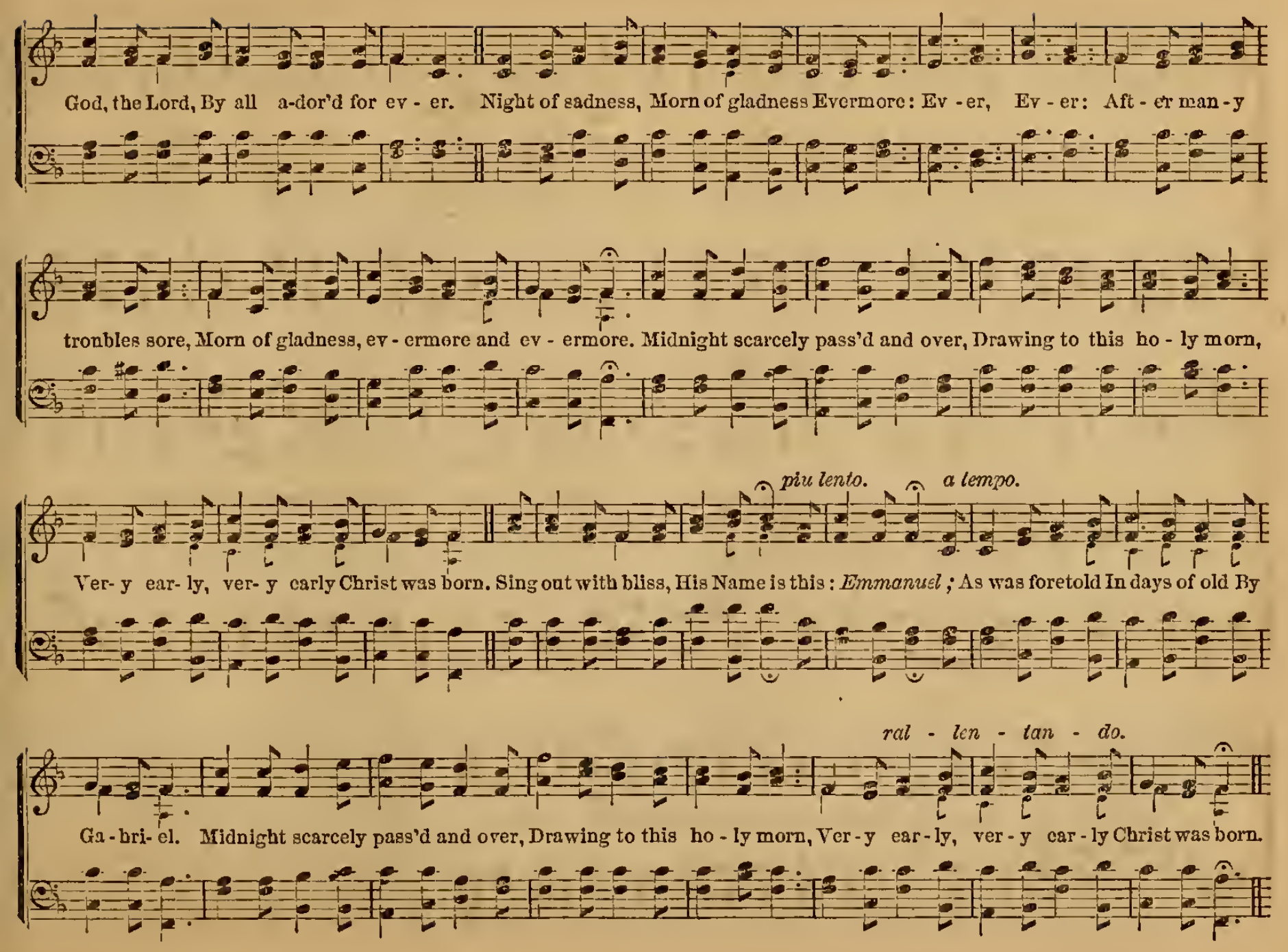
ral - len - tan - do.

Born for all! Well be - fall Hearth and Hall! Je - sus Christ was born at Christmas, Born for all

CHRIST WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

From the Latin, collected by Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. Arranged by Rev. T. HELMORE, M.A.




God, the Lord, By all a-dor'd for ev - er. Night of sadness, Morn of gladness Evermore: Ev - er, Ev - er: Aft - er man - y
troubles sore, Morn of gladness, ev - ermore and ev - ermore. Midnight scarcely pass'd and over, Drawing to this ho - ly morn,
piu lento.
a tempo.
Ver- y ear- ly, ver- y early Christ was born. Sing out with bliss, His Name is this: *Emmanuel;* As was foretold In days of old By
ral - len - tan - do.
Ga - bri- el. Midnight scarcely pass'd and over, Drawing to this ho - ly morn, Ver - y ear - ly, ver - y ear - ly Christ was born.

SEE, AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW.

Rev. ED. CASWALL. From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.

1. See! a-mid the win-ter's snow, Born for us on earth be-low; See! the ten-der Lamb ap-pears,
2. Lo! with-in a man-ger lies He who built the star-ry skies: He who, thron'd in height sub-lime,
3. "Say, ye ho-ly shep-herds, say, What your joy-ful news to-day? Wherefore have ye left your sheep
4. "As we watched at dead of night, Lo! we saw a won-drous light; An-gels singing, 'Peace on earth,'

Chorus.

f

Promised from e-ter-nal years! Hail! thou ev-er bless-ed morn! Hail! Re-demp-tion's hap-py dawn!
Sits a-mid the cher-u-bim. Hail! &c.
On the lone-ly mountain steep?" Hail! &c.
Told us of the Saviour's birth." Hail! &c.

Sing thro' all Je-ru-sa-lem, Christ is born in Bethlehem! *A-men.*

5 Sacred Infant! all-divine!
What a tender love was Thine!
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!—Cho.

6 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child!
By Thy heart so meek and mild;
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility.—Cho.

EDMUND H. SEARS, 1850. Adapted from MENDELSSOHN by E. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng.

1. It came up - on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From an - gels bending near the earth, To touch their harps of gold: "Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From Heav'n's all-gracious King;"
2. Still thro' the clo- ven skies they came, With peaceful wings un- furl'd; And still their heavenly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world; A - bove its sad and low- ly plains They bend on heavenly wing,
3. And ye beneath life's crushing load Whose forms are bending low, Who toil a - long the climbing way With painful steps and slow; Look now! for glad and gold- en hours Come swiftly on the wing;

p *ral - len - tan - do.*

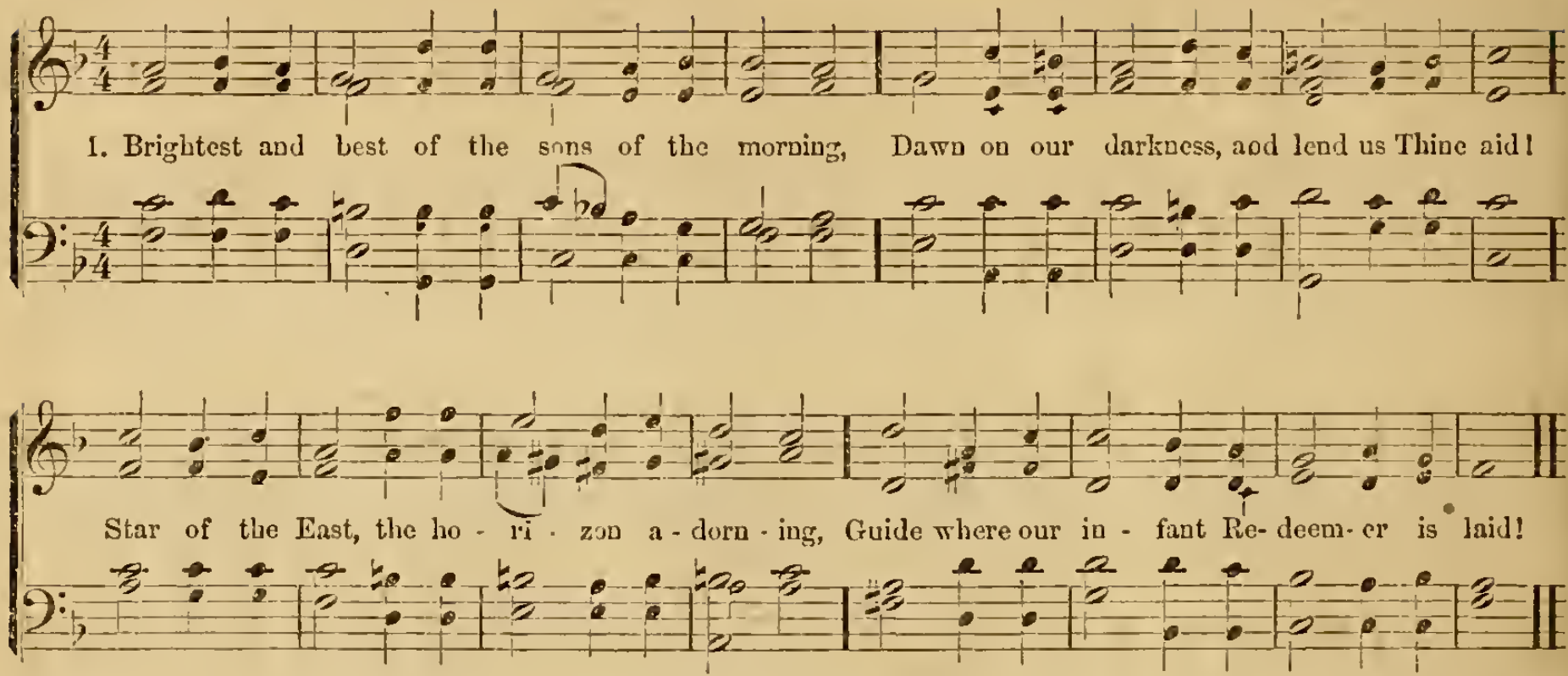
The world in so- lemn stillness lay, To hear the an - gels sing!
And ev - er o'er its Babel sounds The blessed an - gels sing!
Oh! rest be-side the wea- ry road, And hear the an - gels sing!

4.

For lo! the days are hast'ning on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

STAR OF THE EAST!

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1811. E. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng.



2.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favor secure:
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Moderately slow. J. BARNBY, 1868.

1. Ho - ly night! peaceful night! Thro' the dark - ness beams a light; Ho - ly night! peaceful night! Thro' the dark-ness beams a light, Thro' the dark-ness beams a light; Yonder, where they sweet vig- ils keep O'er the Babe, who in si- lent sleep, Rests in heavenly peace, Rests in heavenly peace.

rallentando.

2 Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing—
"Hallelujah! hail the King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!"

3 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, O lead thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus, the Saviour, is here!

4 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star! O lead thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Hallelujah to our King!
Jesus our Saviour is here!

90 WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS.

NAHUM TATE, 1703. From "Cantica Sacra," by special permission.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The an - gel
2. "To you, in Da - vid's town, this day, Is born, of Da - vid's line, The Sav - iour,
3. Thus spake the ser - aph; and forthwith Ap - peared a shin - ing throng Of an - gels,

of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round. "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
who is Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign: The heavenly babe you there shall find,
praising God, and thus Addressed their joy-ful song: "All glo - ry be to God on high,

Had seized their troubled mind; "Glad tid - ings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind.
To hu- man view dis - played, All mean-ly wrapped in swaddling bands, And in a man-ger laid."
And to the earth be peace; Good will henceforth from Heaven to men Be - gin and nev- er cease.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

Words and Music by Rev. JOHN H. HOPKINS, Jr. By special permission.

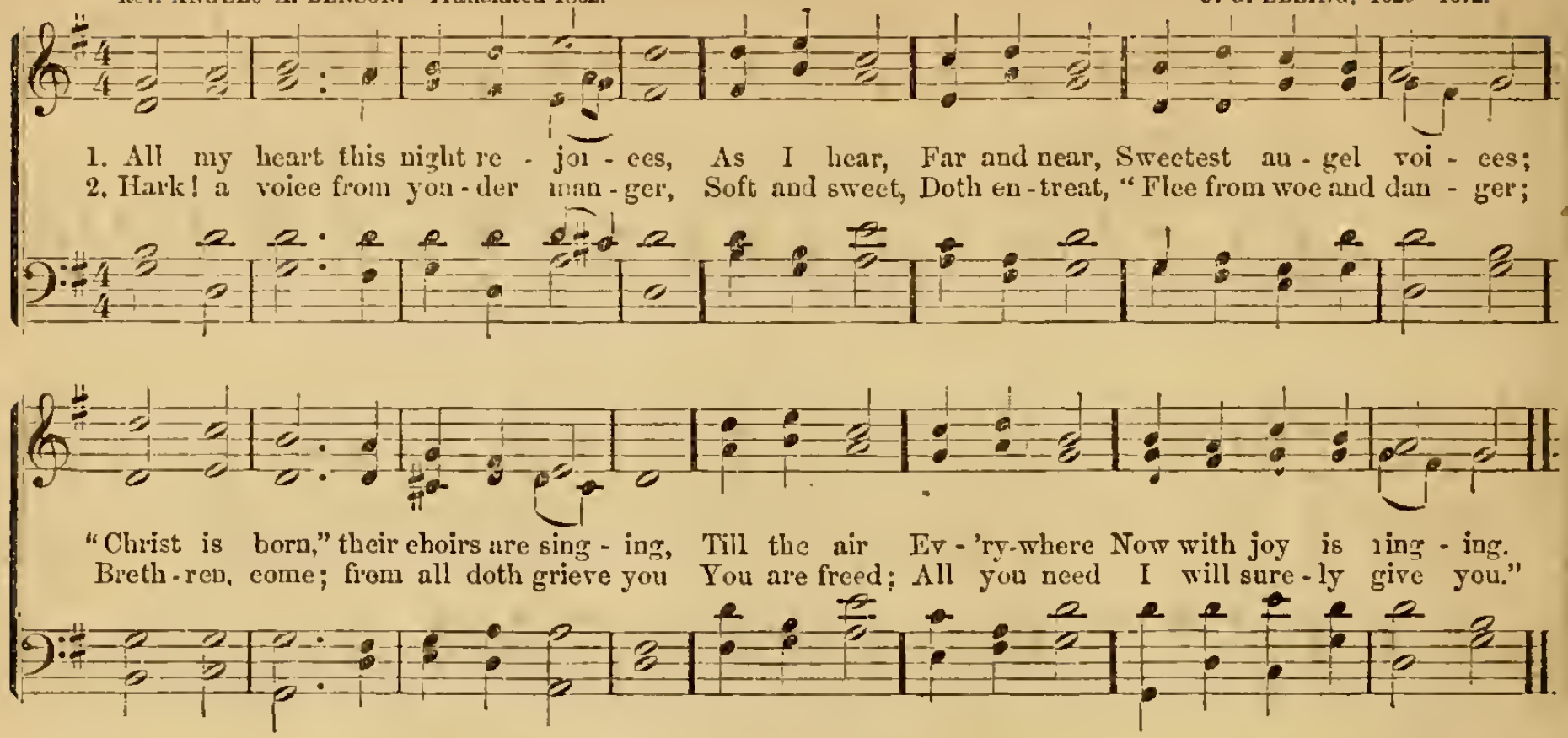
1. Gath - er a - round the Christmas - tree! Gath - er a - round the Christ-mas-tree! Ev - er-green Have its branch-es been, It is king of all the wood - land scene: For Christ, our King, is born to - day,
2. Gath - er a - round the Christmas - tree! Gath - er a - round the Christ-mas-tree! Once the pride Of the mount-ain side, Now cut down to grace our Christ - mas - tide: For Christ from heav'n to earth came down,
3. Gath - er a - round the Christmas - tree! Gath - er a - round the Christ-mas-tree! Ev - 'ry bough Bears a bur - den now, They are gifts of love for us, we trow: For Christ is born, His love to show,

Chorus.

His reign shall nev - er pass a - way. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est!
To gain, thro' death, a no-bler crown. Ho - san - na, &c.
And give good gifts to men be - low. Ho - san na, &c.

ALL MY HEART THIS NIGHT REJOICES.

Rev. ANGELO A. BENSON. Translated 1862. J. G. EBLING, 1620—1672.



3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

4 Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more,
For the door
Now is found of gladness.
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross,
Pain or loss,
Can again betide you.

5 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish—
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

ADESTE FIDELES.* O come, all ye faithful.

Portuguese Hymn. JOHN READING, 1680 or 1692. Arranged by EDW. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng.

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful - ly tri-umphant, To Beth - le - hem hasten now with glad ac - cord;
2. Tho' true God of true God, Light of Light e - ter nal, Our low - - ly na-ture He hath not ab- horr'd:

Lo! in a mau - ger Sits the King of an - gels; O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -
Son of the Fa - ther, Not made, but be - got - ten: O come, &c.

dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.

3 Raise, raise, choirs of angels!
Songs of loudest triumph,
Through heaven's high arches be your praises [pour'd;
Now to our God be
Glory in the highest; O come, &c.

4 Amen! Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation,
O Jesus! forever be Thy Name ador'd;
Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing: O come, &c.

** The "Adeste Fideles" was arranged for the Portuguese Chapel in South Street, Grosvenor Square, London; hence the name "Portuguese Hymn."*

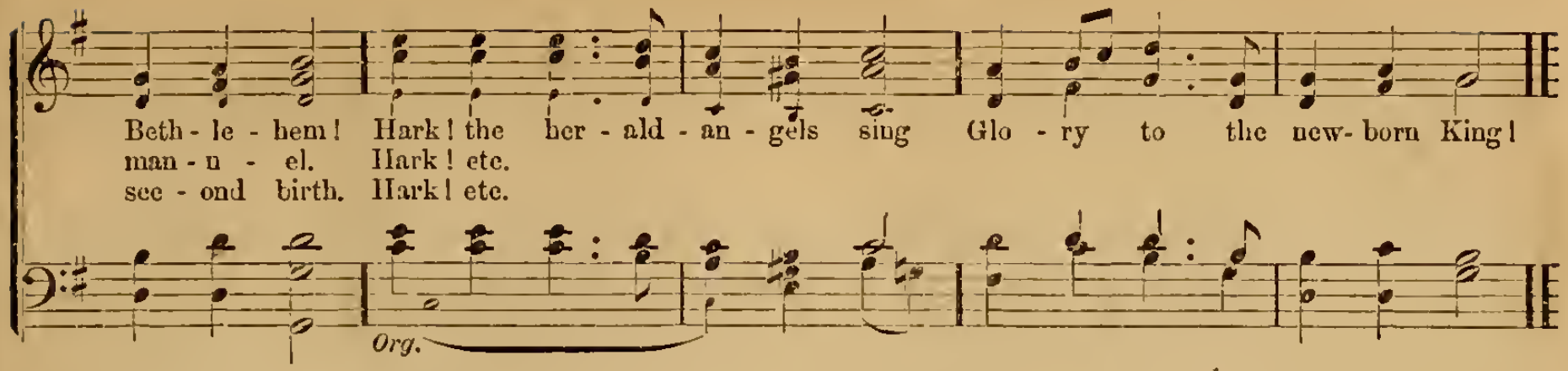
HARK! THE HERALD-ANGELS SING.

C. WESLEY, 1744. MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King; Peace on earth, and
2. Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored, Christ, the Ev - er - last - ing Lord; Late in time be-
3. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteous - ness! Light and Life to

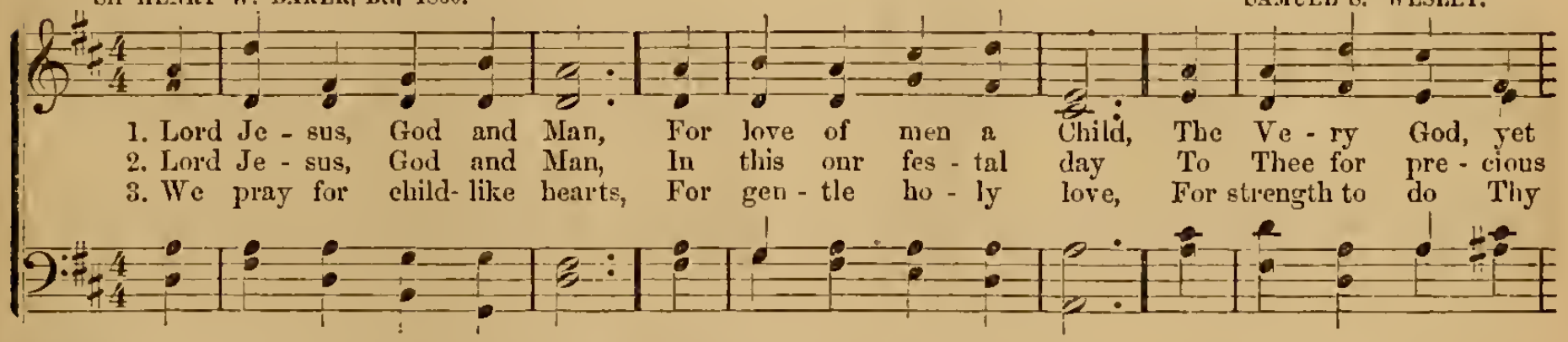
mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled! Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise,
hold Him come, Off - spring of a Vir - gin's womb. Veiled in flesh the God- head see;
all He brings, Risen with heal - ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo - ry by,

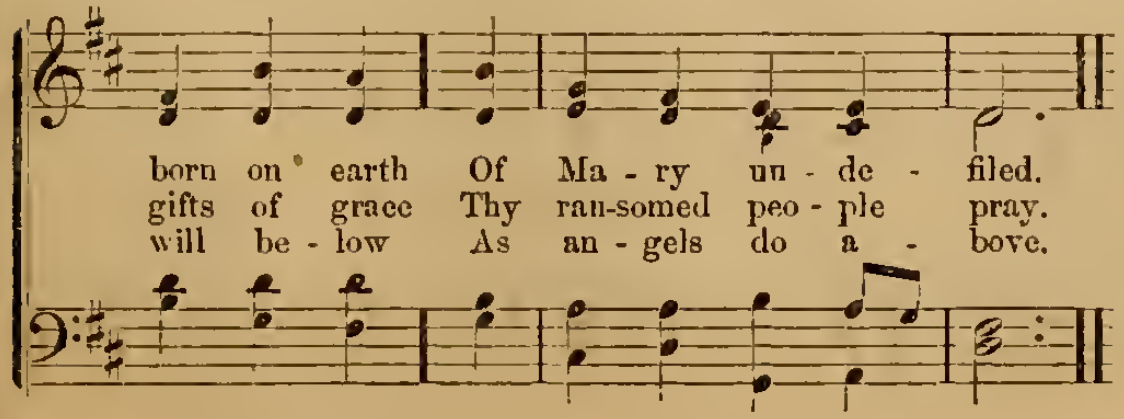
Join the tri - umph of the skies; With the an - gel - host pro - claim, Christ is born in
Hail! th'In- car - nate De - i - ty! Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Je - sus, our Em-
Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them



LORD JESUS, GOD AND MAN.

Sir HENRY W. BAKER, Bt., 1860. SAMUEL S. WESLEY.





4 We pray for simple faith,
For hope that never faints,
For true communion evermore
With all Thy blesséd Saints.

5 On friends around us here
O let Thy blessing fall;
We pray for grace to love them well,
But Thee beyond them all.

CHRISTIANS, AWAKE!

J. BYROM. JOHN WAINWRIGHT, died 1768.

1. Christians, a - wake! sa - lute the hap - py morn Where - on the Sav- iour of man- kind was born;
2. Then to the watch - ful shepherds it was told, Who heard th' an-gel- ic herald's voice: "Be - hold,

Rise to a - dore the mys - ter - y of love, Which hosts of an- gels chant- ed from a - bove;
I bring good ti - dings of a Saviour's birth To you and all the na- tions up - on earth:

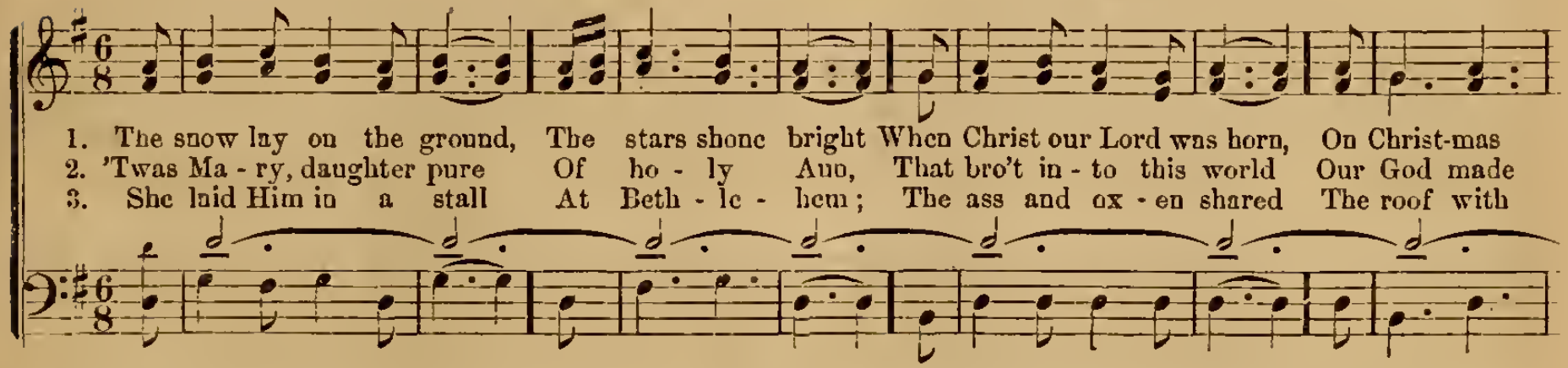
With them the joy - ful tid - ings first be - gun, Of God In - car- nate and the Vir - gin's Son.
This day hath God ful - filled His promised word, This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

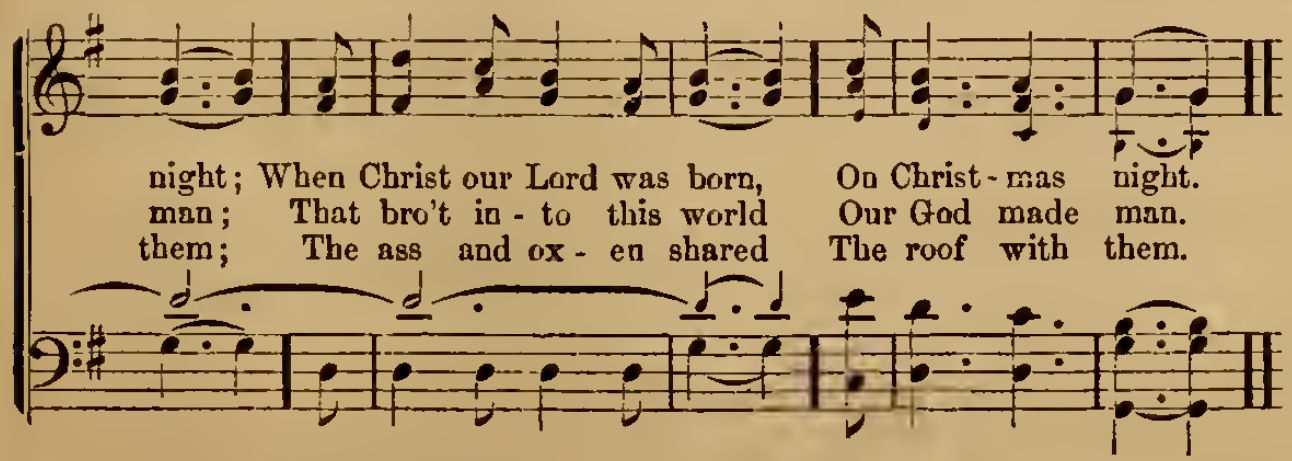
4 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng;
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

THE SNOW LAY ON THE GROUND.

Christmas Carol, sung by the PIFFERARI* at Rome. From "Cantica Sacra," by special permission.



1. The snow lay on the ground, The stars shone bright When Christ our Lord was born, On Christ-mas night; When Christ our Lord was born, On Christ-mas night.
2. 'Twas Ma-ry, daughter pure Of ho-ly Ann, That bro't in-to this world Our God made man; That bro't in-to this world Our God made man.
3. She laid Him in a stall At Beth-le-hem; The ass and ox-en shared The roof with them; The ass and ox-en shared The roof with them.



4 And thus, that manger poor
Became a throne;
‖: For He, whom Mary bore,
Was God the Son. :‖

5 O come then, let us join
The heavenly host,
‖: To praise the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost. :‖

* *The* PIFFERARI *are shepherds of the Abruzzi mountains, who visit Rome at Christmas-time, singing Carols and playing a kind of hautboy, whence their name.*

CLEAR UPON THE NIGHT AIR SOUNDING.

Rev. J. S. B. HODGES, by special permission.

1. Clear up - on the night air sounding, Sweet- ly echo- ing o'er the plain, Fell the an - gel - voice, an - nounc-ing,
2. Proph-ets told the won-drous sto - ry Of the fu - ture King and Lord; Who from up - per realms of glo - ry
3. We who know the lov - ing Sav - iour, Who have found the last - ing peace; Who have heard His voice ce - les - tial.

cres. *f*

"Christ is born in Beth - le - hem." Clear- er, sweet-er, swelled the Cho-rus, From the an - gel - host a - round, "Glo - ry,
Should de-scend our Light and Word. But they knew not all His brightness, Nor the full-ness of His grace,—Could not
Bid - ding all our sor-rows cease; We can raise the song of tri-umph, With th' angel - ic host pro-claim: "Glo - ry,

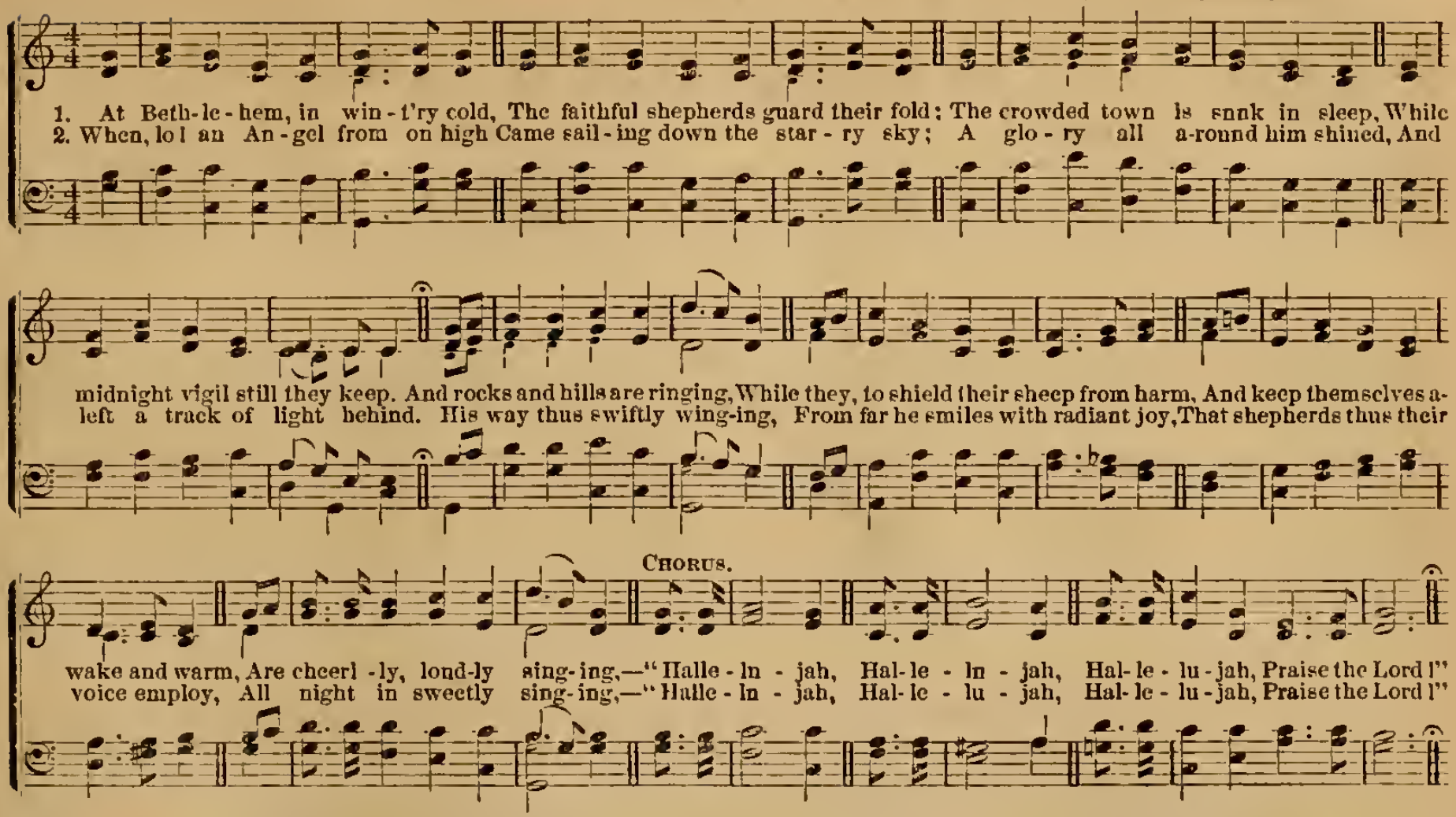
p *mf*

glo - ry in the high - est, And on earth good-will a - bound." As the an - gels sang we sing, Glo - ry to the
join the heavenly cho - rus, Nor the song of tri-umph raise. As the an - gels sang we sing, Glo - ry to our
glo - ry, in the high - est! Christ is born in Beth - le - hem." And as an - gels sang we sing, Glo - ry to our

cres. *ff*

new-born King, And our song we'll nev-er cease, Glo - ry to the Prince of Peace! Glo - ry to the Prince of Peace!
God and King. And our song, &c.
God and King. And our song, &c.

Words and Music by Rev. JOHN H. HOPKINS, Jr. By special permission.



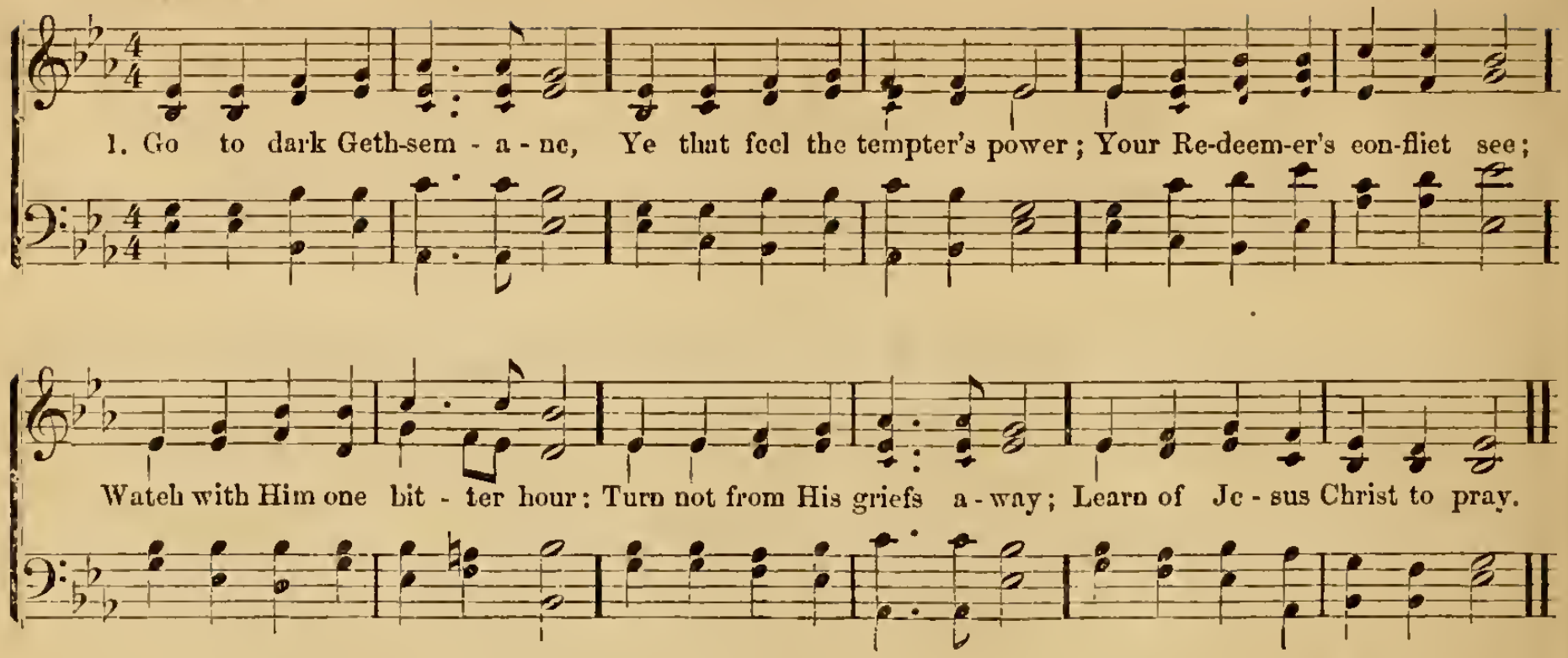
3 "Fear not," said he,—for at the sight
The simple shepherds start with fright,—
"Fear not, for unto you, this morn,
In David's town a Babe is born:
'Tis Christ, your Lord and Saviour,
Whose reign, when He is crowned King,
Shall make both men and angels sing,
For ever and for ever,—
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Praise the Lord!"

4 While yet he spake, in robes of flame
A flying cloud of angels came;
Upon the midnight air loud rang
Their golden harps, while thus they sang:
"To God on high be glory:
And peace on earth, good-will to men!"
Angels and shepherds joining then,
Thus hail the wondrous story,—
"Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Praise the Lord!"

5 And every Christmas-tide, that song
More numerous sounds, and yet more
From age to age, from pole to pole [strong;
It rolls along, and yet shall roll:
Till, crowned with splendor glorious,
That Babe shall come again, a King.
And saints and angels all shall sing,
In endless, boundless chorus,—
"Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Praise the Lord!"

GETHSEMANE.

J. MONTGOMERY, 1822. R. REDHEAD, 1856.



2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss:
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,—
God's own sacrifice complete.
It is finished! hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay.
All is solitude and gloom:
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen;—He seeks the skies.
Saviour, teach us so to rise!

JAMES GEORGE DECK, 1837. WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. When first o'erwhelmed with sin and shame, To Je - sus' cross I trem - bling came, Burdened with
2. My sin is gone, my fears are o'er, I shun His pres- ence now no more; He sits up-
3. By faith that voice I al - so hear, It an - swers doubt, it stills each fear; Th'ac-cus - er

guilt and full of fear, Yet drawn by love, I vent- ured near; Par - don I found and
on the throne of grace, He bids me bold - ly seek His face; Sprinkled up - on the
seeks in vain to move The wrath of Him whose name is Love; Each charge a - gainst the

peace with God, In Je - sus' rich a - ton - - ing blood.
Throne of God, I see that rich a - ton - - ing blood.
sons of God Is si - lenced by th'a - ton - - ing blood.

4.

Here I can rest without a fear;
By this, to God I now draw near;
By this, I triumph over sin,
For this has made and keeps me clean;
And when I reach the Throne of God
I'll praise that rich atoning blood.

HEAR US, WE BESEECH THEE!

Sir HENRY WILLIAM BAKER, Bart., 1861. Rev. L. G. HAYNE, Mus. Doc., 1868.

Fine.

God the Fa-ther, from Thy throne, Hear us, we be-seech Thee!
God the eo- e-ter-nal Son, Hear us, we be-seech Thee! God the Spir-it, might-y Lord,

D. C. Three in One, by all a-dored, Hear us, we be-seech Thee!

D. C.

Hear us, we be-seech Thee! Je-sus! Je-sus! 1. By Thy wondrous In-car-na-tion,
By Thy Birth for our sal-va-tion, We be-

-seech Thee, we be-seech Thee! From ev-'ry ill de-fend us, Thy grace and merey send us. *A-men.*

2 By Thy fasting and temptation,
By Thy nights of supplicatiou,
We beseech Thee, &c.

3 By Thy works of sweet compassion,
By Thy Cross and bitter Passion,
We beseech Thee, &c.

4 By Thy Blood, for sinners flowing,
By Thy Death, true life bestowing,
We beseech Thee, &c.

5 By Thy glorious Resurrection,
Earnest of our own perfection,
We beseech Thee, &c.

6 To the Father's throne ascended,
All Thy pain and sorrows ended,
We beseech Thee, &c.

7 Advocate for sinners pleading,
With the Father interceding,
We beseech Thee, &c.

WHEN JESUS LEFT HIS FATHER'S THRONE.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. CHESTER G. ALLEN. By permission.

1. When Je - sus left His Fa - ther's throne, He chose an hum - ble birth; Like us, un-
2. Sweet were His words, and kind His look, When moth - ers round Him prest; Their in - fants

hon - ored and un - known, He came to dwell on earth.
in His arms He took, And on His bo - som blest.

3 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath His watchful eye,—
Then in the circle of His arms
May we forever lie!

4 Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

IT IS FINISHED.

JONATHAN EVANS, 1787. Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry; See! it
2. "It is fin - ished!" oh, what pleas- ure Do these charm-ing words af - ford! Heavenly

Last verse ff.

pp

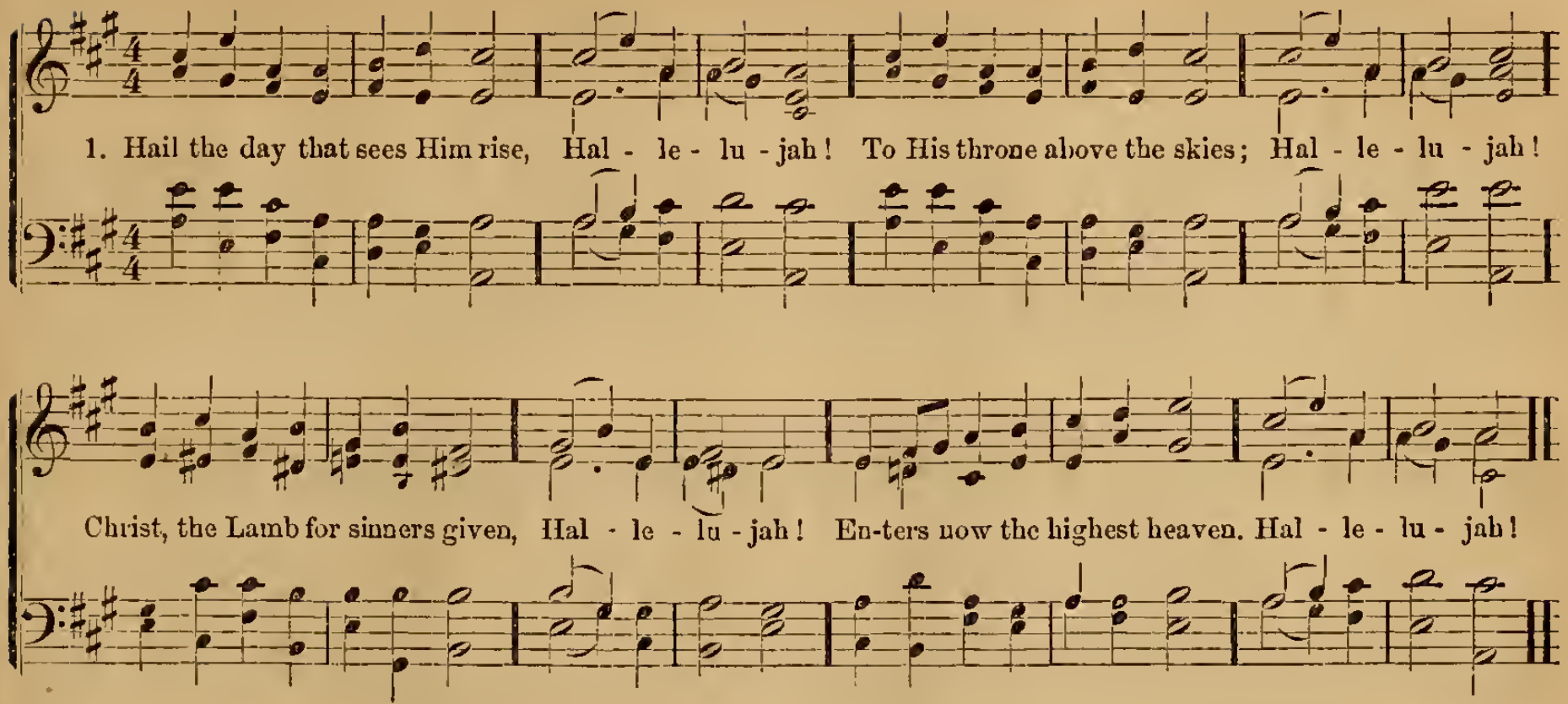
rends the rocks a - sun- der—Shakes the earth and vails the sky: "It is fin - ish - ed!"
bless-ings with- out measure, Flow to us through Christ the Lord: "It is fin - ish - ed!"

Hear the dy - ing Sav - iour cry.
Saints! the dy - ing words re - cord. *A - men.*

3.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and heaven, uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
Amen.

C. WESLEY, 1739. WM. H. MONK.



2.

There for Him high triumph waits; Hallelujah!
Lift your heads, eternal gates! Hallelujah!
He hath conquered death and sin, Hallelujah!
Take the King of Glory in. Hallelujah!

3.

Lo, the heaven its Lord receives! Hallelujah!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Hallelujah!
Though returning to His throne, Hallelujah!
Still He calls mankind His own. Hallelujah!

4.

Still for us He intercedes, Hallelujah!
His prevailing death He pleads; Hallelujah!
Near Himself prepares our place, Hallelujah!
He, the first-fruits of our race. Hallelujah!

5.

Lord, though parted from our sight Hallelujah!
Far above the starry height, Hallelujah!
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Hallelujah!
Seeking Thee above the skies. Hallelujah!

HAIL THE DAY THAT SEES HIM RISE.

C. WESLEY, 1739.

From "Cantica Sacra," by permission, and rearranged for this work.

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Rav-ished from our wish - ful eyes, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men; Christ a - while to mor- tals giv - en, Hal - le - - lu - jah! A- men, Re - as- cends His na - tive heaven, Halle - lu - jah! A - men.

2. There the glo - rious tri - umph waits, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, "Lift your heads, e - ter - nal gates, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men; Wide un - fold the ra - di - ant scene, Hal - le - - lu - jah! A- men, Take the King of glo - ry in." Hal- le - lu - jah! A - men.

3 Him though highest Heaven receives, Hallelujah! Amen,
Still He loves the earth He leaves, Hallelujah! Amen;
Though returning to His Throne, Hallelujah! Amen;
Still He calls mankind His own, Hallelujah! Amen.

4 Still for them He intercedes, Hallelujah! Amen,
His prevailing death He pleads, Hallelujah! Amen:
Near Himself prepares their place, Hallelujah! Amen,
Saviour of the human race, Hallelujah! Amen.

5 Ever upward let us move, Hallelujah! Amen,
Wafted on the wings of love, Hallelujah! Amen;
Looking when our Lord shall come, Hallelujah! Amen;
Longing, panting after home, Hallelujah! Amen.

6 There shall we with Thee remain, Hallelujah! Amen,
Partners of Thy endless reign, Hallelujah! Amen;
There Thy face unclouded see, Hallelujah! Amen,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee, Hallelujah! Amen

COME, SEE THE PLACE.

THOMAS KELLY, 1820. Dr. W. HAYES, ob. 1779.

1. Come, see the place where Je- sus lay, And hear an - gel - ic watchers say, "He lives, who once was slain:
2. O joy-ful sound! O glo-rious hour, When by His own Almight- y power He rose, and left the grave!
3. The First-be - got - ten of the dead, For us He rose, our glorious Head, Im - mor- tal life to bring;
4. No more they trem-ble at the grave, For Je- sus will their spirits save, And raise their slumbering dust:

Why seek the liv- ing 'midst the dead? Re-mem-ber how the Saviour said That He would rise a - gain."
Now let our songs His triumph tell, Who burst the bands of death and hell, And ev - er lives to save.
What tho' the saints like Him shall die, They share their Leader's victo - ry, And triumph with their King.
O ris - en Lord, in Thee we live, To Thee our ransomed souls we give, To Thee our bod - ies trust.

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN AGAIN.

EASTER HYMN OF THE BOHEMIAN CHURCH, 1531.

Trans. by Miss CATHARINE WINCKWORTH, 1858. HENRY CAREY. "Lyra Davidica," 1708.

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n a - gain, Hal - - le - lu - jah! Christ hath brok - en

ev - 'ry chain; Hal - - le - lu - jah! Hark, an - gel - ic voi - ces cry,

Hal - le - lu - jah! Sing - ing ev - er - more on high, Hal - le - lu - jah!

2 He who bore all pain and loss, Hallelujah!
Comfortless upon the cross, Hallelujah!
Lives in glory now on high, Hallelujah!
Pleads for us and hears our cry: Hallelujah!

3 He who slumber'd in the grave, Hallelujah!
Is exalted now to save; Hallelujah!
Now through Christendom it rings, Hallelujah!
That the Lamb is King of kings: Hallelujah!

4 Now He bids us tell abroad, Hallelujah!
How the lost may be restored, Hallelujah!
How the penitent forgiven, Hallelujah!
How we too may enter heaven: Hallelujah!

5 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed, Hallelujah!
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed! Hallelujah!
Take our sins and guilt away, Hallelujah!
That we all may sing for aye, Hallelujah!

RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

Rev. HENRY HART MILMAN, 1822. Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho - san - na cry; O Saviour meek, pur-
2. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! In low - ly pomp, ride on to die: O Christ, Thy triumphs

sue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.
now be - gin O'er cap - tive death and con-quer'd sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes
To see th' approaching Sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire Throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy pow'r, and reign.

WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING!

[This hymn, written towards the close of the sixth century, by Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poictiers, was in use throughout Europe as a Processional Hymn for Easter-day, and universally popular in the Middle Ages. So great a favorite did it become, that parodies of it were written for all the great festivals. Jerome of Prague sang it at the stake while dying. In 1544 Cranmer translated it into English, and sent it to Henry VIII., with a view to its being issued by royal authority, together with other Processional Hymns and Litanies. His translation is now lost, but his letter, recommending the use of the hymn, is still preserved among the State Papers.]

JOHN ELLERTON, 1868. Transl. from FORTUNATUS. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

1. Welcome, hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say: Hell to-day is vanquished, heav'n is won to-day!

Lo, the Dead is liv-ing, God for ev-er-more! Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore.

poco rit.

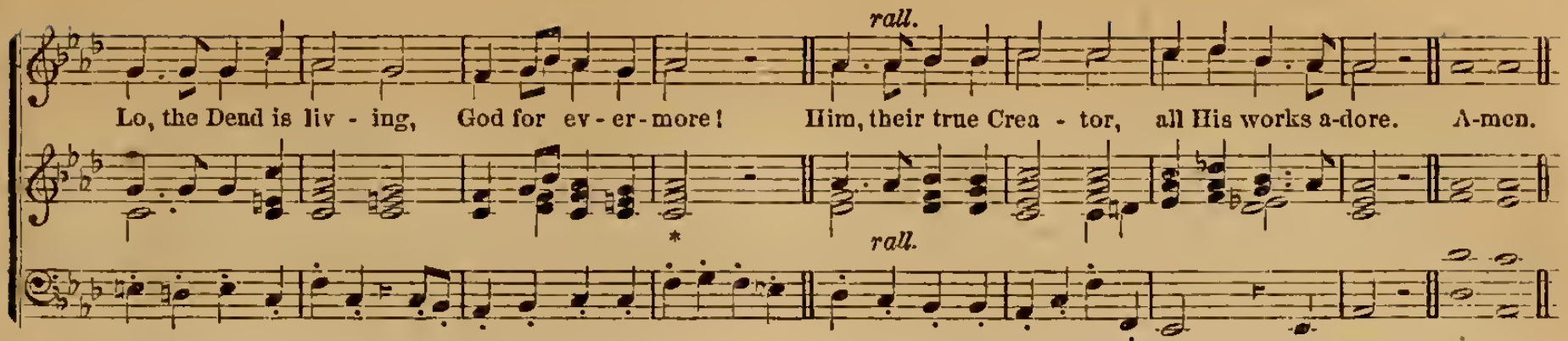
ff

Svas...

REFRAIN, IN UNISON.

ff

Welcome, happy morn-ing! age to age shall say: Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!



2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King.
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
REF.—Welcome, happy morning, &c.

3 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from Heav'n beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead, True and Only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
REF.—Welcome, happy morning, &c.

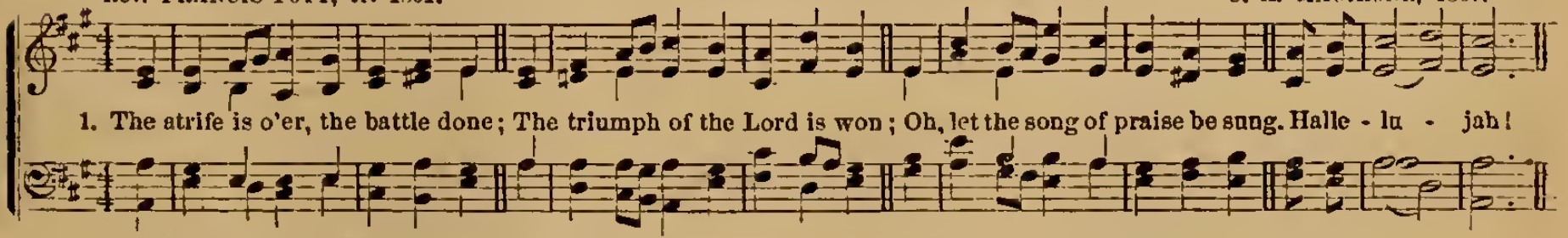
4 Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word,
'Tis Thine own Third Morning, rise, my buried Lord!
REF.—Welcome, happy morning, &c.

5 Loose the souls long-prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Shew Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee!
REF.—Welcome, happy morning, &c.

* *After those verses which require the full organ for accompaniment, the Refrain may be taken piano to the end of the third line.*

THE STRIFE IS O'ER.

Rev. FRANCIS POTT, tr. 1861. C. A. MACIRONE, 1867.



2 The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath his foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Hallelujah!

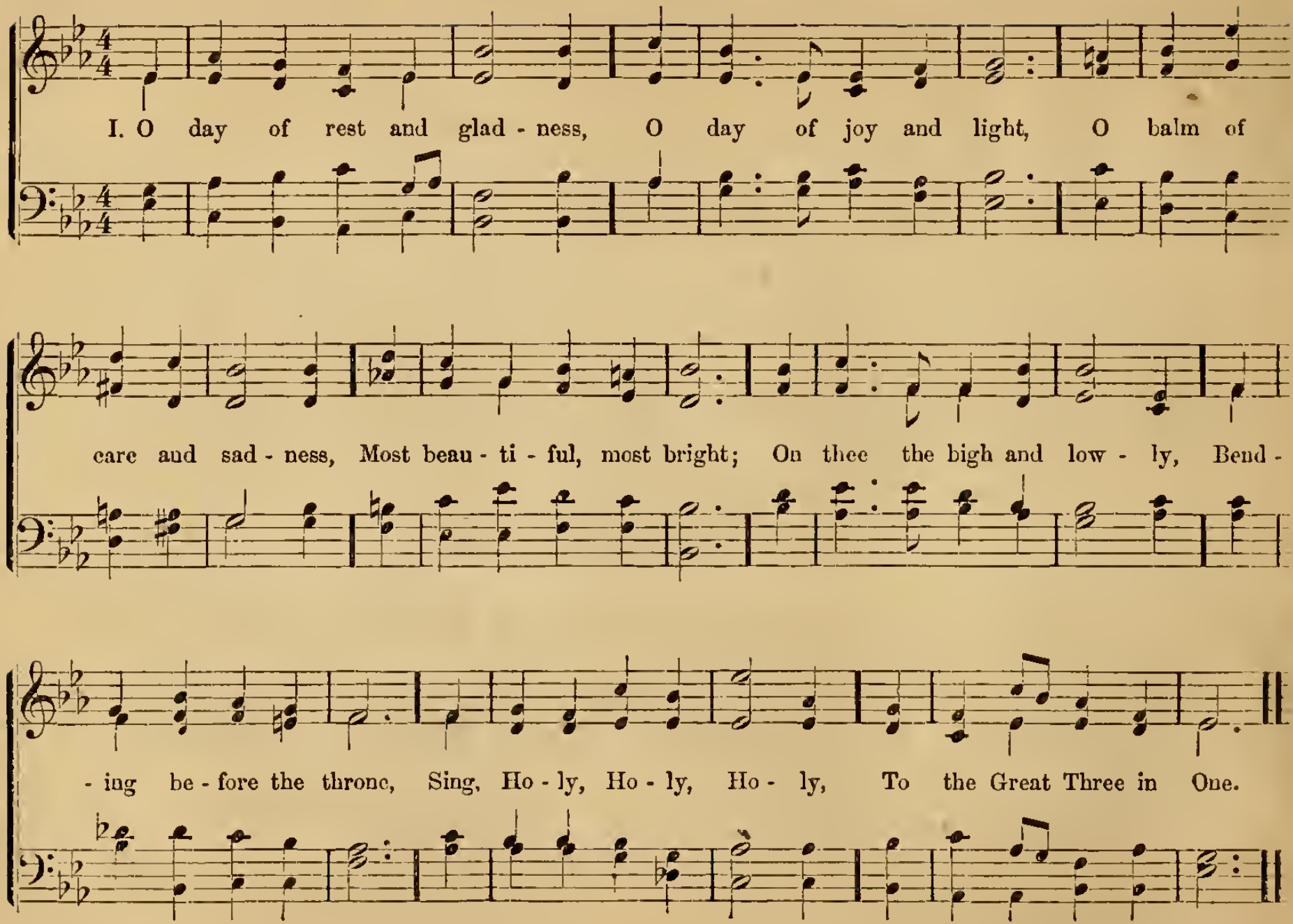
3 On that third morn He rose again,
In glorious majesty to reign;
Oh, let us swell the joyful strain.
Hallelujah!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let songs of joy His triumphs tell.
Hallelujah!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee.
Hallelujah!

O DAY OF REST.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1863. Dr. STAINER.



2 On thee at the creation
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A three-fold light is given.

3 O day of sweet reflection,
Thou art a day of love;
O day of resurrection,
From earth to things above,
When Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

WITH JOY WE HAIL.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834. JAMES TURLE, Organist of Westminster Abbey, 1852.

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God hath called His own; With joy the sum - mons we o - bey To wor - ship at His throne.
2. Thy cho - sen tem - ple, Lord, how fair! Where wil - ling vot - 'ries throng To breathe the hum - ble, fer - vent prayer, And pour the cho - ral song.

3 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

4 Great God, we hail the sacred day,
Which Thou hast called Thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at Thy throne.

ASCENSION HYMN.

Words and Music by FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1872. From Havergal's Psalmody.

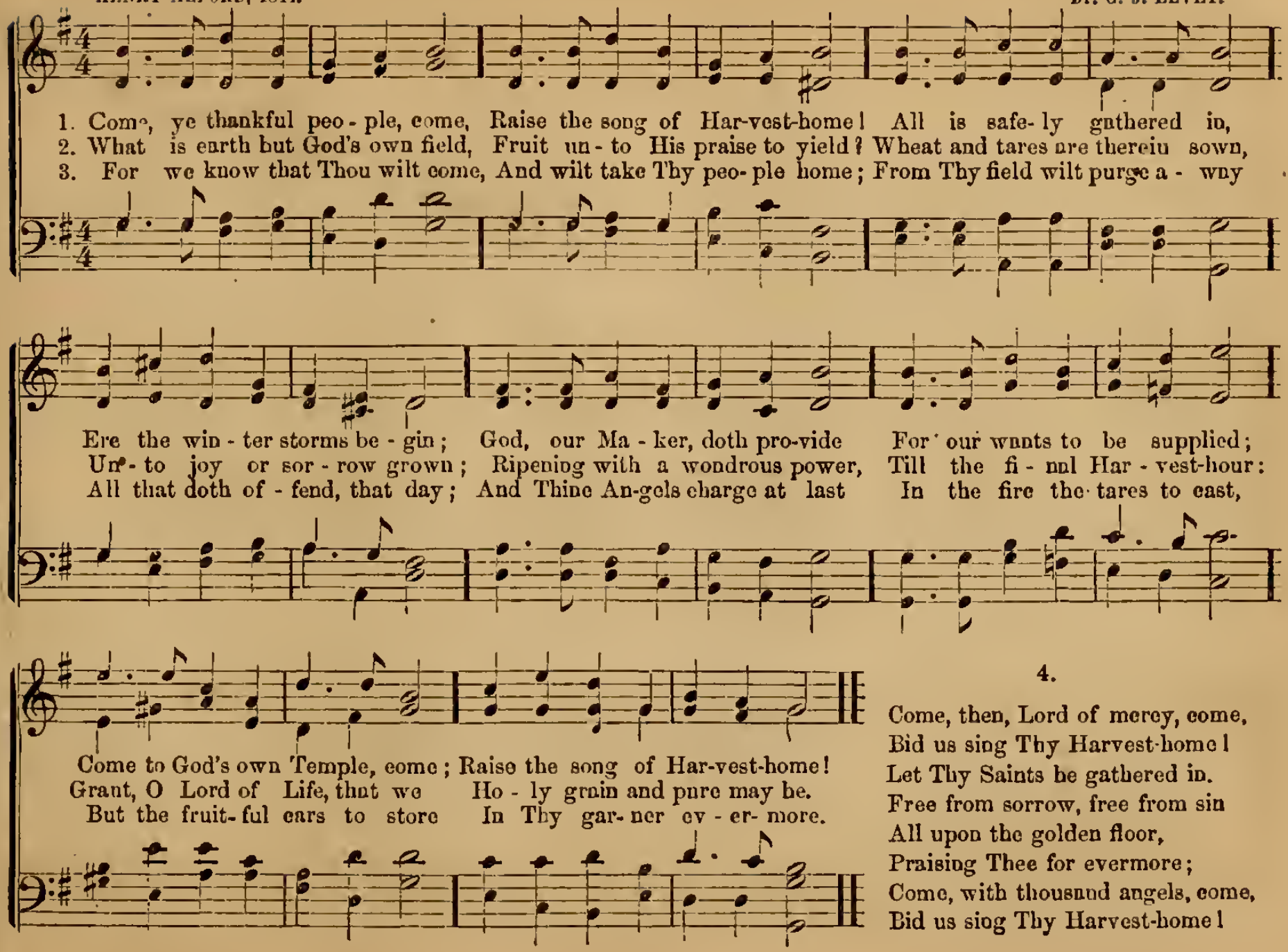
1. Gold - en harps are sounding, An- gel voi - ces ring, Pearly gates are op - ened, Op - ened for the King.
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with gladness At His Fa-ther's side.
3. Pray - ing for His children In that blessed place, Call-ing them to glo - ry, Send- ing them His grace;

Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love, Is gone up in tri - umph To His Throne a-bove.
Nev - er more to suf - fer, Nev- er more to die, Je - sus, King of Glo - ry Is gone up on high.
His bright home prepar- ing, Lit- tle ones, for you; Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev- er lov - eth too.

Chorus.

All His work is end- ed, Joy - ful- ly we sing; Je - sus hath as - cend-ed! Glo- ry to our King!

HENRY ALFORD, 1844. Dr. G. J. ELVEY.



4.

Come, then, Lord of mercy, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home!
Let Thy Saints be gathered in.
Free from sorrow, free from sin
All upon the golden floor,
Praising Thee for evermore;
Come, with thousand angels, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home!

THE CLOSING YEAR.

HENRY DOWNTON, 1843. J. H. KNECHT, 1793.

1. For Thy mer - cy and Thy grace, Faith- ful through an - oth - er year, Hear our song of thank - ful - ness, Fa - ther, and Re - deem - er, hear!
2. In our weak - ness and dis - tress, Rock of strength! be Thou our stay! In the path - less wil - der - ness Be our true and liv - ing way!

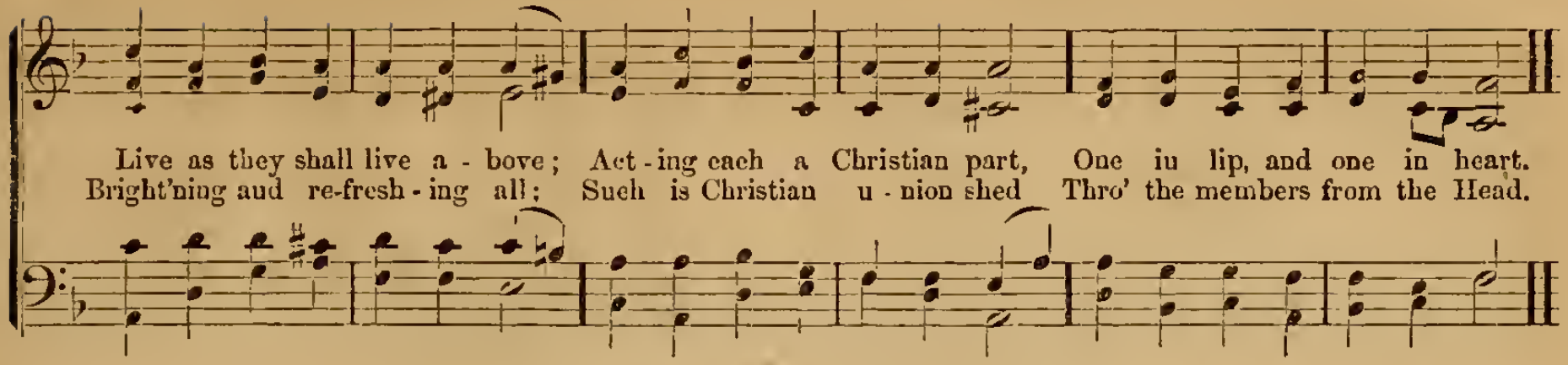
3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed!

4 Make us faithful, make us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own!
Help, O help us to endure!
Fit us for Thy promis'd crown.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

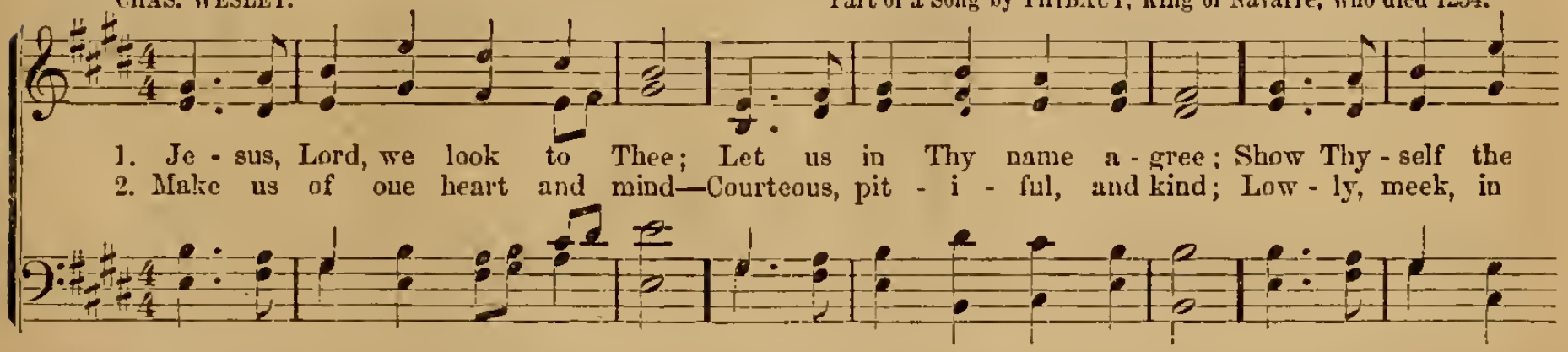
SPOHR.

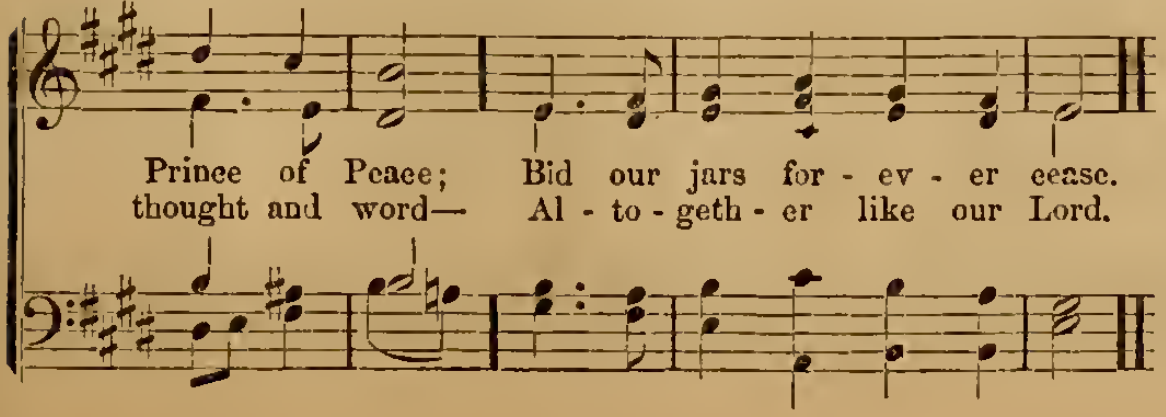
1. Tis a pleasant thing to see Brethren in the Lord a - gree, Children of a God of love
2. Gen - tly as the dews dis - til Down on Si - on's ho - ly hill, Dropping gladness where they fall,



WE LOOK TO THEE.

CHAS. WESLEY. Part of a Song by THIBAUT, King of Navarre, who died 1254.





3 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express—
All the heights of holiness.

4 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

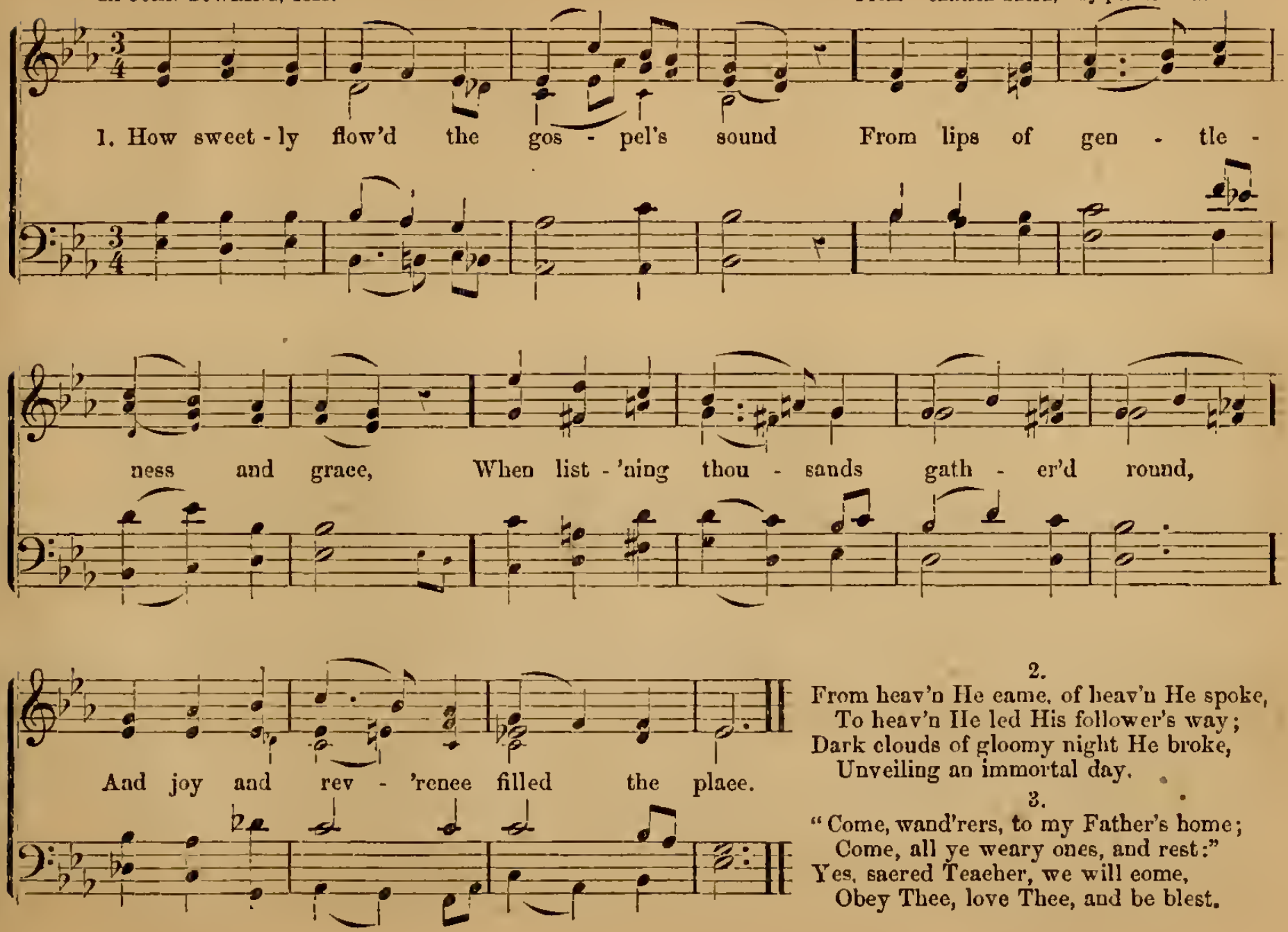
SAVE, LORD, OR WE PERISH.

REGINALD HEBER, 1820. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. When thro' the torn sail the wild tem-pest is stream-ing, When o'er the dark wave the red light- ning is gleam-ing, Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea - man to cher- ish, We fly to our Mak - er:— "Save, Lord, or we per - ish."
2. O Je - sus, once rocked on the breast of the bil - low, A - roused by the shriek of de- spair from Thy pil - low, Now seat - ed in glo - ry, the ma - ri - ner cher- ish, Who cries in his an - guish: "Save, Lord, or we per - ish."
3. And oh, when the whirlwind of pas-sion is rag - ing, When sin in our hearts its wild war - fare is wag- ing, Then send down Thy grace, Thy re - deem - éd to cher- ish; Re - buke the de - stroy - er: "Save, Lord, or we per - ish." A - men.

HOW SWEETLY FLOWED.

Sir JOHN BOWRING, 1825. From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.



2.
From heav'n He came, of heav'n He spoke,
To heav'n He led His follower's way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3.
"Come, wand'rers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.

FROM THE FIRST DAWN.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. From the first dawn of in - fant life Thy goodness we have shared, And still we live to sing Thy praise, By sov'reign mer - cy spared!
2. To seek Thy grace, to do Thy will, O Lord, our hearts in - cline; And o'er the paths of fu - ture life Command Thy light to shine.

3 While taught to read the word of truth,
May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe.

4 Let not our feet incline to tread
Sin's broad destructive road;
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God.

LORD, THY WORD ABIDETH.

Sir HENRY W. BAKER, Bt., 1860. J. B. KŒNIG, 1738.

1. Lord, Thy Word abideth, And our footsteps guideth; Who its truth believ - eth Light and joy re-ceiv - eth.

2.

When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3.

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

4.

Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

5.

Oh, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!

THY HOLY LAW.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. Melody attributed to MOZART.

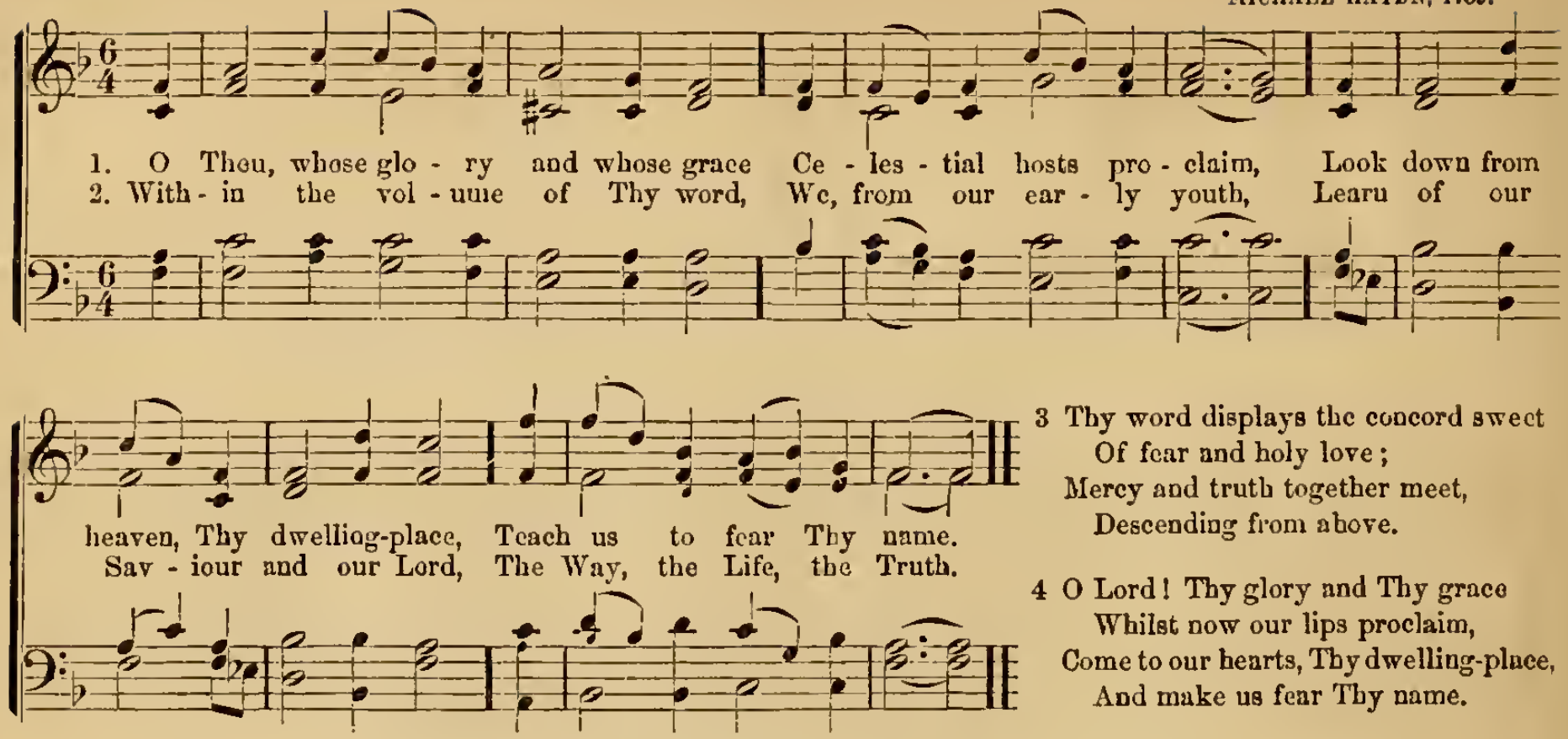
1. O how I love Thy ho - ly law! 'Tis dai - ly my de - light; And thence my med- i- ta - tions draw Di - vine ad - vice by night.
2. My wak-ing eyes pre- vent the day To med - i - tate Thy Word; My soul with long- ing melts a - way To hear Thy gos - pel, Lord.

3 How doth Thy Word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.

4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope;
And there I write Thy praise.

THY WORD OUR GUIDE.

MICHAEL HAYDN, 1739.

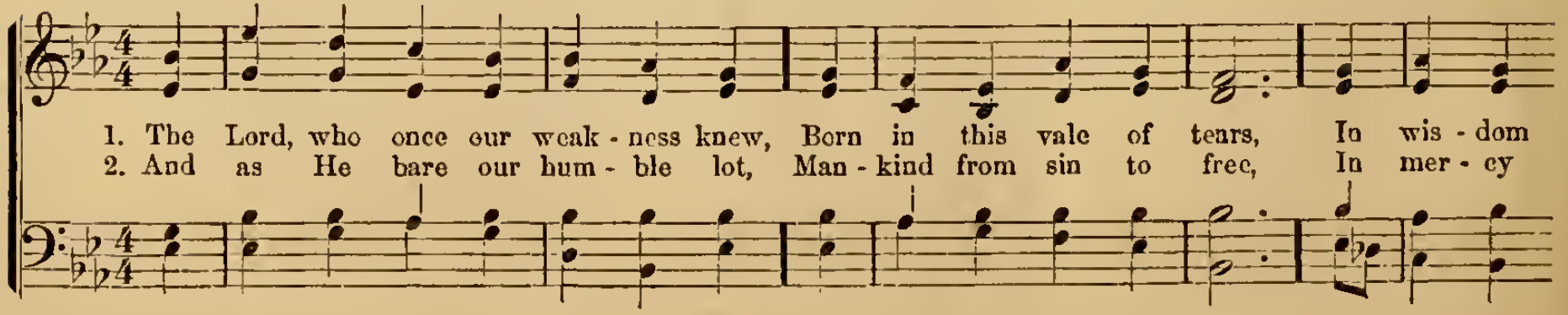


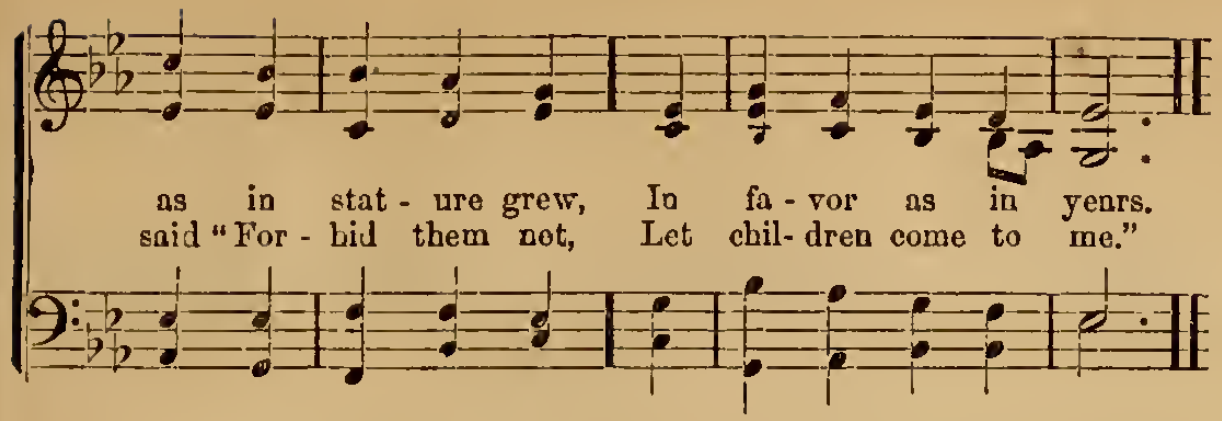
3 Thy word displays the concord sweet
Of fear and holy love;
Mercy and truth together meet,
Descending from above.

4 O Lord! Thy glory and Thy grace
Whilst now our lips proclaim,
Come to our hearts, Thy dwelling-place,
And make us fear Thy name.

LET CHILDREN COME TO ME.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1826.



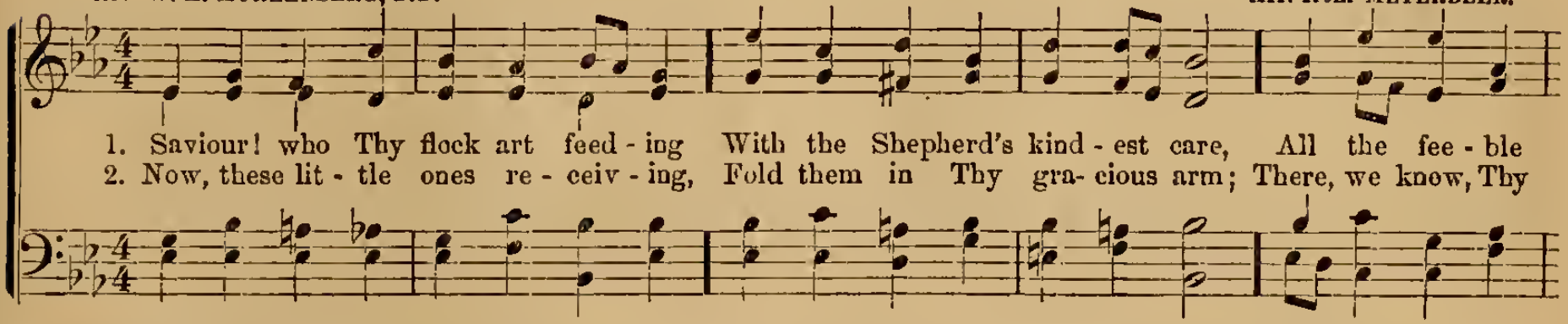


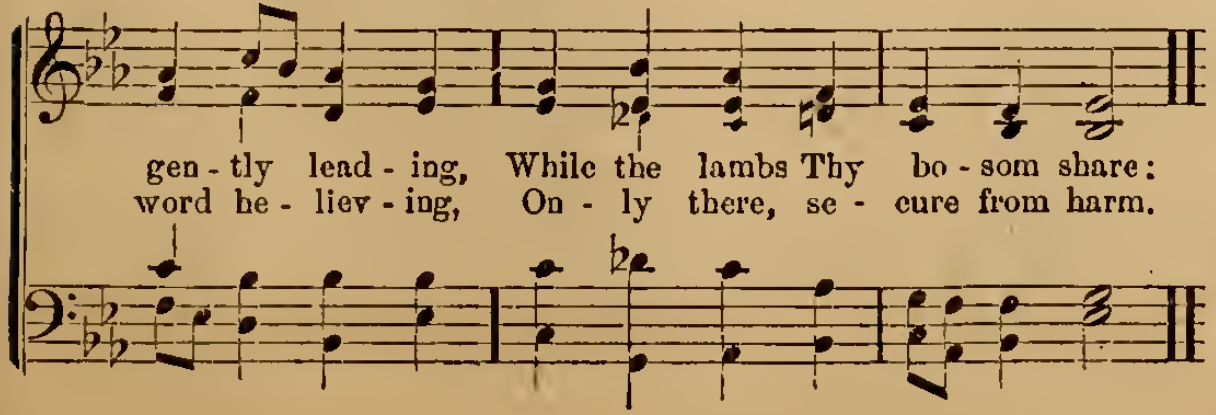
3 May we, O Lord, betimes obey
The call Thy grace has given,
And still pursue the narrow way
That leads our steps to heaven.

4 Tho' angels round Thy throne on high
Their hymns of triumph raise,
Thou hearest when to Thee we cry,
Thou wilt not scorn our praise.

SAVIOUR, WHO THY FLOCK ART FEEDING.

Rev. W. A. MUHLENBERG, D.D. Arr. from MEYERBEER.





3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way:

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL.

H. S. IRONS.

1. Shepherd of Is - rael, from a - bove Thy fee - ble flock be - hold; And let us nev - er
2. Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs a - way; Thy hand is ev - er near, To guide them lest they

lose Thy love, Nor wan - der from Thy fold.
go a - stray, And keep them safe from fear. *A - men.*

3 We want Thy help, for we are frail;
Thy light, for we are blind;
Let grace o'er all our doubts prevail,
To prove that Thou art kind.

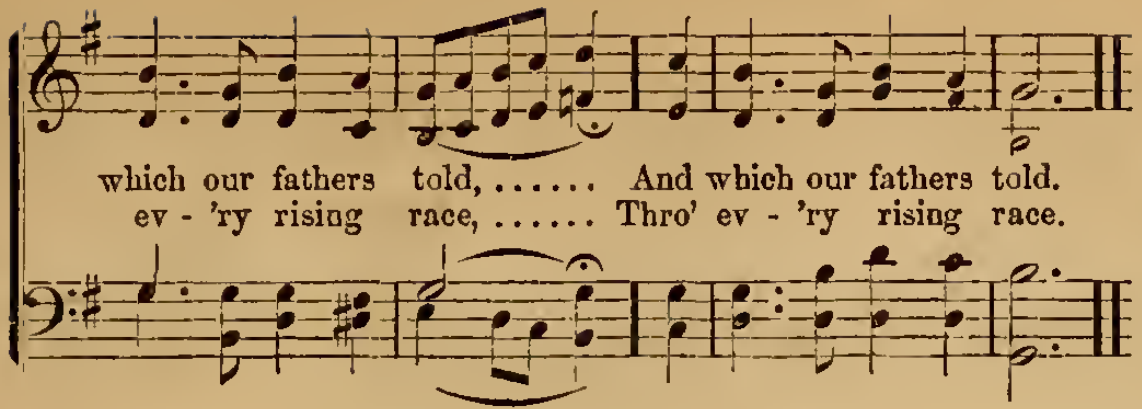
4 Teach us the things we ought to know,
And may we find them true;
And still in stature as we grow,
Increase in wisdom too. Amen.

LET CHILDREN HEAR THE MIGHTY DEEDS.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.

1. Let children hear the mighty deeds Which God performed of old; Which in our younger years we saw, And
2. He bids us make His glories known, His works of pow'r and grace; And we'll convey His wonders down Thro'

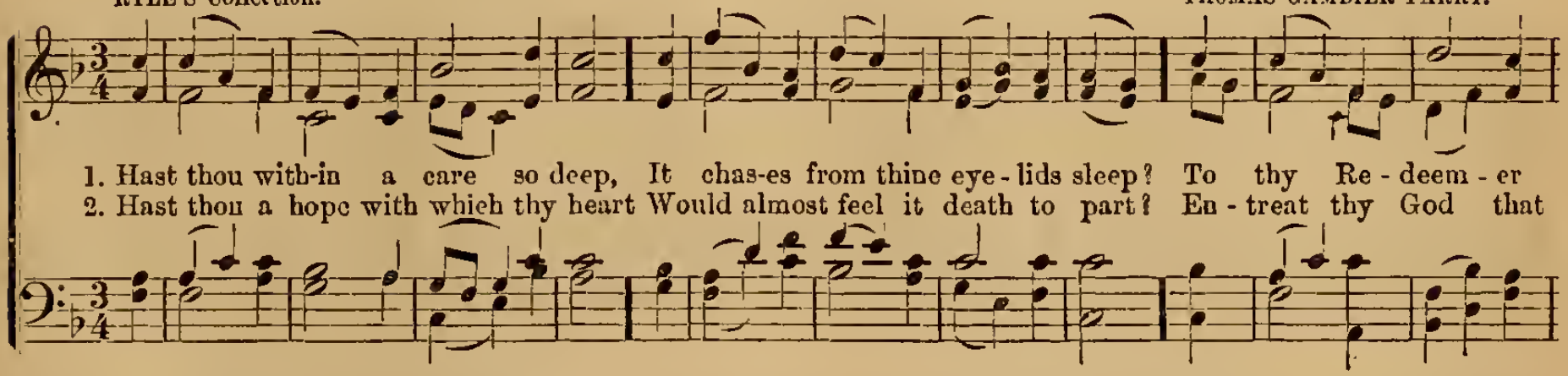


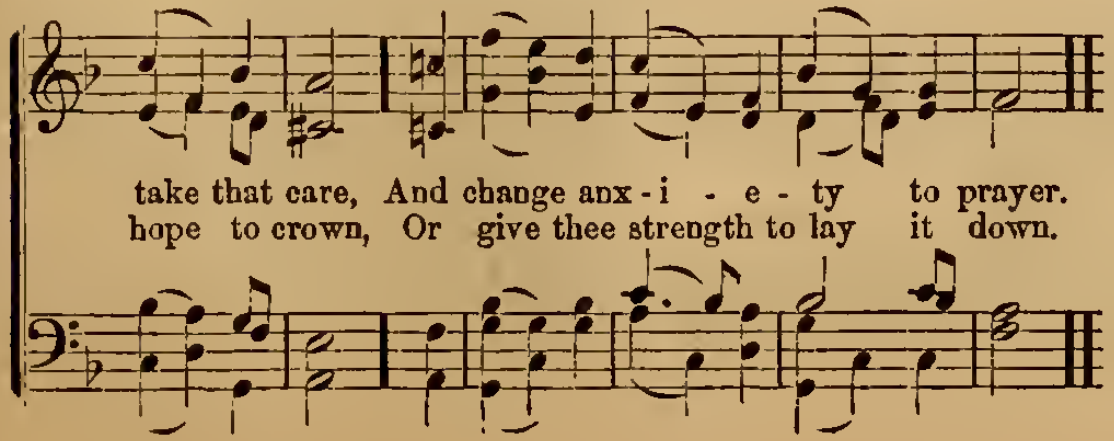
3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations, yet unborn,
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practise His commands.

HAST THOU WITHIN A CARE SO DEEP.

RYLE'S Collection. THOMAS GAMBIER PARRY.





3 Hast thou a friend whose image dear
May prove an idol worshipped here?
Implore the Lord that nought may be
A shadow between Heaven and thee.

4 Whate'er the care that breaks thy rest,
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish, that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.

THOMAS KELLY, 1820. HENRY SMART, 1868.

1. See, from Zi - on's sa - cred mountain, Streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow; God has o - pen'd
2. Thro' ten thou - sand chan-nels flow - ing, Streams of mer - cy find their way: Life, and health, and

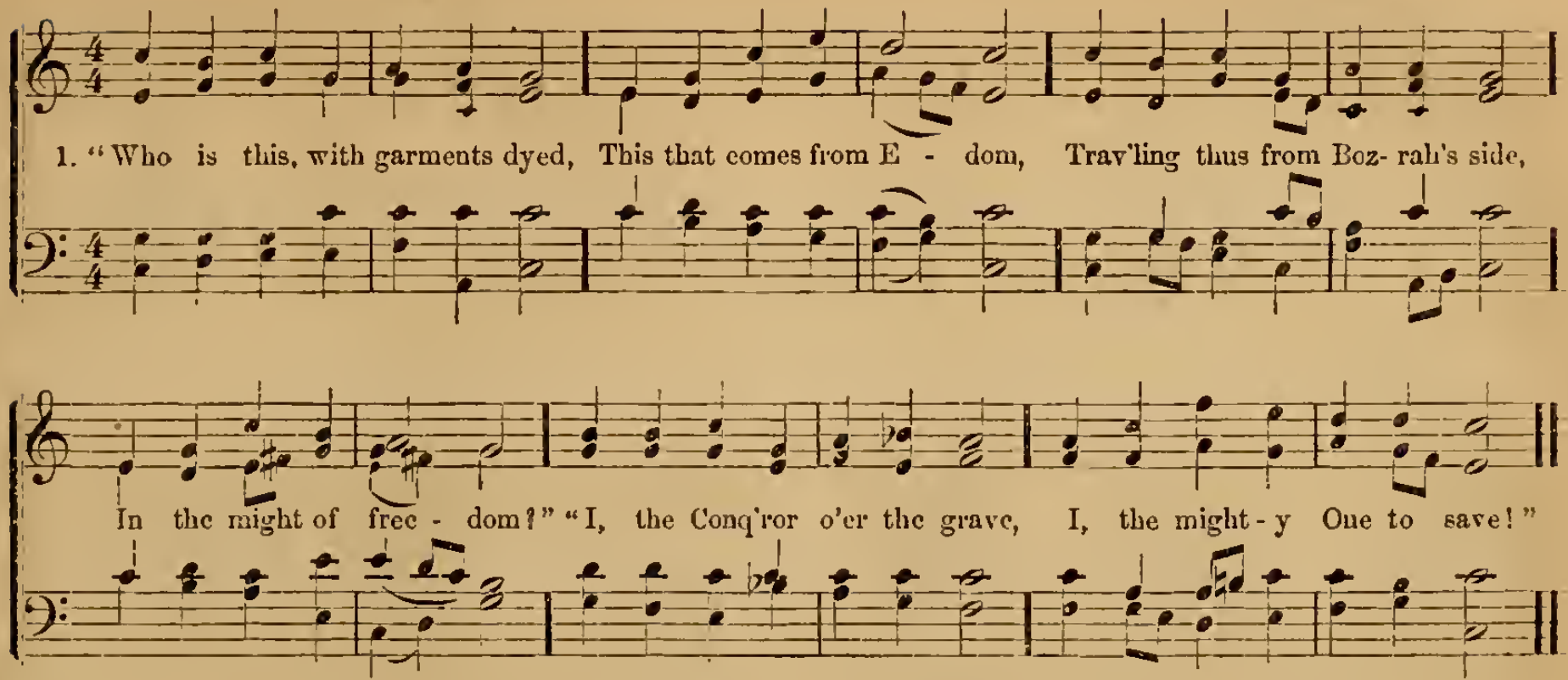
there a fount-ain, That sup - plies the world be - low; They are bless - éd, They are bless - 'éd,
joy be - stow - ing, Wak - ing beau - ty from de - cay; O ye na-tions! O ye na - tions!

Who its sov - 'reign vir - tues know.
Hail the long - ex - pect - ed day. *A - men.*

3.

Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose;
Lo! the desert
Sings for joy where'er it flows.
Amen.

EDWARD ARTHUR DAYMAN, 1866. HENRY SMART.



2 "Why is Thine apparel red,
Stains of blood bespeaking?
Why Thy robe as theirs that tread
In the wine-press, reeking
With the juice of grape, say, why
Such strange garb of victory?"

3 "I have trodden, all alone,
This world's wine-press ample,
And I wondered of mine own
None the foe could trample!
Rescue then my Vengeance brought,
Mine own Arm salvation wrought!"

4 Yes, I know Thee now!—the Word,
Writ in sacred story;
Angel of the Presence, Lord,
Christ, the King of Glory—
Know Thy deeds in days of old;
Kindness—pity—love untold!

5 Lord! though erring from Thy grace,
Though our heart be hardened,
Grant Thine exiled sons a place
In Thy City, pardoned!
There to meet—life's warfare done—
Thy true Godhead, Three in One.

JESUS! LOVER OF MY SOUL.

C. WESLEY, 1740. Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Je- sus! Lov- er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the wa - ters near- er roll,
D. S. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide;

Fine. *D. S.*

While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour! hide, Till the storm of life is past;
O receive my soul at last!

2.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3.

Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of Life the Fountain art:
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Rev. Dr. W. A. MUHLENBERG, 1823. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1864.

1. Zi - on, the mar- vel- ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the High-est, how low - ly His birth;
2. Tell how He com-eth; from na - tion to na - tion, The heart-cheering news let the earth ech - o round;
3. Mor-tals, your homage be grate- ful- ly bringing, And sweet let the gladsome ho - san - na a - rise;

The brightest archan - gel in glo - ry ex- cell - ing, He stoops to re-deem thee, He reigns up-on earth.
How free to the faith- ful He of - fers sal- va- tion, How His people with joy ev- er - lasting are crown'd.
Ye an- gels, the full hal- le - lu - jah be sing- ing; One cho - rus re-sound thro' the earth and the skies.

Chorus.*

Shout the glad tid-ings, ex - ult - ing- ly sing, Je - ru - sa - lem tri- umphs, Mes-si - ah is King!

* *It is usual to begin with the Chorus.*

GOD'S LOVE TO ME.

Hymn and Music by WM. F. SHERWIN, 1872.

1. Grander than o - cean's sto - ry Or songs of for - est trees— Pur - er than breath of
2. Dear- er than a - ny lov - ings The tru - est friends be - stow— Stronger than all the
3. Rich- er than all earth's treas-ure The wealth my soul re - ceives; Bright-er than roy - al

morn - ing Or eve-ning's gen - tle breeze— Clear- er than mount-ain ech - oes Ring out from
yearn- ings A moth-er's heart can know— Deep- er than earth's foun- da - tions, And far a-
jew - els The crown that Je - sus gives; Wondrous the con - de - scen - sion, And grace be-

peaks a - bove— Rolls on the glo - rious an - them Of God's e - ter - nal love!
bove all thought— Broad- er than heaven's high arch - es, The love that Christ has brought!
yond de - gree! I would be ev - er sing - ing The love of Christ to me!

HEAD OF THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

C. WESLEY. From BEETHOVEN'S celebrated Septuor.

1. Head of the Church tri- um - phant, We joy- ful - ly a - dore Thee; Till Thou ap-pear Thy
2. While in af - flic- tion's fur - nace, And pass-ing thro' the fire,..... Thy love we praise In
3. Thou dost con-duct Thy peo - ple Thro' tor-rents of temp - ta - tion; Nor will we fear, While
4. By faith we see the glo - ry To which Thou shalt re - store us; The world de- spise For

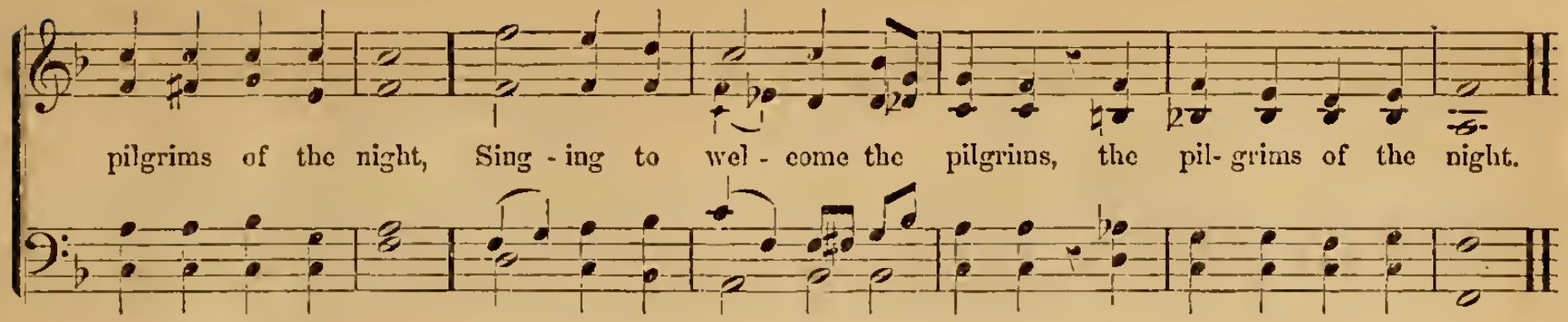
mem-bers here Shall sing like those in glo - ry: We lift our hearts and voi - ces With blest an-
grate- ful lays, Which ev - er brings us nigh - er: We clap our hands ex - ult - ing In Thine al-
Thou art near, The fire of trib - u - la - tion: The world, with sin and Sa - tan, In vain our
that high prize Which Thou hast set be - fore us; And if Thou count us wor - thy, We each, as

ti - ci - pa - tion, And cry a-loud, And give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion.
mighty fa - vor; Thy love di-vine That made us Thine Shall keep us Thine for - ev - er.
march op-pos - es; By Thee we shall Break thro' them all Ere death our con-flict clos - es.
dy- ing Ste - phen, Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand, To take us up to heav - en.

HARK! HARK, MY SOUL!

Rev. FREDERICK W. FABER, 1815—1863. Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sin - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come!" And thro' the dark its ech- oes sweetly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus, &c.
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening pe - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thousands meek-ly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee. An - gels of Je - sus, &c.

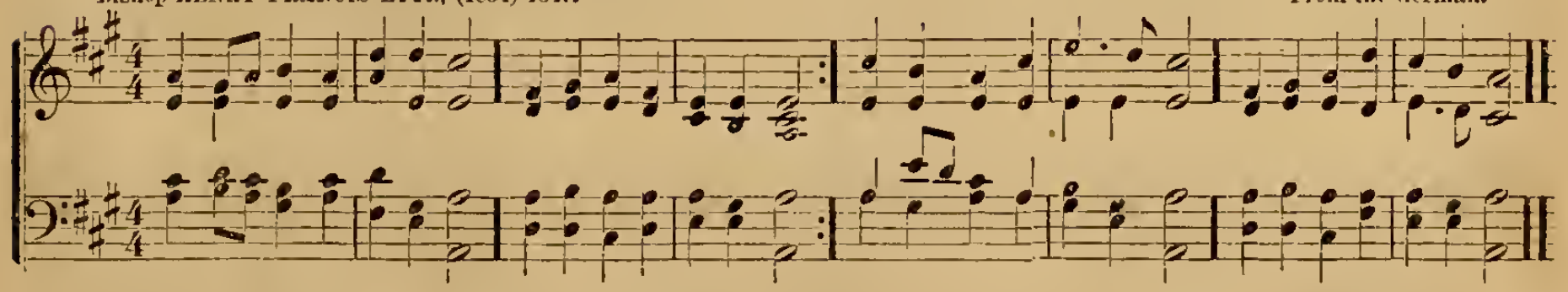


4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

GOD OF MERCY, GOD OF GRACE.

Bishop HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, (1834) 1847. From the German.



1 God of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Let Thy love on all be poured;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1856. Rev. L. G. HAYNES, Mus. Doc.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come, And we shall be with
2. A few more strug - gles here, A few more part - ings o'er, A few more toils, a

those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb: Then, gra-cious Lord, pre - pare Our souls for
few more tears, And we shall weep no more: Then, gra-cious Lord, pre - pare Our souls for

that great day; Oh! wash us in Thy precious Blood, And take our sins a - way.
that bright day; Oh! wash us in Thy precious Blood, And take our sins a - way. *A - men.*

3 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath-day.
Then, gracious Lord, prepare
Our souls for that sweet day;
Oh! wash us in Thy precious Blood,
And take our sins away.

4 Yet but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign.
Then, gracious Lord, prepare
Our souls for that glad day;
Oh! wash us in Thy precious Blood,
And take our sins away. Amen.

TRUST.

W. BENGO COLLYER, 1812. MENDELSSOHN.

1. Cease, ye mourners, cease to lan-guish O'er the grave of those you love; Pain and death, and night and an-guish En-ter not the world a-bove.
2. While our si-lent steps are stray-ing Lone-ly thro' night's deep-'ning shade, Glo-ry's bright-est beams are play-ing Round the hap-py Chris-tian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In His glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1812. J. BARNBY, 1867.

1. Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not de - plore thee, Though sor - rows and
2. Thou art gone to the grave: we no lon - ger be - hold thee, Nor tread the rough

dark- ness en - com - pass the tomb; The Sav- iour hath pass'd thro' its por - tals be - fore thee,
path of the world by thy side; But the wide arms of Mer - cy are spread to en - fold thee,

And the lamp of His love is thy guide thro' the gloom.
And sin - ners may die, for the Sin - less has died.

3.

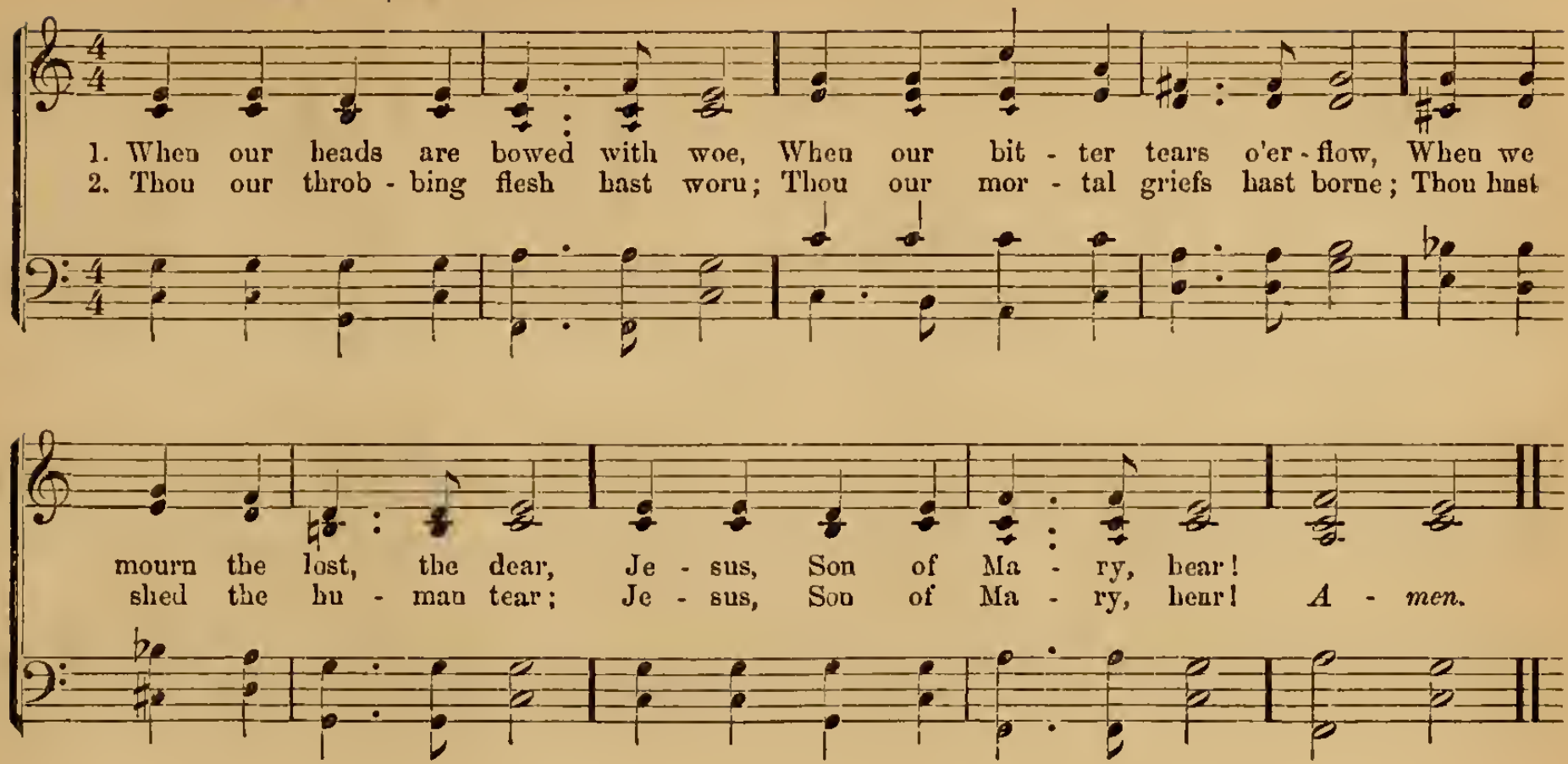
Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansions forsaking,
Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound that thou heard'st was the Seraphim's song!

4.

Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide!
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died!

COMFORT IN SORROW.

HENRY HART MILMAN, 1822. R. REDHEAD.



3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier·
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

5 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit sinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear! Amen.

CHILD'S BURIAL.

Miss CATHARINE WINKWORTH, England. HUBERT P. MAIN, 1872. Written for this Work.

1. Ten - der Shep-herd, Thou hast still'd Now Thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep-ing: Ah, how
2. In this world of care and pain, Lord, Thou would'st no lon - ger leave it; To the

peace - ful, pale, and mild, In its nar - row bed 'tis sleeping, And no sigh of
sun - ny, heav'n-ly plain Thou dost now with joy re - ceive it; Clothed in robes of

an - guish sore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more.
spot - less white Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3.

Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving:
Then the gain of death we prove,
Tho' Thou take what most we love.

Miss S. L. EMERY, 1871. By permission. J. H. CORNELL, Organist of St. Paul's Chapel, N. Y., 1871.

1. Thou Who wast once a Child, Thy chil- dren pray to Thee, When - e'er the day - light breaks, Wher - e'er we be. Throughout the bu - sy day Preserve us, Lord, from sin, And when Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, Oh, let us in.

2. In ev - 'ry dau - ger, Lord, To Thee we lift our ery; Oh, hear on land or sea,.... And be Thou nigh. When bright the lightnings flash, Keep us from wild a - larm; Let none who trust in Thee Fear pain or harm.

Org.

3.

Thou who the night of sleep,
And night of death hast known,
Console us, when we weep
Our dead alone:
Guard us in sleep, in death,
And grant at last that we
May wake in endless light
Thy face to see.

I THINK WHEN I READ.

JEMIMA LUKE, 1841. From J. H. CORNELL'S Cong. Tune-Book, by permission.

1. I.... think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je- sus was here a- mong men,

How He call'd lit - tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.

2.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3.

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above—

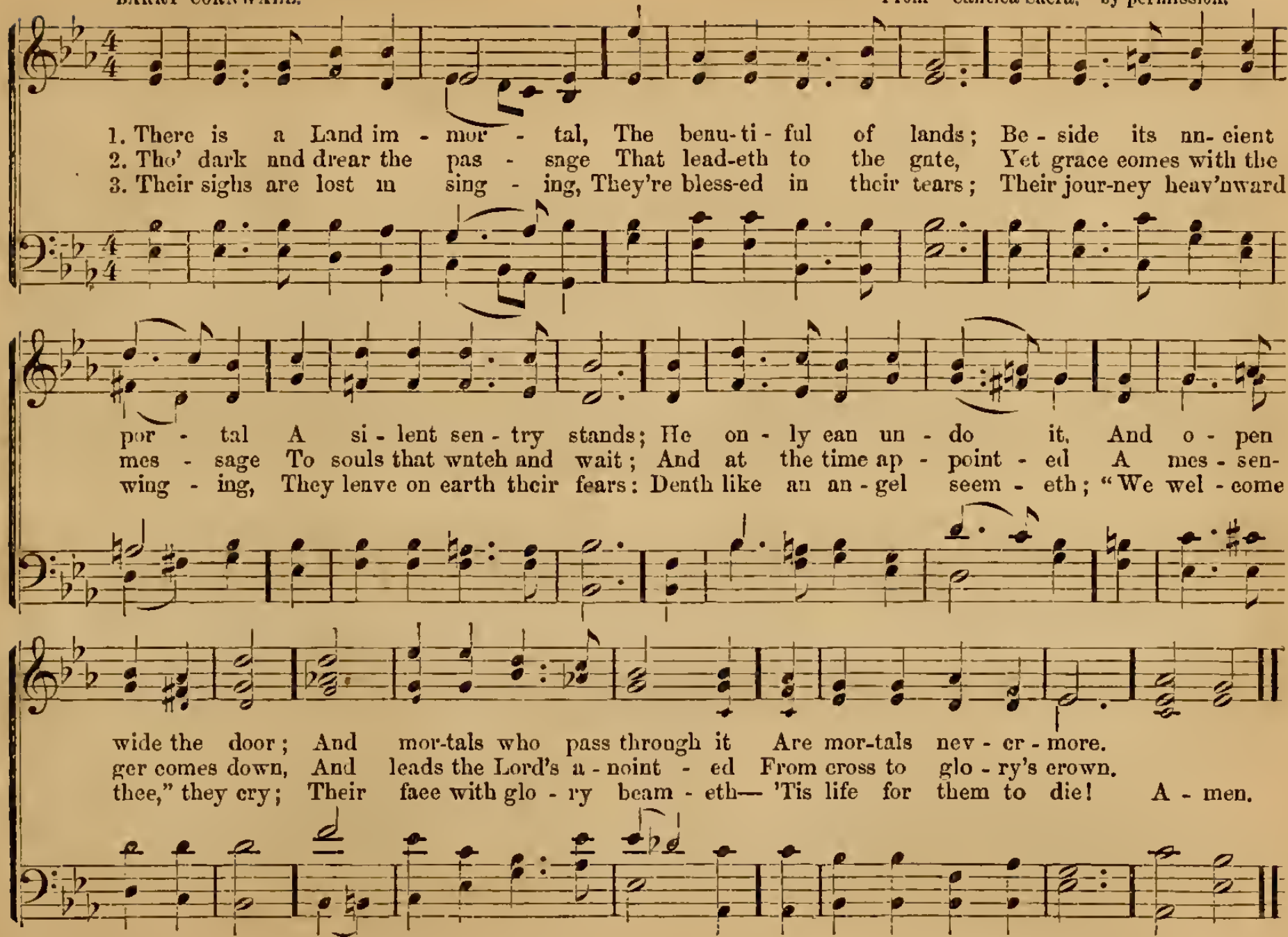
4.

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

5.

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

BARRY CORNWALL. From "Cantica Sacra," by permission.



O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM.

FRANCIS BAKER, 1616. Also attributed to QUARLES. From "Cantica Sacra," by special permission.

1. O mother dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil! In thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

2 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.
Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient-pearl—
O God! if I were there!

3 Right through thy streets with pleasing sound
The flood of life doth flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.
Those trees each month yield ripening fruit,
For evermore they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honors bring.

[*For 4th verse see opposite page.*]

O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM.

Words as in previous Tune. HUBERT P. MAIN, 1872. Written for this Work.

1. O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleasant soil! In thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

4 There the blest souls that hardly 'scaped
The snare of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
Whereof no tongue can tell.

O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

THERE'S A BRIGHT LAND.

Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1848. Chiefly by Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1868.

1. Ev - 'ry morn the ro - sy sun Ris - es warm and bright; But the eve-ning com-eth on And the dark, cold night: There's a bright land far a - way, Where is nev - er end - ing day.

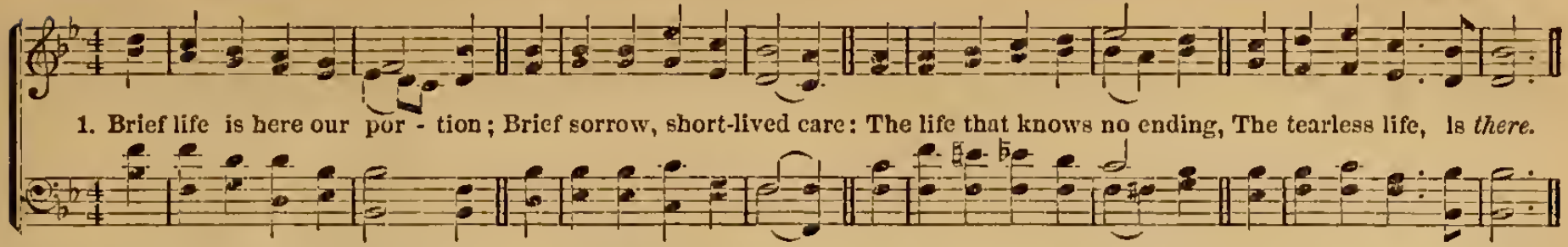
2 Ev'ry spring the sweet young flowers
Open fresh and gay;
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away:
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green!

3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long;
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song;
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

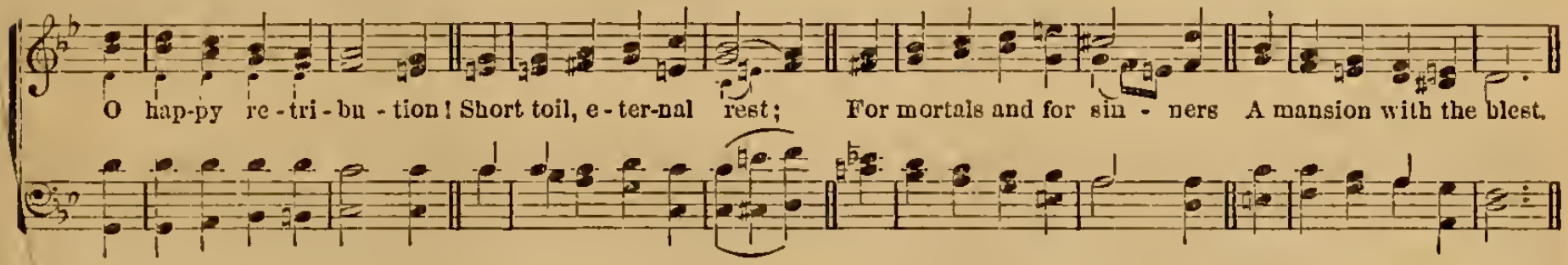
4 Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him!
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim:
There's a blissful happy place
Where men always see His face.

5 Who shall go to that bright land?
All who do the right:
Holy children there shall stand
In their robes of white.
For that Heaven so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest.

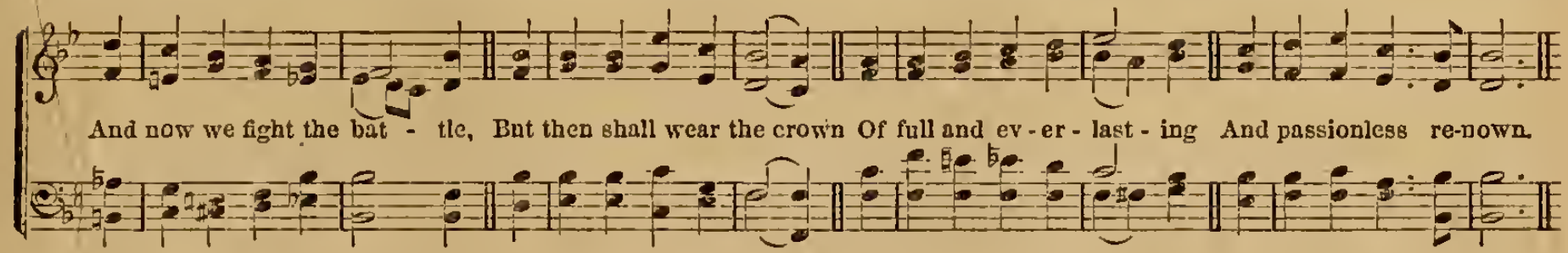
BERNARD OF MORLAIX, 1140, transl. by Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1858. By special permission from Cantica Sacra.



1. Brief life is here our por - tion; Brief sorrow, short-lived care: The life that knows no ending, The tearless life, is *there.*



O hap-py re - tri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter-nal rest; For mortals and for sin - ners A mansion with the blest.



And now we fight the bat - tle, But then shall wear the crown Of full and ev - er - last - ing And passionless re-nown.

2 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;
But He Whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

3 There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

O sweet and blessèd country,
The Home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

[*This hymn is the first part of the celebrated poem of three thousand lines, entitled:* "De Contemptu Mundi," *the design being to persuade men to the contempt of the world.—On pages 146 and 147 are to be found the second and third parts of it.*]

FOR THEE, O DEAR, DEAR COUNTRY.

BERNARD, of Morlaix, 1140. Translated by Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1858. From "Cantica Sacra," by sp. permission.

1. For thee, O dear, dear Coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep; For ve - ry love, be - hold - ing
2. O one, O on - ly Man - sion! O Par - a - dise of Joy! Where tears are ev - er han - ished,
3. With jas- per glow thy bul - warks, Thy streets with emeralds blaze; The sar-dius and the to - paz

Thy hap- py name, they weep. The men-tion of thy glo - ry Is unc-tion to the breast, And
And smiles have no al - loy; The Lamb is all thy splen - dor; The Cru- ci - fied thy praise; His
U - nite in thee their rays; Thine age- less walls are bond - ed With am- e - thyst un - priced; The

med- i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.
laud and ben - e - dic - tion Thy ransomed peo- ple raise.
saints build up its fab - ric, And the corner-stone is Christ.

4.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

[*This is the second part of the celebrated Poem,* "De contemptu mundi."]

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN!

BERNARD, of Morlaix, 1140. Translated by Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D., 1858. ALEX. EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon- ey blest; Be - neath thy con-tem - pla - tion
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an an - gel
3. And they who with their Lead- er Have conquered in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er,

Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, oh, I know not What ho - ly joys are there,
And all the mar-tyr throng. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from toil re - leased,
Are clad in robes of white. O land that seest no sor - row! O state that fear'st no strife!

What ra- dian- ey of glo - ry, What bliss be- yond compare.
The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.
O roy - al land of flow- ers! O realm and home of life! *A- men.*

4.

O sweet and blessèd country!
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

[*This is the third and last part of the Poem*, "De contemptu mundi."]

O PARADISE.

Rev. FRED. W. FABER, D.D., 1862. J. BARNBY, 1866.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the

Where loy - al hearts and true

hap - py land Where they that lov'd are blest? Where loy - - - - al hearts and true Stand

ev - er in the light, All rap-ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight. *A - men.*

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above:
Where loyal hearts, etc.

O HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

ISAAC WILLIAMS, 1839. From the Latin, 17th or 18th century. FREDERICK WESTLAKE.

1. O heav - en - ly Je - ru - sa - lem, E - ter - nal are thy halls, And bless - ed are the
2. There God the Lord for - ev - er reigns, Him- self of all the crown, The Lamb, the Light that

cho - sen ones That dwell with-in thy walls; Thou art the gold- en home of peace, Where
shin - eth clear, And nev- er go - eth down; Naught to this seat can e'er ap-proach, To

saints for - ev - er sing, The seat of God's own her - it - age, The pal - ace of the King.
break the saint's sweet rest, They praise their God for - ev - er more, Nor day nor night they rest.

THE HEAVENLY FOLD.

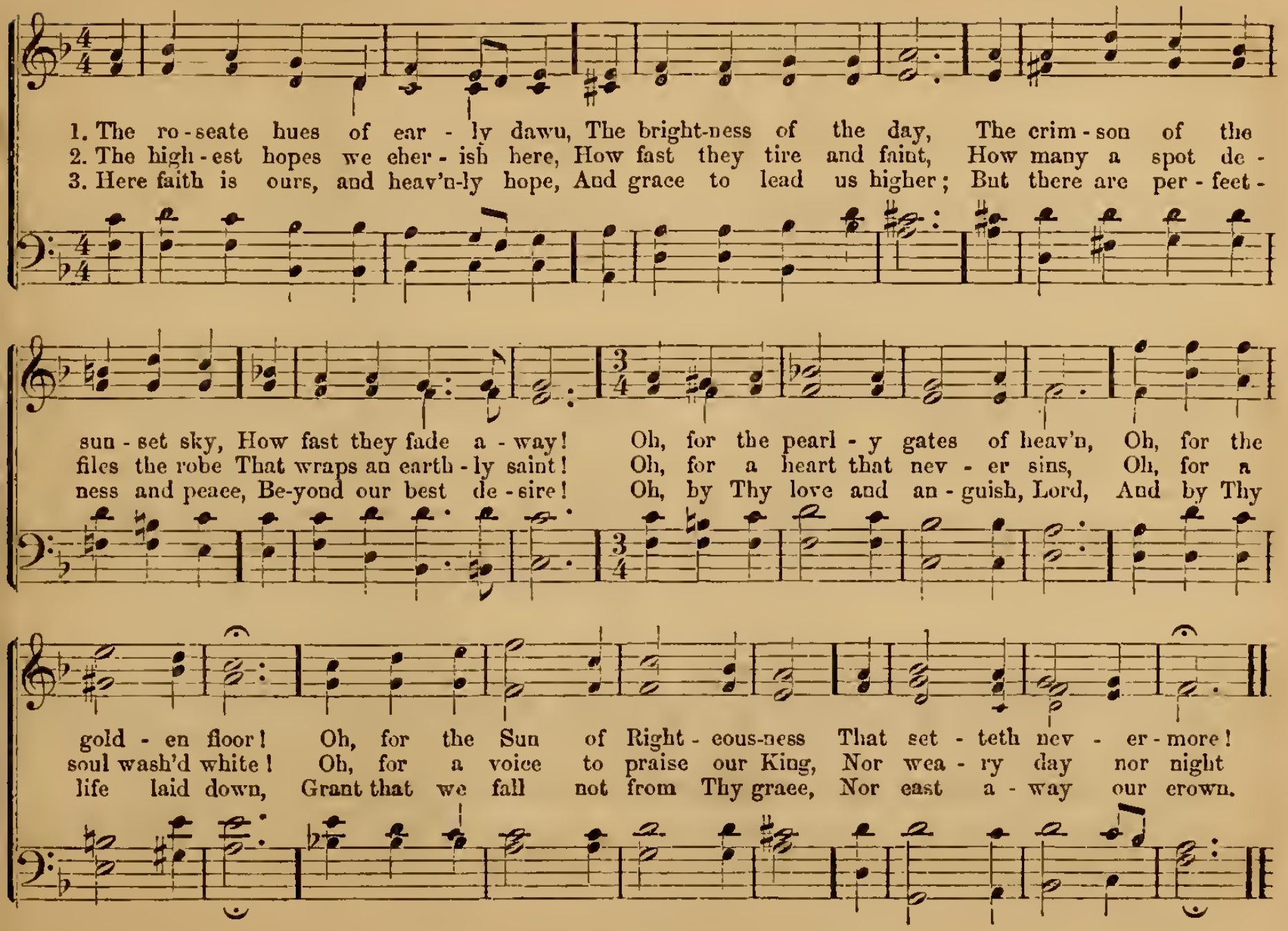
JOHN EAST, 1836. WM. F. SHERWIN, 1871.

1. There is a fold whence none can stray, And pas - tures ev - er green, Where sul - try sun, or storm - y day, Or night is nev - er seen. Far up the ev - er - last - ing hills In God's own light it lies; His smile its vast di - men - sion fills With joy that nev - er dies

2. Soon at his feet my soul will lie, In life's last struggling breath; But I shall on - ly seem to die, I shall not taste of death! Far from this guilt - y world to be Ex - empt from toil and strife, To spend e - ter - ni - ty with Thee—My Sa-viour! this is life.

THE ROSEATE HUES OF EARLY DAWN.

Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. FREDERICK HERVEY.



HAPPY LAND.

S. S. WESLEY, 1864.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will ye doubt - ing stand?

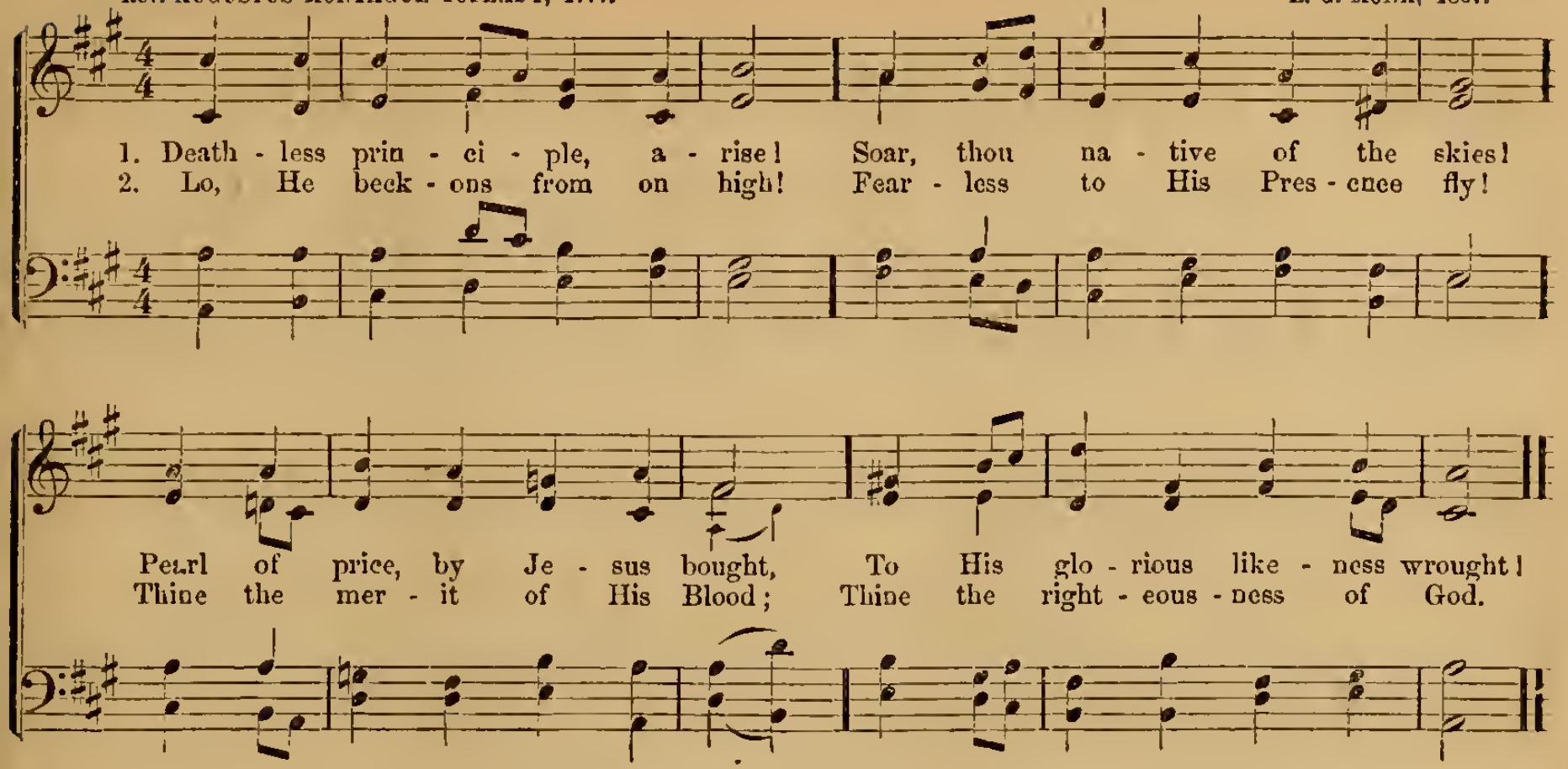
Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is our Sav - iour King,
Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When, from sin and sor - row free,

Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then to glory run,
Be a crown and Kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

DEATHLESS PRINCIPLE, ARISE!

Rev. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, 1777. E. G. MONK, 1867.



3 Angels, joyful to attend
Hov'ring round thy pillow bend:
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to Heaven.

4 Is thy earthly house distrest,
Willing to retain her guest?
'Tis not thou, but she, must die:
Fly, celestial tenant, fly!

5 Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

6 Saints, in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade
Swiftly to their wish be given:
Kindle higher joy in Heaven!

HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1827. Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast- ing down their golden crowns a-

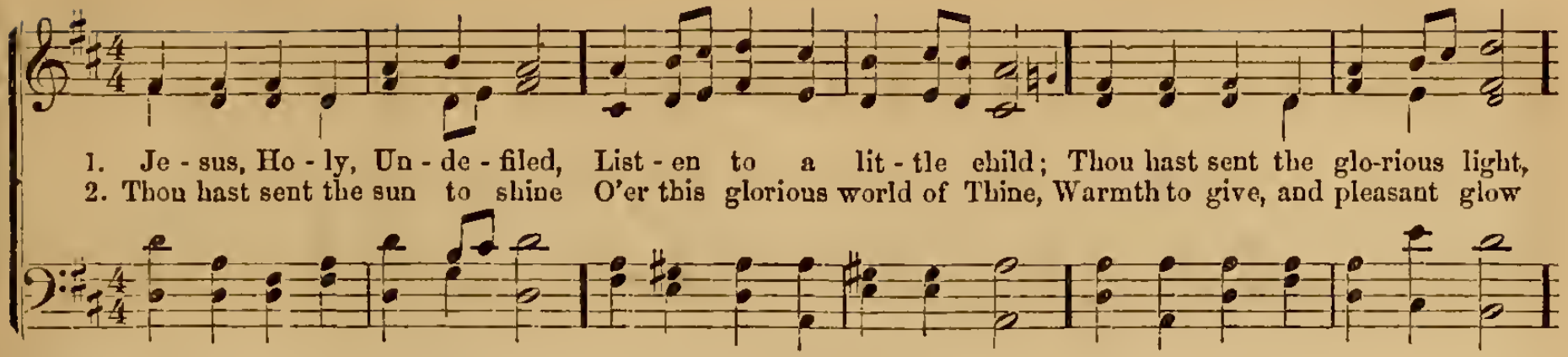
song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three
round the glas - sy sea; Che - ru- bim and Ser - aphim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and

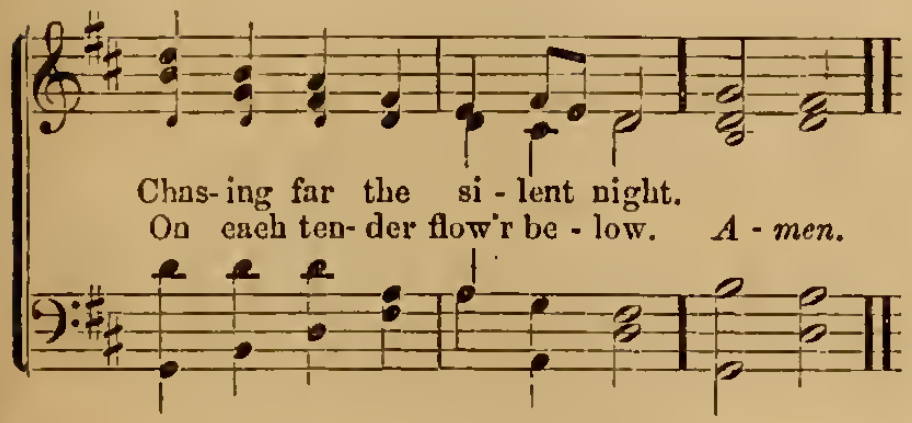
Per - sons, bless- ed Trin - i - ty.
art, and ev - er- more shalt be. *A - men.*

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blesséd Trinity! Amen.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.





3.

Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gaily in the skies;
Thee their tiny voices praise,
In the early songs they raise.

4.

Thou by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread;
And Thy Holy Spirit give,
Without Whom I cannot live.

5.

Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long, in ev'ry way,
Teach me what to do and say.

6.

Help me never to forget
That in Thy great book is set
All that children think and say,
For the awful Judgment Day.

7.

Let me never say a word
That will make Thee angry, Lord;
Help me so to live in love,
As Thine Angels do above.

8.

Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly ev'ry day;
And when Thou at last shalt come,
Take me to Thy heav'nly home. Amen.

EVENTIDE.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793—1847. Arr. by WM. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!
2. Not a brief glance I beg, a part - ing word, But as Thou dwell'st with Thy dis - ci - ples, Lord,

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
Fa - mil - iar, con - de - scend-ing, pa-tient, free, Come, not to so - journ, but a - bide with me! *A - men.*

3.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

4.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

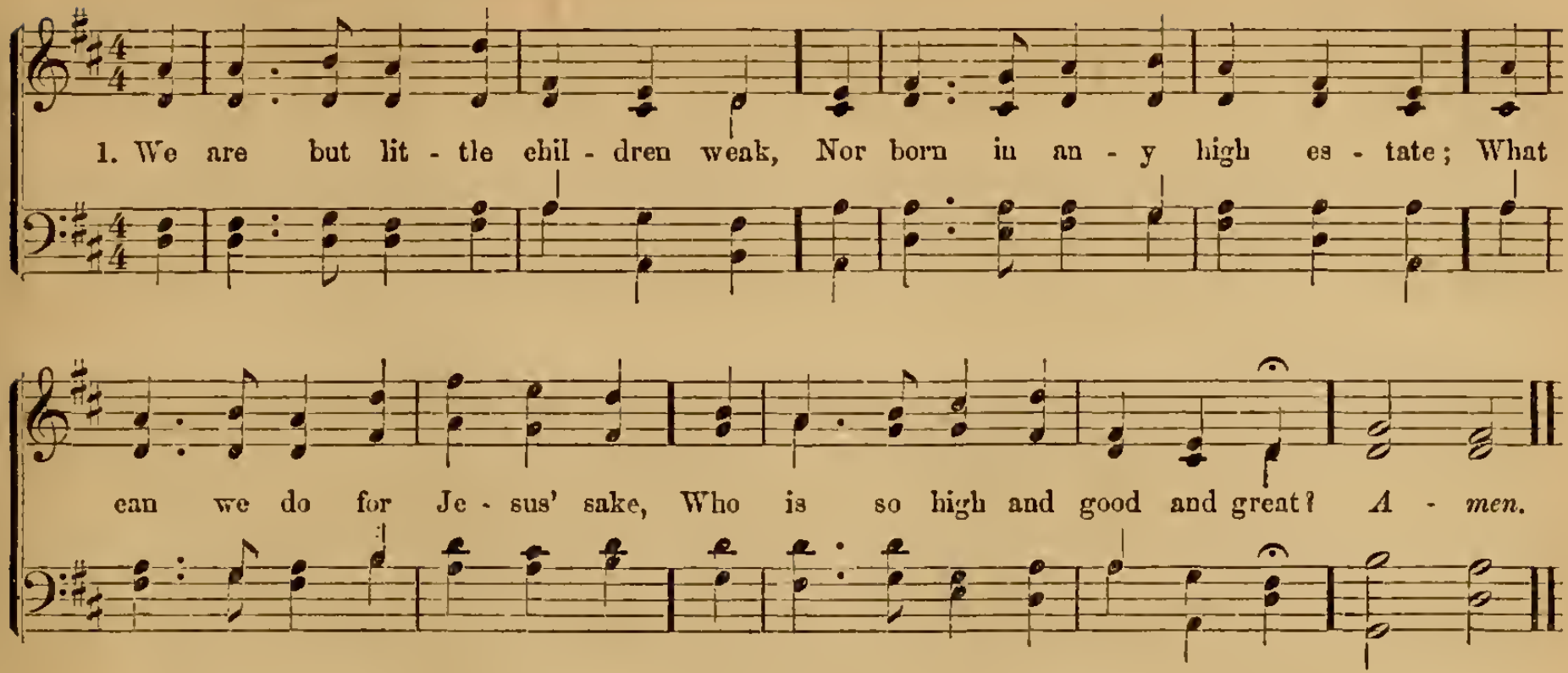
5.

I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

6.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! Amen.

Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. C. E. WILLING.



2 O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues
And tears of passion in our eyes;

4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

5 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humor brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.

6 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE BRIDEGROOM COMES!

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. JEAN BAPTISTE CALKIN.

1. The Bridegroom comes! Bride of the Lamb, awake! The midnight cry is heard; Thy sleep for- sake.
2. Shake off earth's dust, And wash thy weary feet; A-rise, make haste, go forth, The Bridegroom greet.

Lift up thy head, The marriage day has come, Put on thy bridal robe, The feast is spread.
Sing the new song! Thy triumph has begun; Thy tears are wiped away, Thy night is done! A-men.

WITH GLADSOME FEET WE PRESS.

Rev. WM. CORBET SINGLETON, 1867. C. A. McFARREN, 1867.

With gladsome feet we press To Si - on's ho - ly mount,

1. With glad - - some feet we press To Si - - - on's ho - ly mount, Where gushes from its

Oh, hap - py, hap - py hill, The

deep re - cess The cool - ing fount: Oh! hap - - - - py, hap - py hill, The

joy of ev - ery saint!

joy of ev - 'ry saint! With sweet Silo - am's crys-tal rill, That cheers the faint.

2.

Great City, blest of God!
Jerusalem the free!
With ceaseless step the path be trod,
That leads to Thee!
The martyr's bleeding feet,
The saints with woundless breast,
Alike have sought Thy golden seat
To win their rest.

3.

There, calming all alarms,
Thy Cross of Love is traced,
Outstretching salutary arms,
To bless the waste;
The sinner there can plead
In ever listening ears;
On hope and Thee can sweetly feed,
And dry his tears.

4.

So this our festal day
Celestial joy shall raise,
While lips and hearts, conjoined, essay
To hymn Thy praise!
The very stones shall ring,
Resound each holy wall,
With Thee, Thyself the Rock, the Spring,
Our Heaven, our All!

CHRIST, OUR PATTERN.

EDWARD DENNY, 1839. WM. MASON, Mus. Doc., 1872. For this Work.

1. What grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A - round Thy steps be - low; What pa - tient
2. For, ev - er on Thy bur - den'd heart A weight of sor - row hung; Yet no un -

love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe.
gen - tle, murm'ring word Es - cap'd Thy si - lent tongue.

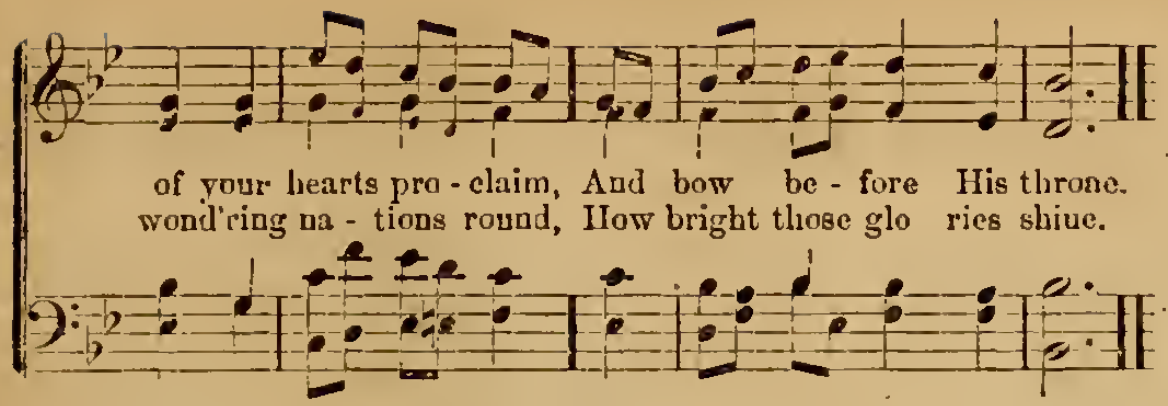
3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee!
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

COME, YE THAT LOVE THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

ANNE STEELE, 1716—1778. WM. MASON, Mus. Doc., 1872. For this Work.

1. Come, ye that love the Sav-iour's name, And joy to make it known; The Sov - 'reign
2. Be - hold your King, your Sav-iour, crowned With glo - ries all di - vine; And tell the

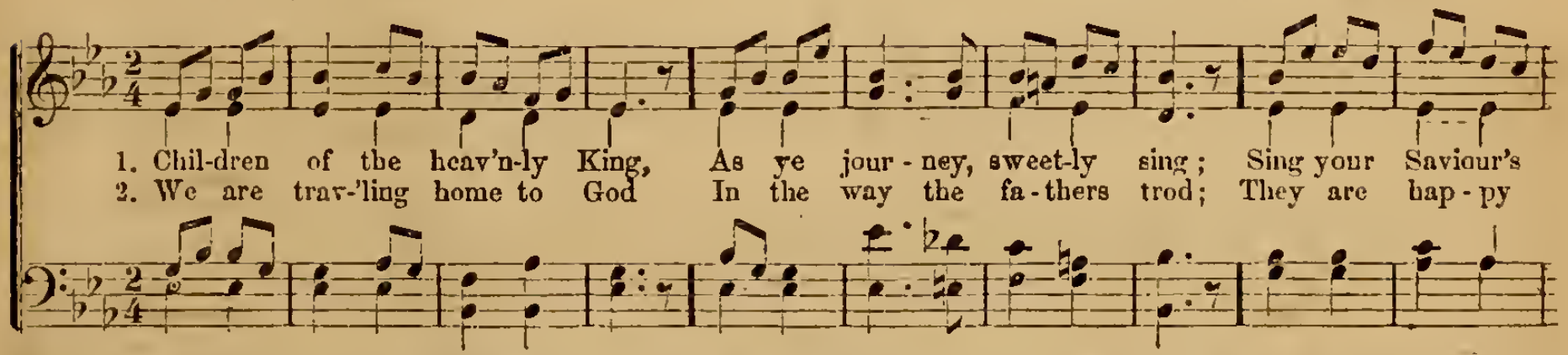


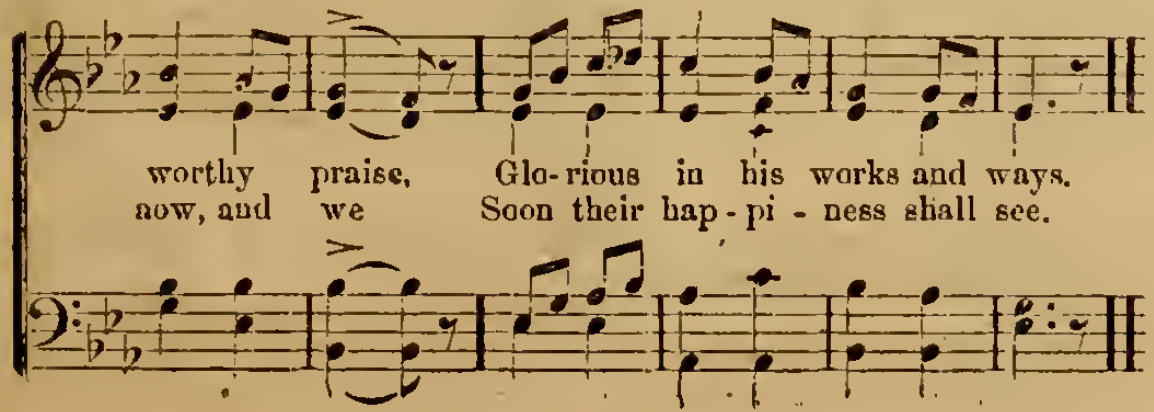
3 When in His earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And with their voice to sing.

4 O, for the day, the glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate Thy praise.

CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

JOHN CENNICK, 1743. GEO. J. WEBB, 1872. For this Work.





3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepar'd;
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

CLINGING TO JESUS!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834. WILLIAM MASON, Mus. Doc., 1872. For this work.

1. O Ho - ly Sav - iour, Friend un - seen! The faint, the weak on Thee may lean:
2. Blest with com - mu - nion so di - vine, Take what Thou wilt, shall I re pine,
3. Far from her home, fa - tigued, op - prest, Here she has found a place of rest;

ritard.

Help me, throughout life's va - rying scene, By faith to cling to Thee.....
When, as the branch-es to the vine, My soul may cling to Thee?.....
An ex - ile still, yet not un - blest, While she can cling to Thee!.....

4.

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove?
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee!

5.

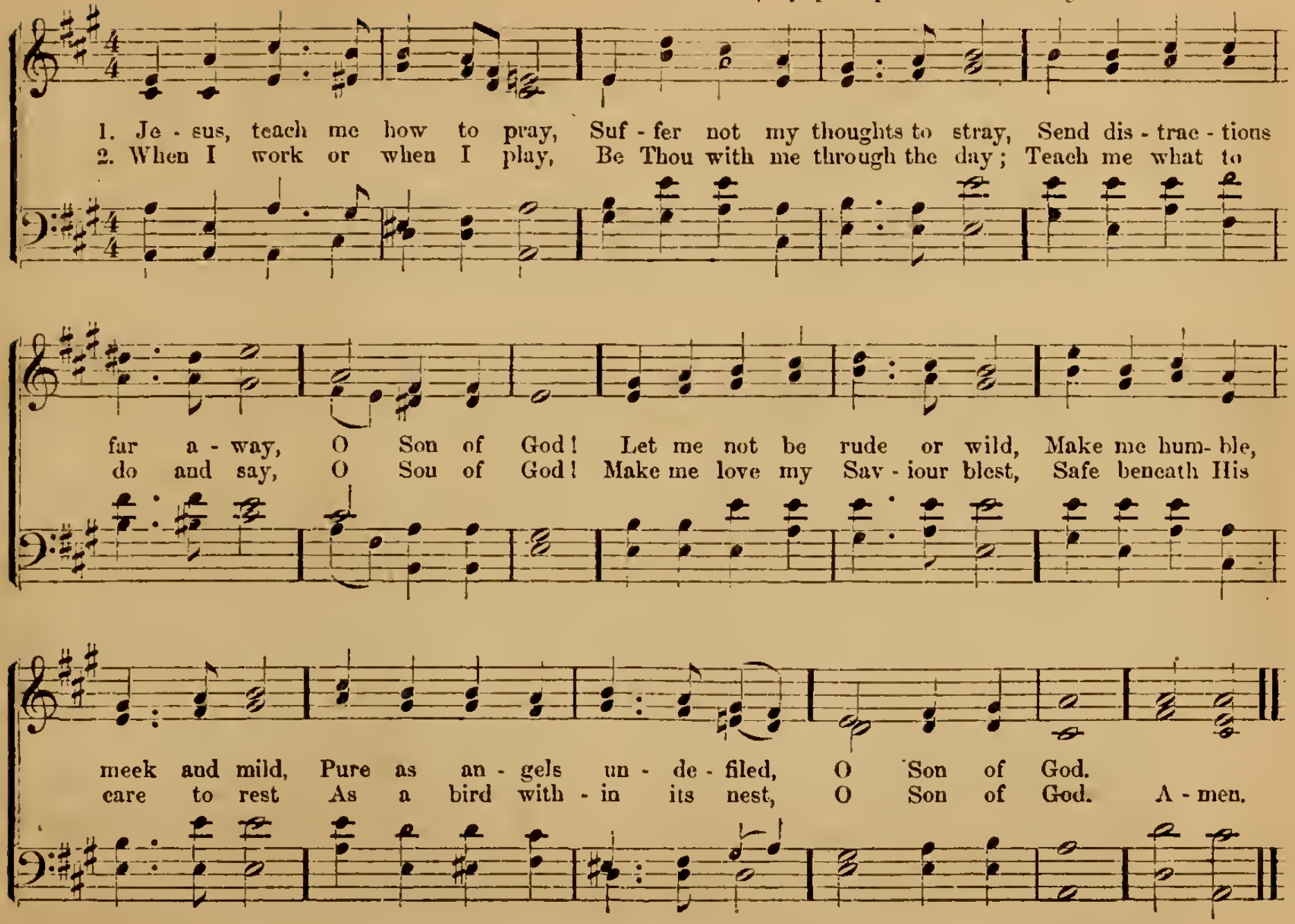
Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'er-grown,
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me!"

6.

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied.
The souls that cling to Thee.

JESUS, TEACH ME.

From "Cantica Sacra," by special permission—re-arranged for this Work.



PRAISE YE THE LORD!

LOWELL MASON,* Mus. Doc. For this Work.

1. Praise ye the Lord! Ex - alt His glo- rious might, And speak His ho - ly Name; The sun, the
2. Loud sing His praise! In bounteous love He looks On hill and smil - ing vale; Till corn and

cresc.

moon and stars, with gleaming light, His loft - y pow'r pro - claim, His loft - y pow'r pro - claim.
vine and grass by flow - ing brooks, The sun - lit sea - sons hail, The sun - lit sea - sons hail.

3.

Loud sing His praise!
Beneath His gracious hand,
On fields of gen'rous soil,
The plenteous sheaves of golden harvest stand,
The treasures of our toil.

4.

Praise ye the Lord!
Wide may our spirits cast
Their precious seed of love,
To give our souls, when summer days are past,
A Harvest-home above!

* Dr. Lowell Mason *died at Orange, N. J., August 11, 1872.*

GERMAN CHORALS.

LORD JESUS CHRIST, MY LIFE, MY LIGHT

"HERR JESUS CHRIST, MEIN LEBENSLICHT," [NOTE B.] *See p. 173.*

1. Lord Je - sus Christ, my Life, my Light, My strength by day, my trust by night,
2. Oh, let Thy sufferings give me power To meet the last and dark - est hour

On earth I'm but a pass - ing guest, And sore - ly with my sins oppress'd.
Thy cross the staff where - on I lean, My couch the grave where Thou hast been. *A - men.*

3 Since Thou hast died, the Pure, the Just,
I take my homeward way in trust;
The gates of Heaven, Lord, open wide,
When here I may no more abide.

4 And when the last Great Day is come,
And Thou, our Judge, shalt speak the doom,
Let me with joy behold the light,
And set me then upon Thy right.

5 Renew this wasted flesh of mine,
That like the sun it there may shine
Among the angels pure and bright,
Yea, like Thyself in glorious light.

6 Ah, then I have my heart's desire,
When singing with the angels' choir,
Among the ransomed of Thy grace,
Forever I behold Thy face! Amen.

166 OUR GOD STANDS FIRM, A ROCK AND TOWER.

"EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT." [NOTE A.] See p. 173.

1. Our God stands firm, a rock and tow'r, A shield when danger press - es; A read- y help in ev - 'ry hour When doubt or pain dis- tress - es! For our ma - lig - nant foe Unswerving aims his blow; His fear- ful arms tho while, Dark pow'r and dark- er guile; His hid- den craft is match - less.
2. Our strength is weakness in the fight; Our cour-age soon de - fec - tion; But comes a War- rior, clad in might, A Prince of God's e - lec - tion! Who is this wondrous Chief, That brings this glad re- lief? The field of bat - tle boasts Christ Je - sus, Lord of Hosts, Still conq'ring and to con - quer!
3. Then Lord, a - rise! lift up Thine arm! With mighty suc - cor stay us! Oh! turn a - side the dead- ly harm, When Sa- tan would be - tray us; That, rescued by Thy hand, In triumph we may stand, And round Thy foot-stool crowd, In joy to sing a - loud High praise to our Re - deem - er.

WIE SCHOEN LEUCHTET (UNS) DER MORGENSTERN. [NOTE II.]

See p. 173.

1. O Morning Star! how fair and bright Thou beamest forth in trust and light! O Sov'reign meek and lowly,
Thou Root of Jesse, David's Son, My Lord and Bridegroom, Thou hast won My heart to serve Thee solely!

2. Thou Heav'nly Brightness! Light Divine! O deep within my heart now shine, And make Thee there an altar!
Fill me with joy and strength to be Thy member, ev - er joined to Thee In love that can - not fal - ter;

Ho - ly art Thou, fair and glorious, All victorious, rich in bless - ing, Rule and might o'er all pos - sess - ing.
Tow'rd Thee longing doth possess me, Turn and bless me; for Thy gladness Eye and heart here pine in sad - ness.

3.

But if Thou look on me in love,
There straightways falls from God above
A ray of purest pleasure;
Thy Word and Spirit, flesh and blood,
Refresh my soul with heavenly food,
Thou art my hidden treasure;
Let Thy grace, Lord, warm and cheer me,
O draw near me; Thou hast taught us
Thee to seek since Thou hast sought us!

4.

Here will I rest, and hold it fast,
The Lord I love is First and Last,
The End as the Beginning!
Here I can calmly die, for Thou
Wilt raise me where Thou dwellest now,
Above all tears, all sinning:
Amen! Amen! Come, Lord Jesus,
Soon release us; with deep yearning,
Lord, we look for Thy returning!

WAKE, AWAKE! FOR NIGHT IS FLYING.

"WACHET AUF! RUFT UNS DIE STIMME." [NOTE C.] See p. 175.

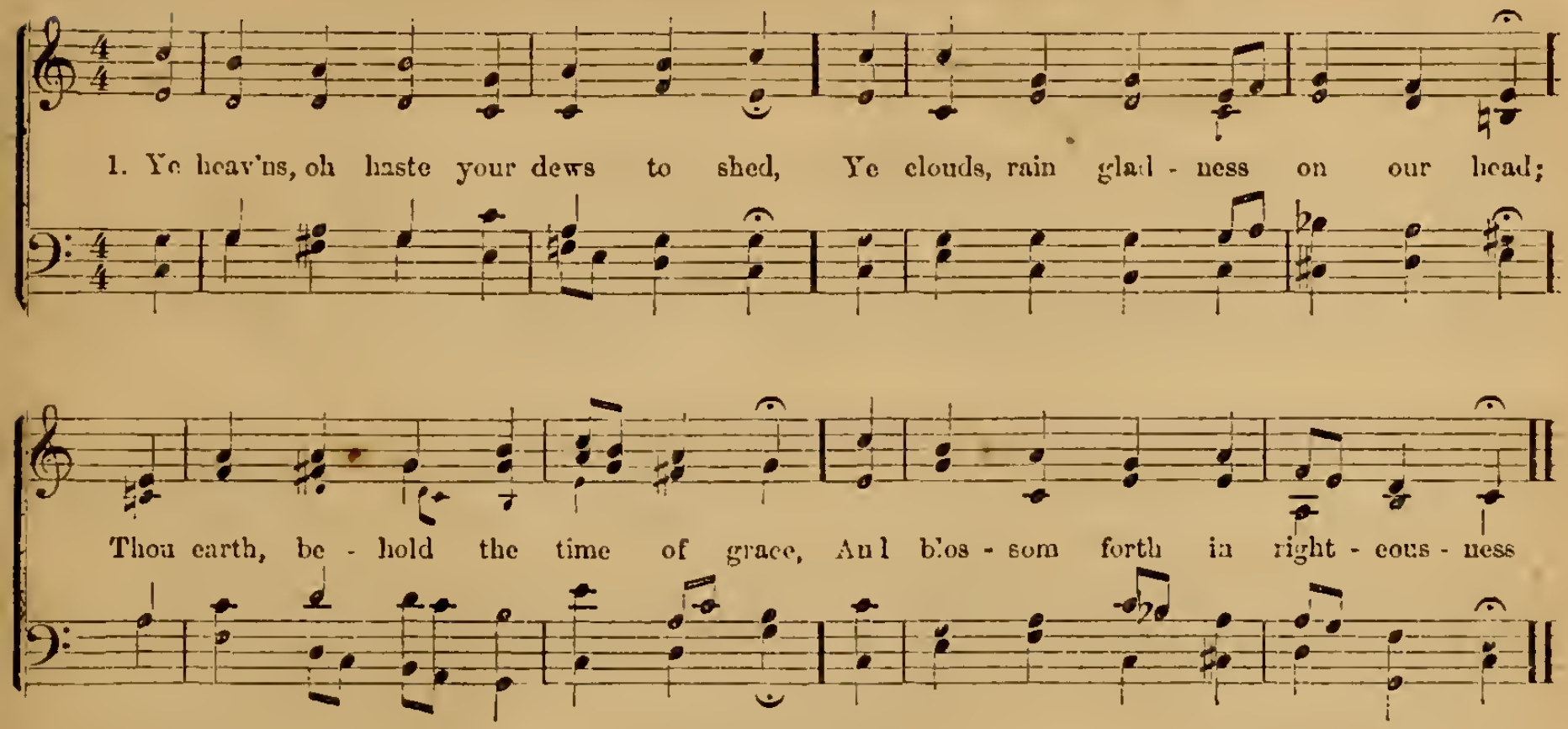
1. { Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing, The watchmen on the heights are cry - ing, A - wake, Je - ru - sa-
   { Midnight hears the wel-come voi - ces, And at the thrill-ing cry re - joi - ces: Come forth, ye vir - gins,
2. { Zi - on hears the watchmen sing - ing, And all her heart with joy is spring - ing, She wakes, she ris - es
   { For her Lord comes down all - glo - rious, The strong in grace, in truth vic - to - rious, Her Star is ris'n, her

lem, at last! }
night is past! } The Bridegroom comes, awake, Your lamps with gladness take; Hal - le - lu - jah! And for His
from her gloom; }
Light is come! } Oh, come, Thou blessed Lord, O Je - sus, Son of God; Hal - le - lu - jah! We fol - low

mar-riage feast pre - pare, For ye must go to meet Him there.
till the halls we see Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

3 Now let all the heav'ns adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne:
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attain'd to hear
What is there ours,
But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

"VOM HIMMEL HOCH DA KOMM' ICH HER." [NOTE D.] *See p. 173.*



2 O living Sun, with joy break forth,
And pierce the gloomy clefts of earth;
Behold, the mountains melt away
Like wax beneath Thine ardent ray!

3 O Life-dew of the Churches, come,
And bid this arid desert bloom!
The sorrows of Thy people see,
And take our human flesh on Thee.

4 Refresh the parch'd and drooping mind,
The broken limb in mercy bind;
Us sinners from our guilt release,
And fill us with Thy heavenly peace.

5 O wonder! night no more is night!
Comes then at last the long'd-for light!
Ah yes, Thou shinest, O true Sun,
In whom are God and man made One.

O SACRED HEAD NOW WOUNDED

"O HAUPT VOLL BLUT UND WUNDEN." [NOTE E.]

See p. 173.

1. { O sa-cred Head now wounded, With grief and shame weigh'd down, }
{ Now scorn-ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown; } O sa-cred Head, what glo - ry

What bliss, till now, was Thine! Yet, tho' de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffer'd
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide:
My Lord of Life, desiring
Thy glory now to see;
Beside Thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow,
To praise Thee, heav'nly Friend:
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee!

5 And when I am departing,
O part not Thou from me!
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from mine anguish,
By Thine own pain and woe!

6 Be near when I am dying,
O show Thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through Thy love.

"ALLEIN GOTT IN DER HOEH' SEY EHR." [Note F.]

See p. 173.

1. To God on high be thanks and praise For mer- cy ceas- ing nev - er, Whereby no foe n
2. The hon- ors paid Thy ho - ly Name, To hear Thou ev - er deign - est! Then, God the Fa - ther,
3. O Je - sus Christ, our God and Lord, Son of Thy heavenly Fa - ther, O Thou who hast our

hand can raise, Nor harm can reach us ev - er! With joy to Him our hearts as - cend, The Source of
still the same, Un-shak-en ev - er reign - est! Unmeasured stands Thy glorious might! Thy tho'ts, Thy
peace restor'd, And the lost sheep doth gath - er, Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on high From out our

peace, that knows no end, A peace that none can sev - er!
deeds out-strip the light! Our heav'n Thou, Lord, re-main - est!
depths we sin - ners cry, Have mer- cy on us, Je - sus!

4.

O Holy Ghost, Thou precious Gift,
Thou Comforter unfailing,
O'er Satan's snares our souls uplift;
And let Thy power availing
Avert our woes and calm our dread,
For us the Saviour's blood was shed,
We trust in Thee to save us.

NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD.

"NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT." [Note G.]

See p. 173.

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voi - ces, Who won- drous
2. Oh, may this boun - teous God Through all our life be near us, With ev - er
3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther, now be giv - en, The Son, and

things hath done, In Whom His world re - joi - ces; Who from our mother's arms Hath
joy - ful hearts And blessèd peace to cheer us; And keep us in His grace, And
Him Who reigns With Them in high- est heav - en,— The One E - ter - nal God, Whom

bless'd us on our way With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
guide us when per - plexed; And free us from all ills In this world and the next.
earth and heaven a - dore, For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

A FEW of the most celebrated German Chorals are inserted, with no apology for their appearance on the ground of novelty. They are the oldest melodic form of worship, beginning with the era of the Great Reformation, when many hymns were translated from the Latin into German, and adapted to Tunes—oft-times "Volks-Gesänge" (*People's-Songs*), many of which were originally in triple measure. Martin Luther did much of this kind of work. The belief that he is the author of "Old Hundred" is a mistake: it was written by Franc, a Frenchman, who adapted it from a secular song.

Boston has introduced, at the School Children's Annual Festivals, several of these Chorals with great success; and at a recent entertainment in the Brooklyn, N. Y., Academy of Music, by the Sunday School Union, the Choral "Our God stands firm, a Rock and Tower," was sung by a chorus of a thousand children with sublime effect.

NOTE A. *Our God stands firm, a Rock and Tower.* (Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.)—This version of the Forty-sixth Psalm—known as Luther's—was arranged by Martin Luther (1483–1546), about the year 1529 at Coburg. Meyerbeer introduced this Choral in the Opera of "The Huguenots;" Otto Nicolai also, in his Festival Overture for orchestra and chorus; and latterly Richard Wagner some of the lines in his Kaiser-Marsch. It was first printed by J. Klug, Wittenberg, 1529, and appeared in the "Augsburger Gesangbuch," 1530. The first and second verses of this translation are by the Rev. Robert Corbet Singleton, M.A., the third verse added by the same author in 1867.

NOTE B. *Lord Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light* (Herr Jesus Christ, mein Lebenslicht, *also called*, O Jesu Christ, meines Lebens Licht), first appeared in 1630, in triple measure, and was published by Joseph Claudero in "Psalmodia Nova," Leipzig, 1630. The author of the melody is unknown. Mendelssohn introduces it in "St. Paul." This version is translated by Miss Catharine Winkworth of Clifton, England, 1862.

NOTE C. *Wake, awake, for night is flying* (Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme), composed by Philipp Nicolai (1526–1608), was first known in 1598, and was published in Philipp Nicolai's "Freudenspiegel des ewigen Lebens," Frankfort-am-Main, 1599. The present arrangement is nearly the same as that used by Mendelssohn in "St. Paul." Translated by Miss Winkworth, 1862, in "Lyra Germanica."

NOTE D. *From Heaven above to earth I come.* (Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her.)—This was originally a Christmas Carol, and is with the melody attributed to Martin Luther, 1540. Von Winterfeld claims that this melody was adapted from a secular song, entitled "From foreign lands I have come here" (Aus fremden Landen komm' ich her), and sprung up originally in the 15th century. The Carol (Weihnachtslied) consisted of fifteen verses of four lines each, and was first published at Magdeburg, in 1540, and afterwards at Wittenberg, 1543, by Joseph Klug. The present version is translated and adapted by Miss Winkworth.

NOTE E. *O Sacred Head, now wounded.* (O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden, *or* Herzlich thut mich verlangen.)—This—originally a secular song, "My mind is confused" (Mein Gemüth ist mir verwirrt)—is attributed to Hans George Hassler (1564–1612), in his time one of the most prominent of musicians and organists, and was composed in 1601. As a sacred song it made its first appearance in "Harmonia Sacra," third edition, Goerlitz, 1613. Johann Sebastian Bach has beautifully harmonized and introduced it in his music, "The Passion of Christ." It was originally a Latin hymn, written by Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, 1100, afterwards translated and adapted as a German Choral by Paul Gerhardt, 1666, and containing nine verses. The present translation is from the pen of the late Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander of New York.

NOTE F. *To God on high be thanks and praise.* (Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr'.)—This, based upon a Chorale of the Latin Church and credited to N. Decius, who died of poison in 1530, has been arranged in at least forty different ways, and like many other Chorals usually appears in triple measure. It was thus arranged by Hans Kugelmann, Augsburg, 1540, in his "Concentus Novi," &c., and simultaneously in "Geistliche Lieder und Psalmen," Magdeburg, 1540, M. Lotther, Printer. Mendelssohn has a superior arrangement of it in "St. Paul." The first and second verses were translated by Miss Winkworth, and the third and fourth by Rev. Robert Corbet Singleton, M.A., First Warden of St. Peter's College, Radley, England, 1867.

NOTE G. *Now thank we all our God.* (Nun danket Alle Gott.)—This melody is attributed to Johann Crüger (1598–1662), from the fact that it was first published in his "Geistliche Kirchenmelodien," Berlin, 1649. Becker credits it to M. Rinckhardt, (nat. 1586.) This hymn and tune are fully as popular in Germany as the Old Hundred in America. Mendelssohn has a magnificent arrangement of it in his "Hymn of Praise" (Lobgesang)—a Cantata for orchestra and voices. This translation is by Miss Winkworth.

NOTE H. *O Morning Star! how fair and bright.* (Wie schön leuchtet (uns) der Morgenstern.)—This dates from the 16th century, just previous to the year 1599. Von Winterfeld says it was originally a well-known and very popular song; the ninth line being very monotonous. The present arrangement is attributed to Philipp Nicolai (1556–1608); it was first published in his "Freudenspiegel des ewigen Lebens," at Frankfurt-am-Main, 1699. The present translation is by Miss Winkworth.

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